My Lieder family:
Lives and adventures across four continents

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Christa Gautier Dunn

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Dedication

This book about my ancestors is dedicated with deep respect to the forefathers I never knew and with a profound sense of hope for the generations that will come after me. It is my fervent desire that these stories will enrich and instruct the lives of my descendants, not least of whom are my two sons, Whitney and Brendan Dunn, their children Damian, Theo, Emery, and William Holt Dunn, as well as my yet-to-be born grandchild who is already embedded in my heart.

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Next, I am grateful to Logan Kennedy and Leo Unglaub in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, who translated the bulk of the manuscripts from German into English including some which were still in the old German Gothic script. Without their professional support I might still be sitting at my desk translating reams of raw material.

Thanks also go to my editor, Claire Helen Reeves, without whom this book would never have taken shape. Given the muddled first draft, Helen was expertly able to reconfigure the chapters, providing me with a clear outline and sorely needed direction.

I am also grateful to my cousins Susanne and Sabine Gautier, who never failed to answer the many questions which arose as I plowed through the myriad bits and pieces of family lore.

But most of all I am so thankful to have found these long-lost relatives who have already added a warm and loving new dimension to my life. To Alexandra Chavot, another previously unknown but distant relative, I also give thanks. Alex generously shared with me her own research and personal knowledge of the Lieder family history. And to Elke Wulkow-Shultz, my father's youngest cousin, who so generously gave me her time and shared her memories of my grandmother, Elsbeth Lieder, and my great-grandfather, Philipp Lieder.

In learning more about my distant ancestors I have been blessed to discover my living relations, and for this fortuitous happenstance I could not be more grateful.

My profound thanks to all who contributed to this story of my Lieder family.

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My father, Werner Gautier (1914-1989). This photo was taken while he was hiking in Utah in September 1989, two weeks before his death at age 75.

I

In search of my lost family

What a father says to his children will not be heard by the world, but it will be heard by posterity.

Jean Paul Richter

My father, Werner Gautier, was a very reserved man who in both physical appearance and demeanor revealed little about himself. The term 'buttoned up" could be most appropriately ascribed to him. Having completed an hour of exercises behind the closed doors of his bedroom, he would emerge every morning immaculately dressed, shaved, hair combed back, pants pressed, and shirt buttoned. His idea of casual attire would be to leave the top button undone. Seldom was he seen in anything less than perfect attire. In an old photo which I recently discovered I can be seen at about eight years old scampering across the rock-strewn beaches of Baltrum, one of the East Friesen islands on the north shore of Germany, the country of his and my birth. Although I am wearing a bathing suit, my father walks behind me, wearing laced-up leather shoes, long pants, jacket, shirt, and tie. It is a photo which makes me smile with great affection for this man, my father, of whom I knew so very little.

Not only was he formal in his attire, he was equally reserved in what he revealed about his emotions and thoughts. At the time of his most unexpected death, I knew few specifics about his past. I was aware that he had lost two brothers who fought for Germany in the Second World War, that his mother was difficult, that his grandfather had lived for a time in China, and that his grandmother had died very young in Cairo on a return trip from China to Germany. Frequently and with unusual intensity, he recounted that on his fa-

ther's side we were descendants of Huguenot stock, but this was an abstract history devoid of persons he had experienced or known.

These then were the bare facts, but how he felt about them was a mystery to me, and to my eternal regret these were not topics which I ever recall broaching with him. In the self-centeredness of youth I was far more interested in the future of my family in Canada than in any nebulous past of my ancestors in Germany. As the years passed, and my own young family came to predominate my time and attention, opportunities to engage him in conversation diminished and then vanished.

On a spectacular September day in Montreal, with trees a kaleidoscope of colour bracketed against a brilliant blue sky, my father was stung on the lip by a wasp. Although 75 years old at the time, he appeared to be decades younger, a fit, vibrant, and exceedingly healthy man. Having scrimped and saved for most of his life, in these his later years he and my mother had finally achieved relative financial ease. They were traveling more, even spending several winter months in Florida. A trip to Egypt was planned; Peru was also on the agenda. Wherever they were, they remained disciplined, exercising outdoors daily, be it walking, biking, cross country skiing, or playing tennis. Their six grandchildren were a source of great pride and joy to them (a seventh would be born later). Wherever they were, whatever they did, at no time did their family ever cease being their highest priority.

Although many years ago my husband, children, and I had moved away from Montreal where my parents continued to reside, our visits to them, and theirs to us, were relatively frequent, and phone calls bridged the physical divide. Distances between us never weakened the ties that bound us together. Testimony to that were the frequent books which arrived in the mail, these being either about the Huguenot history or books on subjects which he knew would be of particular interest to my eldest son, Whitney. Sadly, only my brother's eldest children would remember him; the younger ones would be too young to retain any such memories. And the youngest

of all would be born shortly after his demise. To those who knew him, he was a beloved "Opa".

Within the space of a few minutes on that September day my healthy vibrant father fell off his bike and died of anaphylactic shock. It seemed utterly unimaginable. From the few anecdotes he had recounted, I was well aware that he had escaped imminent death thrice before. This was a man who had survived being shot down from a plane, who had nearly drowned in the Atlantic, who had been given two weeks to live when cancer ravaged him 45 years previously. Dying from something as seemingly trivial as a wasp sting was too shocking, too horrible for us, his family, to comprehend. And with his passing it seemed the door to the library of his memories was slammed shut.

Despite my love of stories about my ancestors (and, as I would later discover, an evident family penchant for recording events for posterity) I did not grow up with stories about my paternal family. It was my mother's family who dominated our affections; stories of them permeated our distant home in Canada and were recounted time and time again. The brothers whom my mother lost in the Second World War seemed alive to her and so they came to be for my brother and me as well. Although we seldom saw them, the persons I loved most passionately in the world were my "Oma" and "Opa"—my mother's parents. Thus, it was natural for me first to pour my love for family lore into a volume telling the history of my mother's family.[1]

But of my father's parents and his siblings I knew virtually nothing. Visits back to Germany were invariably spent in the warm and loving bosom of my extended maternal family, the Bachmanns. My father's brother, being an engineer, seemed never to be in Germany during these times, busy as he was building bridges and dams in far flung corners of the world such as Tehran or the Sudan. Having died before our first visit back to Germany, my father's father was some-

[1] I completed *A Chronicle of the Bachmann Family* in 2016, also published by Coastal Villages Press.

one I never knew. I was, however, well aware that my father's mother, "Mo" as we knew her, was not well liked either by my father or most particularly by my mother; thus, visits to her were kept short if they happened at all. In effect, my father's family left little imprint upon me, a fact which I now regret.

Elsbeth Lieder, my father's mother, could fairly be described as more reserved than her son; indeed, it would be accurate to describe her as taciturn. In my recollection, she so seldom spoke about anything personal that no further details or colour were added to the monochromatic picture which my father had provided. Much later as I delved deeper into my research for the Lieder family story I learned there had been an irreparable rift between my grandmother and her half siblings, a rift which would be perpetuated through several subsequent generations. Perhaps had this not occurred, my own immediate family might have remained in contact with or simply been on better terms with other Lieder family members and the stories which were ours to share would have been passed on to me. My grandmother's difficult character ruptured the branches of the family and tore our family line from its roots, robbing us of some of our heritage.

The only exception to her refusal to speak about her extended family that I can recall came one evening during my last visit to her in Frankfurt when she most unexpectedly pulled out a large, embossed-leather photo album. Surprise gave way to entrancement—here were photos of her father's time in China, of her parents and their home, and of her brother, the previously unknown to me Kurt Lieder. Looking back I am certain this was the first time it became clear to me that she even had siblings; but, alas, when the photo album was closed no other information was proffered that might add lustre to this nugget of information. Whatever sensitivities or sentiments she might have had were kept locked inside the hard carapace of her outer shell. Whatever questions I had about her siblings, new discoveries to me, were flatly rebuffed. When sixteen years after my father's death my mother followed, the mantle of

matriarch fell upon my reluctant shoulders; I assumed it to be my responsibility to pass on to my sons and grandchildren whatever family legacy could be gleaned. In due course it became obvious that the little house I inherited from her was filled with ghosts. An entire cupboard was stuffed with ancestors' memorabilia from the First and Second World Wars—medals, diaries, photos, massive family trees, documents embossed by the Kaiser as well as spine tingling death notices "in the name of the Fuhrer". And there is the silverware, the bone china, the jewellery, the stamp collection, the paintings, portraits of ancestors, and paintings they painted themselves. I have become the keeper of their stories, and as such I feel a weighty responsibility.

Sorting through my mother's estate, I came across a treasure trove of old family mementos, documents, photos, and histories, stories about uncles, aunts, and ancestors I had not known existed. Particularly surprising was a photo taken of a considerable family gathering in which I recognized my paternal grandparents, Elsbeth Lieder and Theophil Gautier, and my paternal great-grandfather, Philipp Lieder. Standing front and centre between them was an earnest young boy; this I realized was my father. My astonishment was profound for never had my father mentioned any of these persons. And yet here was a portrait of the Lieder family—my ancestors as well as an extended family of aunts and uncles about whom I knew nothing. I had in fact never heard of them. How could he have failed to mention them?

Lieder & Mund clan in Weimar on the occasion of the silver anniversary of Philipp Lieder (my great-grandfather) and his second wife, Johanna Mund Lieder, October 14, 1922, as identified by his daughter & my grandmother, Elsbeth Lieder Gautier, in her handwriting in the margin of the original of this photograph. Some of the first names are apparently nicknames, and some of these people are apparently friends of the Lieder and Mund families. My father, Werner Gautier, is the little boy in the sailor uniform standing at center in the bottom row.

Top row, left to right: Ernst Mund, Addie Mund, Charlie Gorrisen, Cilie Mund, Ernst Loos, Albert Mund, Edmund de Bary, Kurt Lieder (my great-uncle and my grandmother's older brother). This is the only photograph I have of Kurt Lieder as an adult.

Middle row: Lottie Lieder Gorrisen (my great-aunt), Sonia Mund, Mus Lieder, Dudu Loos, Lizzie de Bary, Emma Lieder (my great-aunt, standing slightly behind), Elsbeth Lieder Gautier (my grandmother), Edu de Bary, Otto Loos, Theophil Gautier (my grandfather).

Bottom row: Fraulein Mund, Marie Eckstein, Liselotte Mund, Johanna Mund Lieder, Werner Gautier (my father), Philipp Lieder (my great grandfather), Lottie Loos, Hermann Eckstein.

My father, Werner Etienne Gautier, center, standing between his step-grandmother, Joanna Mund Lieder, left, and his grandfather, Philipp Lieder, right.

The caption revealed that the photo had been taken to honour the silver anniversary of my great-grandfather, Philipp Lieder, and his wife, Johanna. Here again was a name I had never heard mentioned—Johanna. Who was this woman? Searching further through the memorabilia I came across a poem written by my then seven-year-old father addressed to these grandparents. Not only is it a singularly mature piece for a young child to write, but it clearly testifies to a love and admiration for them. As such, it compounds my confusion. What had happened to my father and his family to cause him to so firmly close the door to his past and to his mother's family?

The original of my father's poem in German is shown on page 236. Here it is translated into English:

For my grandparents Silver Wedding Anniversary
Weimar, November 14, 1922

When Grandma took Grandpa
I was not in this world yet
But I can imagine how fun it was
Twenty-five years ago
It was a jubilation
And a great hustle and bustle
And Grandpa surely wore on his head
Like all Chinese, a long braid

And if times today are terrible and bad
We want to celebrate and are happy
That Grandma and Grandpa are healthy and fresh
To set an example at our table
To us children and grandchildren a role model of duty
We want to love and respect and honour them
May God grant them many more years

Your grateful grandson
Werner

Also amongst this trove of memorabilia and documents was a 250-page memoir laboriously and painstakingly penned by my father's father, Theophil Gautier, following the cessation of the Second World War—a most astonishing account of a life lived during some of the most violently turbulent moments in the history of Germany. I try to picture him, in his drastically reduced circumstances, tapping away with one or two fingers on an old typewriter, and I am thankful for his dedication and efforts to preserve and hand down such a significant legacy.

Also buried amongst these documents was the Lieder family history cobbled together by my great-uncle, Kurt Lieder, a man whose name I had not even heard mentioned previously. Kurt, I learned, had spent ten years painstakingly gathering and acquiring irreplaceable documents and had traced the genealogy of the Lieder family back to the sixteenth century. All that was lost when, at the cessation of the Second World War, he had precipitously to escape the invading Russian forces, taking with him only what could fit on the back of his bicycle, which was by necessity little more than blankets and food. He had no other recourse than to leave behind all the precious documentation and heirlooms of his long family history. In the years that followed, in spite of hunger and deprivation, he too had felt himself obliged to resurrect what was lost and record what he could remember of the family legacy and history.

Despite Kurt and Theophil's efforts, many gaps and holes remained in the family narrative; but having so unexpectedly discovered their diligently researched and painstakingly written manuscripts, I became convinced that I could and must continue their work with equal effort of my own. As the last person in my lineage who can read and speak German, I have unwittingly become the curator of the past. It has now become my responsibility to pass on this legacy, and I am honoured to do so.

So, it was with this intention that on a visit to Munich some years later I gathered up my mother's battered address book with its scribbled phone numbers and addresses and tucked it into my purse. It had occurred to me that my uncle Georg Gautier, my father's one surviving brother, might possibly still be alive. I had only met my uncle twice previously, but he had left a warm impression on me. The first instance was in Germany when my now adult cousin Sabine Gautier was an infant in her crib; the second time he appeared unexpectedly at my wedding, some 45 years ago. If Georg was still alive, I fervently hoped to connect with him, and thus plug the multiple holes that remained for me in the narrative of my father and his family. Sadly, my eager attempts met an impasse as none of the

My cousin Sabine Gautier Caspari.

phone numbers in my mother's book still functioned. Efforts to locate my two female cousins were impossible as I knew neither their married names nor where they resided. A Google search for my male cousin resulted in another impasse. And thus the quest ended, or so I thought.

A year or so ago, obviously completely unbeknownst to me, my cousin Sabine's eldest son, Oliver Caspari, came to study briefly near Montreal. Sabine had informed him that she was fairly sure that she had cousins who resided in that city and tucked my brother's name, Ulrich Gautier, into Oliver's contacts. Fortunately, my brother's given name is unusual, as is the spelling of our family name. Thus it happened that when Oliver googled my brother, his picture immediately popped up. To Oliver's astonishment, his friend, standing by his side at the time, proclaimed that not only did he know my brother, but my brother's daughter, Dominique, was a close friend of his.

As surely as a match to dry paper this spark of recognition would ignite a burning quest for contact between the Canadian branch and the German family we had left behind. With that tiny opening the

Here I am, Christa Gautier Dunn, in center, flanked by my cousins Susanne Gautier and Franz Gautier in 2017.

doors to my long-lost family were flung wide open. In my late sixties I would walk through that door to discover not just my unknown cousins but an entire network of family whose very existence I had known nothing.

In rapid succession emails flew between my cousins and me as we exchanged not only stories about ourselves but our recollections of our fathers and our grandmother; family histories were fleshed out and anecdotes added to fill in the gaps. Confessing that I wanted to write about the Lieder family history, my cousins, Sabine and Susanne, put me in touch with a more distant relative, Alexandra ("Alex") Chavot, who was herself actively engaged in researching the Lieder family history. Unbeknownst to me, relations with this branch of the family had been ruptured long ago as a consequence of my grandmother's feud with her half-sisters over their father's estate. Now, with the passage of time and our newly established communication, this rift can be mended. Alex's great-grandmother was my father's cousin; Alex is the great-great-great-granddaughter of Philipp Lieder, who was my great-grandfather. To say that we are dis-

tantly related would be an understatement! Alex never once let me down, even though I suspect she might have been leery of opening yet another email from me, which inevitably contained another question or request.

Shortly after so miraculously discovering this branch of my family an opportunity arose for me to return to Germany. I seized upon it eagerly, granting myself ten days to meet and spend time with these cousins. This would be the first time I would see and know them as adults. It was Sabine, my youngest cousin whom I had last seen in her crib, who picked me up at the airport in Frankfurt, easy to recognize each other given all the photos we had already exchanged. I spent three days with her, then three days with Susanne, and met their brother, my cousin Franz, between the two visits. It was remarkable to all of us how quickly we bonded, how instantly we trusted each other, and how many similarities existed among us.

With each of them I spent countless hours poring over old family documents, filling in more and more of the gaps in our family histories. It was a most delightful and rewarding time. In each of their homes I immediately recognized furniture and smaller items that had come from our grandmother's apartment. Our grandmother, Elsbeth Lieder Gautier, whom we called "Mo", had had enormous dark wooden furniture in her apartment, heavily and ornately carved pieces which we speculate came from China. Sabine had two of the smallest pieces. Franz had an enormous buffet, at least eight feet high and perhaps nine or ten feet wide, with closed cabinets below and open shelving above. Too monumental to fit into his house, it has nonetheless found a new home in his garage workshop where it continues to be lovingly preserved.

Aside from my cousins I am most grateful to Elke Schulz-Wulkow, my father's youngest cousin. (Elke is some 25 years younger than my father was, the youngest child of my grandmother's half-sister, Emma Lieder). At close to 80, she can be forgiven for not using email, but phone calls sufficed to set up a time to meet with her in Frankfurt. Elke astonished me with her generosity of time and atten-

tion, spending an entire day showing me around Frankfurt and patiently, forthrightly, and copiously answering the multitude of questions that I had. In Frankfurt, with numerous memories of my grandmother reawakened, Elke filled in many details that were previously unknown to me.

At the time of my father's untimely death, the puzzle pieces of his family narrative were essentially unknown to me, and it seemed likely to remain that way. I am forever grateful for the efforts of my great-uncle, Kurt Lieder, and my grandfather, Theophil Gautier, as I am for those others who also provided answers, without which I could not have put together this account of the Lieder family. Their stories matter. I believe that they are precious gifts to be handed down to my children and their children.

I view these stories of our ancestors as not just stories, for they are rich in beliefs and values. These are transmitted forming the basis of who we are; they are, I believe, the most valuable legacy we can hand down through the generations. Invisible stories based on past experiences inform the framework of values, perceptions, and beliefs which are transmitted to our children and from them to their children. Thus, for example, my father passed on to me the indelible belief in the value of education. Having experienced so much material loss in and after the wars, his mantra that "they can take everything from you, but not your education" was definitive for me. Similarly, my ferocious attachment to any family heirlooms is directly extracted from this same simple fact—so much heritage having been forfeited, I cling tenaciously to whatever remains.

My grandfather and Kurt provided me with more than just dates of birth and death, places of residence, and professions (or lack thereof), which are but indications of the scaffolding upon which our ancestors constructed their lives. Such a bare framework alone tells us little about the perceptions or experiences of these people. Where it is possible to emboss our ancestors with feelings, thoughts, and perceptions, the history of a family becomes more clearly illuminated. For it is not features alone which we inherit from our ances-

tors and which run in our blood. Vices, virtues, genius, and folly—all these are transmitted through the same sure but unseen channel. Thus, to understand the personalities that preceded us in that great pantheon of our ancestors is to learn something about ourselves. To the extent that it has been possible for me to do so, I have tried to flesh out the persons whose names appear in the family lineage based mostly on the written documents I have inherited, but here and there with some imaginative license applied. In my effort to bring these people to life I have from time to time assigned motives or feelings to them which I hope align with the truth of their lives. We will never know this with any certainty for they are all long departed, but in recording their lives my unwavering intention has been to honour their memory.

This is the story of my father's maternal line, the Lieder family. In German the word "lieder" means "songs", and like all songs there are high notes which soar and inspire, countered by heavy low ones drenched in despair. All of these notes were present in the ballad of the Lieder family. If you change the configuration of just two letters, lieder becomes "leider", meaning unfortunately. By such insignificant accidents can destinies be decided—much as the small drop of rain nurtures a seed either into the mighty oak or the scraggly bush.

Although many of these ancestors have shown heroism, dignity, and courage, not all were cut from the same cloth. My great-great-grandfather, Georg Lieder, can generously be described as a self-centered lout, casually abandoning his four-year-old son to the care of an impoverished relative in a distant country. Yet either because of, or in spite of, his father, but certainly against all odds, Philip Adolf Lieder, his son and my great-grandfather, became an enormously successful entrepreneur and a man of unusual tenacity and courage. His exploits of derring-do in China could fittingly become the blueprint for a swashbuckling Disney adventure movie. In writing about these ancestors I have tried to represent everyone as truthfully as I can based on the evidence available to me; but given that actions are judged differently by people from another era, I must leave to future

generations to interpret these actions and personalities from their own particular vantage point. In so doing, it behooves us to note that none of us is permitted to choose the frame of our destiny, but only that which we put into it. So I would entreat each descendant or reader to interpret the past with compassion and empathy, for each of our forefathers, I have no doubt, acted as best he or she could within the limitations of circumstance and personality.

To the patchwork of written material left to me by my deceased ancestors—from great-uncle Kurt Lieder, from grandfather Theophil Gautier, from Emma Lieder, from friends of my great-grandmother, Marie Rosenbaum Lieder, as well as the documents which were in the possession of my cousins and Alex Chavot, I have added the stories told to me by these relations still living. It is from all of these voices that the history of the Lieder family has been cobbled together. I have striven to create a story that is as accurate and truthful as possible, but should errors and omissions be discovered they are inadvertent and entirely mine.

Where the individuals in the Lieder family are cradled within events of major historical significance, I have touched but lightly on historical facts and only to provide context. I have neither the breadth of knowledge nor the expertise to delve into the massive archive of facts or opinions pertaining to some of the most consequential moments in German and European history. For purposes of this story my sole interest is to provide an account of the manner in which my Lieder ancestors navigated the shoals of history.

A picture, it has been said, speaks a thousand words. In order to more clearly visualize and bring to life these ancestors, I have included as many photos as possible. These go back as far as my great-great-great-grandfather; for my own grandchildren there would be too many "greats" to count. From the massive archives of photos that I have inherited I have selected those most likely to illustrate not just particular persons, but the lifestyles they lived.

In understanding more about my family history my unknown ancestors have come to life for me. Histories such as these help to

break down the wall to the past and to connect families, not only to those who have passed away but also to those who are still living. These are vital connections at all levels of human existence; we are all connected.

Family histories open windows to our collective past. These are not just about a single family, but stories of a people and an era that are rarely seen in textbooks. The story of my Lieder family mirrors uniquely pivotal times and places. Seen through the prism of an individual family, the random and tragic effects of wars become real and heartbreaking. It is stories such as these that make history tangible, imbuing it with more than just facts and figures. For history is powerful. It helps us to understand the present and guides us into our future. But whose history is it? What other stories are missing? If history were more inclusive, we might make better choices as society today. In learning to understand why our ancestors were the way they were, we may come to understand why we are the way we are.

Although family stories can help us to understand ourselves and others in the past, they are critically important for another reason. Reduced as they are to names and dates, family trees themselves are but the armature for the stories. And it is the stories that matter. Although history is story-telling, most official stories are told from one perspective, and as such they are skewed and incomplete. Family stories counter these simple narratives that so often become history, fighting stereotypes and bringing to life little known events. In the Lieder story which follows—for example the pivotal events of the bombing of Kiel and the precipitous flight of family members from Russians—major events are seen through the eyes of actual people.

What light can my family story shed on our collective past?

II

In the beginning
The history of the Lieder family

It is a mistake to look too far ahead. Only one link in the chain of destiny can be handled at a time.

Winston Churchill

Having so unexpectedly stumbled upon the treasure trove of assorted family documents and memorabilia following the death of my mother, my interest in assembling these disparate items into a meaningful history was ignited. Knowing so very little about my father's family, and now irredeemably deprived of his input, I might have been limited to scrambling through legal records or futilely scrolling through Ancestry.com in order to discern, at a minimum, the bare branches of the family tree. Limited as these would be to a recitation only of dates and places of birth, any such efforts could never have yielded any intimate or profound knowledge about the generations who preceded us. Thus it was my great good fortune to discover a kindred spirit from a few generations past—one also impelled to document all that he knew of our family before those links vanished irretrievably.

I never knew my grandmother's brother, Kurt Lieder. Prior to beginning my own research into the Lieder family history I was only dimly aware of his very existence. But ferreting through the many documents pertaining to various and sundry aspects of my family histories—some of which were mere scribbles of information on fraying paper—I came across the outline of the Lieder family as it was cobbled together by Kurt following the cessation of the Second World War. In the waning moments of the war, fearful for his life and safety, Kurt was forced precipitously to flee the Russian advances

into Germany. Escaping ahead of the advancing troops on his bicycle, he was able to take with him only the most basic of necessities such as blankets and food, thus leaving behind irreplaceable family heirlooms and documents. With invaluable possessions lost and records destroyed, Kurt would be driven not by nostalgia but by desperation to write down everything that he could remember in lieu of those precious items. For many years Kurt had dedicated himself to writing a comprehensive history of his family. Now all that remained of those efforts would tragically be limited to whatever he could still dredge from his memory.

By the time Kurt was able to resume his efforts to document the family history his situation was dire and his circumstances much reduced. His home was gone, his family scattered, food and basic necessities scarce or non-existent. Despite all of this he strove to resurrect and record for posterity what he could of the history of his family. His efforts to do so were heroic, for in spite of the loss of precious documentation, much of it dating hundreds of years back, he managed against all odds to provide us with a framework of the family history. I am grateful beyond words to Kurt Lieder. His efforts to seal this story in writing now form the basis of my own efforts to bring the Lieder family history into sharper focus. It is my hope that my own attempts to broaden the scope of his work can complete what he began. For purposes of this story I have not altered Kurt's voice as it weaves in and around the bare facts. In doing so, I hope that I am honouring his memory.

In opening his account of the family tree (see page 228) Kurt declares that the information in the rows "Lieder" and "Rosenbaum" comes from the only official document that:

I was able to save upon fleeing Neuruppin because I happened to have it in my pocket; but this information, too, is not necessarily reliable. For Georg Phillip Lieder, for example, my grandfather, the place of death is given as Buenos Aires; it is known with certainty, however, that he died in Hamburg. Only the numbers 38, 61, 65 and 66, as well

as a few additions here and there are written from memory.

The impetus for my family research came for me around 1930 when conversing with Mr. Sarnighausen, an old friend of my father's, at my uncle Bertram Rosenbaum's house in Ahrensburg, near Hamburg. Mr. Sarnighausen had worked a lot on family history and on the meaning of names and explained to me that judging by the name, our family would have doubtlessly come from the coast[2], and was then presumably displaced to Saxony, where the "ü" of the name changed to an "ie." When this interpretation later proved to be true, it gave me a great deal of pleasure.[3]

Kurt did not stint in his efforts to trace the family history. At some point (whether this was before or after the war, I do not know) whilst visiting Herrenhausen Castle near Hannover[4], he inadvertently came across an old family tree of the Guelphs hanging on the wall; for some time he lingered in front of it, studying it carefully. On it the German Kaiser Lothar von Supplingburg was called "Lüder von Supplingburg". Later many more examples to support this interpretation and usage of the name would come his way.

Indeed, in our family tree the name Lüder appears as a given name at no. 38 with the Hamburg merchant Zier, who lived in the late 18th century. It was much later that the name apparently fell into oblivion. Kurt speculates that the name Lüder/Lothar can be approximated in its meaning to the Homeric "battle crier." Lud-Lot = loud. Harr, from a lost root word = battle. ö

Unlike Kurt who had no other recourse but to travel in his quest for elucidation, today infinite avenues of research can be revealed to

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[2] The term "Wasserkante" and the Low German "Waterkant" usually refer to areas along the North Sea coast, in Germany and the Netherlands.

[3] In other words, the family name Lieder was originally Lüder.

[4] Herrenhausen Castle in the district of Hanover was originally the summer residence of the Royal House of Hanover, but was destroyed by a British bombing raid in 1943 during the Second World War. Beginning in 2009, it has been rebuilt on the original site to the original plans. It remains the centrepiece of the famous gardens surrounding it.

us without having to depart from our desks. According to my own search through Wikipedia, the actual surname Lieder was first found in Saxony, where the name emerged in medieval times as one the notable families in the region. In northern Germany the name Lueder was more popular, while in southern Germany the root was Liut-her or Leuther, and in Thuringia "Luther" (Martin Luther's father wrote his name "Luder"). In medieval German "lud" meant "fame" and "liut" meant "leute" ("people or folk", thus "liut-her" would be "lord of the people"), and these are the two possible sources for the name. Although it is questionable whether or not anyone from our direct line was involved, from the 13th century on the surname was identified with great social and economic evolution, and the territory of Saxon was a landmark contributor to the development of the German nation.

However obscure the origins of the name itself might be, the earliest records of our direct family line are to be found in the town of Grimma in northern Saxony, southwest of Leipzig. Although I have neither visited this town nor the surrounding area, my research indicates that the river Mulde flows through the town, a significant section of which is situated in a flood plain. Grimma was first documented in 1065; by 1890 the population had reached 8,957. Today it is the site of many historic structures including a town hall dating from 1442; a famous school, the "Fürstenschule", to which Kurt refers, erected on the site of a former Augustinian monastery in 1550; and a school of brewing.

Further elaborating on his efforts, Kurt states that:

Starting in Hamburg, I visited Grimma by car in 1933. It is a typical colonial town with streets following perfectly straight lines and numerous little two-storey houses that differed from one another mainly in colour. I'm guessing that the clean little town was built around the thirteenth century. It has a citadel, and the only thing worth seeing is the beautiful old town hall standing alone and wide-footed on a square, looking like a stylized Low German farmhouse.

The Frauenkirche [Church of Our Lady], in which so many of our ancestors were baptized and married, is nothing special in architectural terms, late Gothic as far as I remember. In any case the church did not make a great impression on me at the time, almost 15 years ago now. In the Grimma bookstore there was a thick volume on the history of the town of Grimma, which I would have liked to study, but it was too expensive for me at the time. What is clear is that as early as the Middle Ages, the importation and processing of Russian furs into all of Saxony was a blossoming trade, which could probably be traced back to still earlier times.

The oldest Lieder ancestor who can be identified with certain dates in an uninterrupted sequence comes from church registers in Grimma. Master Peter Lieder was a furrier and citizen of Grimma. According to the register, his wife was called the "Lüderin" (this being the feminine version of Lüder).

Little is known about Peter Lieder other than that he was born sometime before the year 1600 and died sometime after the turn of that century. He had only a single surviving son, which was unfortunately normal in those times given that child mortality was extraordinarily high.

It is interesting to note that in the towns and villages surrounding Grimma Kurt discovered a significant number of people also bearing the name Lieder, but for whom he could not establish a connection to our family. Among these Kurt notes with interest that in the middle of the sixteenth century, near Grimma, one local resident carrying the name of Lieder was an officer, thus indicating, one assumes, a greater degree of respectability and standing in the community. Also, at the end of the eighteenth century there was a not insignificant painter bearing the Lieder name who lived in Vienna. Although Kurt collected a number of his paintings, cut out from newspapers, he lacked both the time and the money to further delve into any of these subsidiary avenues of research. With the passing of so very many years, perhaps it no longer matters. In any event I have made

no attempts to unravel a connection which may or may not exist from this artist to our particular branch of the Lieder family.

According to Kurt:

Finding these connections in Grimma was incidentally made easier by the fact that the lists of pupils who attended the local Fürstenschule[5] *were largely preserved; a number of pupils with our name, some belonging to our family, were in these lists. The direct line of our ancestors lived without interruption as master furriers in Grimma until the end of the eighteenth century. I recall the name Paul as a first name, while in collateral lines I noticed the name Sebastian, which appeared numerous times. One woman married in Ulm and became the ancestress of a number of families there.*

The number of children in our family stayed low until the Thirty Years' War and then rose suddenly to an unusual level. I believe it was the master Paul, who had sixteen children, of whom, however, only a few survived. It should be possible to ascertain what is most important from the church registers, provided that Grimma was not destroyed in the last war. Among my papers I possessed a very thorough excerpt from the church register, as well as a similar one from the list of pupils in the Fürstenschule.

The last direct ancestor who lived as a master furrier in Grimma is no. 64 on the family tree. I believe I remember his name with certainty as Meister Gottfried Lieder (citizen and master furrier in Grimma). His wife was a "Joly" from Fuchshain, halfway between Grimma and Leipzig. I also visited the village of Fuchshain, where the Joly father lived as an "Einwohner"[6]*, on my way back from Grimma, but I can't report anything in particular about it. It is a typical farming village, like many others in the area. The farmsteads lie quite close together; in any case [they are] not scattered as they are in Low*

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[5] "Fürstenschule" generally referred to one of the elite schools founded in the 16th century following the Reformation, first of all in Saxony.

[6] Saxon for a farm labourer who owns his property.

German style. Just outside the village stood an old pagan cross at the side of the road.

I had made a special point of researching these Jolys more closely. It was strange, after all, that the Lieders for almost 200 years had lived peacefully as masters in the little town and then suddenly, with the appearance of the Jolys, restless blood had entered the family and led to adventures of every kind. There is of course the possibility that further research would show the Joly family connected to France somehow, but I wasn't able to find out anything more, unfortunately.

We have to note, however, that the trades played an important role in the small town until into the sixteenth century, that only then did they go into decline, and that this led to general social unrest of the kind that later erupted with the French Revolution.

In any case, in continuing our family an attempt should be made to mitigate somewhat this doubtlessly existing tendency toward the adventurous.

Kurt's comments about the need to mitigate certain family traits are clearly based on a warning he was repeatedly given. His father continually tasked him with guarding and eradicating an unfortunate family propensity to fits of temper which will be described in greater depth as the tale unfolds. As we will see, his father had good reason to wish that this could be eliminated in the family, and to fear it could bring trouble to his descendants. As a proud descendant of a Huguenot family through my grandfather Theophil Gautier, it strikes me as very comical that Kurt is so disapproving of this "adventurous streak" that he has to find a different bloodline to blame for it, particularly his sly aside that the Joly bloodline is probably French. However, in view of the blatant and constant historical rivalry between Germany and France which not only preceded Kurt's era but also permeated the period in which he dwelled, his attitude to all things French becomes more understandable.

Master Gottfried Lieder had only one son, indicated as no. 32 on the family tree, a Johann Christoph Lieder (1754-ca. 1800). He at-

tended the Fürstenschule in Grimma and then only reappeared as an actor with the famous Schröder troop in Hamburg. The date of his arrival in Hamburg is likely to have been between 1780 and 1785, although 1786 is also still possible. Although the records and files of the Schröder troop were still extant at the time of Kurt's research, with time and energy in short supply he was not successful in unearthing any other facts.

Christian Heinrich Cornelius Lieder (1793-1821).

Curiously at this point, Kurt again departs from a plain recitation of the known facts about his family to indulge in a flight of fancy about Johann Christoph. I am left to wonder what caught his imagination about this particular story:

And so the details of his life are left in large part to the imagination. But one can picture the talented young Johann Christoph, who was filled with enthusiasm for all ideals at school and who had presumably read Greek dramas, joining the famous theatre troop with hardly a second thought as soon as the opportunity presented itself. Perhaps there had been performances in Grimma? Did his parents agree with his taking this step?

In Hamburg he was without a doubt active at the theatre at the Gänsemarkt square, because he lived on the "Opernhof" alley by the Gänsemarkt; this was the theatre for which Lessing later wrote his Dramaturgie.[7] *He was married late, at the ripe age of 38, to a Lindner from Braunschweig whose father lived there at 3 Südstrasse as a*

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7 Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, Hamburgische Dramaturgie. Vol. 1&2, Hamburg, 1769.

"Hocke" (today this would likely be a grocery store owner). The house was still there when I visited Braunschweig in 1933 and seemed tidy and nice. It was neither larger nor smaller than the other old houses. Both Lindner parents died, relatively early, of consumption.

In later years, Johann Christoph was called a "Theaterkontrolleur" ("theatre inspector") and I don't know what this job description entailed.

Johann Christoph had one son, Christian Heinrich Cornelius Lieder (1793—1821), born a year after the wedding in 1793. All the subsequent Lieder men had but one son, even if many of them also had daughters in addition—a strange fact which also holds true of Kurt, himself an only son with one sister, my grandmother Elsbeth, in addition to two half-sisters. Kurt too had only one son and two daughters.

Christian Heinrich also spent his short life on the Opernhof (Opera house) alley and was a painter at the theatre, presumably painting scenery. Although Kurt's research led him to explore the scenery designs from that time which were on display at the Hamburg museum, he wasn't able to find his ancestor's name amongst them. Christian Heinrich did not live a long life and died two years after getting married at the age of 26. The cause of death was most probably the consumption he had inherited from the Lindner grandparents, this fatal condition being quite widespread during that era.

At some earlier point, Christoph's original Hamburg Citizens Letter had been in Kurt's possession. Kurt describes it as being printed in Low German with only the name written in a very delicate, extremely neat hand. The Citizen's Letter covered in a particularly thorough manner the taxes to be paid, which included the Turkish tax.

In his manuscript Kurt indicates that:

After Christian Heinrich's death, his wife, Maria Dorothea Jansen, was remarried to a Hamburg master carpenter. This woman has not remained without influence in our family; unlike other members of

the family she was a reformed Protestant and passed on this confession all the way down to my father. She was from Bremen from a seafaring family and further strengthened our family's characteristic lust for adventure by adding the characteristics of the North Sea coast. I possessed many documents from the Jansen family. The Jansen father went to sea as a young man, as a seaman on a long-distance sea voyage. Later he was mentioned as a sailor, in other words he owned his own coaster. I imagine that Maria Dorothea also came with a certain wealth; her father was a Bremen citizen and her husband became a Hamburg citizen when he was still relatively young. This required the proof of certain capital, and the foundation for it might of course have come from an inheritance from Grimma. The fact that she remarried soon, as well as the milieu into which she remarried suggest very secure financial circumstances. Further, I remember that my father still had difficulties with buildings in Hamburg which were somehow connected to the Jansens and Maria Dorothea's second marriage. From my father's estate I owned a printed poem of considerable length for the second wedding. Maria Dorothea's new father-in-law was an officer in the Hamburg militia; his red uniform is ever being mentioned teasingly in family documents from this time.

Having traced the line of the Lieder family from its earliest history to his own personal connections, Kurt begins to write about the family he has known and remembered. I am as humbled by his perseverance and his diligence as I am impressed by his ability to resurrect so much detail from memory. Without his extraordinary efforts (and under extremely testing circumstances!) my own record would have been virtually impossible to create. And yet, Kurt apologises for not having any greater detail in his manuscript with a rather understated comment:

The reason why I don't remember more from my files than recorded here does not have to do with a poor memory but rather

with the wild events of the past years, which have obliterated a great deal.

One cannot know whether it was the traumatic events of his lifetime and seeing so much family and national history eliminated or destroyed that caused Kurt to attempt to memorialise what he knew; but it is entirely possible that the impetus was not despair over these disasters, but the fact that his more recent family consisted of many larger-than-life characters whose adventures he felt should be captured for posterity. For as we shall see, as dramatic as Kurt's own adventures may seem, they pale in comparison to what came before.

My great-great-grandfather, Georg Philipp Lieder (born 1820, died 1875).

III

Georg Philipp Lieder

I could not point to any need in childhood as strong as a father's protection.

Sigmund Freud

Inevitably as Kurt writes about the generations closer to him, his narrative becomes more detailed. Speculation and imagination yield to facts, notations of dates and places transform themselves into flesh and blood forefathers, and the stories about them are those which he himself is likely to have heard recounted. Maria Dorothea Jansen and Christian Heinrich Lieder would have been Kurt's great-grandparents; their son, Georg Philipp Lieder, was his grandfather. Although Kurt never knew Georg Philipp, he was clearly a larger-than-life character to both his son and by extension to Kurt, his grandson. Depending on how you wish to interpret Georg Philipp's actions, either as callous self-regard or adventurous spirit, the consequences of his behaviour ricocheted on down through the generations; it was certainly a defining influence on Kurt's father. Georg Philipp's character and actions were repeatedly held up as a negative example to Kurt and his siblings, one of whom was my own grandmother, Elsbeth.

In suitably cinematic fashion, not only did the story of Georg Philipp loom large in the family mythology, but his image literally adorned the wall of Kurt's home for as long as he was able to cling onto it. He recalls in his manuscript:

Georg Philipp had his portrait painted in Buenos Aires (1858). The name of the painter was of Spanish origin and the date I believe was 1858. It was a bust-length portrait in oil in a Biedermeier frame, and I inherited it when my father died. I always considered it as one of my greatest treasures. My children too loved it especially and called the

picture "Urvater" ["forefather"], a name that stuck. I dragged the picture through Berlin during a heavy air raid. I sat for hours with it in the shelter of a train station just outside the city with shells falling all around me. I spent the rest of the night home in one piece and hung it up in my room. God only knows what the Russians did with it after that. In any case everything that was in my room was scattered and lost, as I heard from very reliable sources. The Russians had confiscated precisely these houses for themselves as soon as they moved into Neuruppin.

The portrait showed a man in an old-fashioned tailcoat, his face bearing an unmistakable family resemblance. A long narrow face, small ears, mid-sized nose (a little too blunt at the end), a high forehead, brown eyes, black or dark hair, and a trimmed full beard. The colour of the face was lively, what one calls healthy, and shone forth from the otherwise dark composition along with the white dress shirt.

Another of Kurt's prized possessions, also lost to the Russian invasion, was a hand-bound and handwritten little book containing a detailed description of the golden anniversary of Kurt's great-grandmother Maria Dorothea Jansen and her second husband.

According to Kurt's description, this little book begins with:

a listing of all guests who came to the golden anniversary party, and there were very many, including a business man from England (perhaps a Jew). With some guests a cross had been added [next to the name] in a different hand, which seems to indicate their death.

Then the dishes and drinks were presented, and described in most detail were the small plays that were put on by the children, the poems that they recited, and the costumes in which they performed. Mostly scenes from the life of the married couple were shown, whereby the red uniform played a role yet again. The whole thing showed in the best way how people lived at the time, and it is particularly regrettable that this little book was lost.

It was at this golden anniversary party that Kurt's grandfather, Georg Philipp Lieder, the son of Christian Heinrich, performed in costume, reciting a poem. It appears fitting that our first introduction to Georg Philipp should be of a boy in costume, for it seems to me that throughout his life he remained a chameleon. Even I, whose interpretations of the man are not tarnished by hurt or anger, find it difficult—nay impossible—to form a picture not only of who he really was but more importantly of why he acted as he did. He remains forever an impenetrable person who acted with little or no regard to his kin, who disappeared for long periods of time, but whose actions, whether simply thoughtless or selfish, came so often to be in the spotlight.

Despite the less than stellar example set by Georg Philipp, Kurt notes that "from him onward the name Philipp has been passed on to our eldest (and to date always only) sons." Ironically, even my brother has given the name to his eldest son, although unwittingly as this history has only just come to light.

A photo showing Georg Philipp used to hang in the Hamburg Rowing Club ("Der Hamburger Ruderclub"), which was in that era a most exclusive club. In it, young Georg Philipp is seen with his club mates, a group of young men standing or lying in the languid, affected painterly stances of the time under the trees in the park. Was he as self-assured, as insouciant as he appeared, or was this just another part which he acted out? It is my guess that he must have possessed an abundance of charm, intelligence, and good looks, and these enabled him to navigate through the rigid stratification of society that was common at the time.

An original program of a rowing regatta on the Alster river, dated 1846—just a few years after the Great Fire of Hamburg—lists all of the English and German teams. Georg Philipp participated in three of the races, including one on a skiff. Although it would appear that he did not play a significant role in the skiff, in the other races the numbers 1 and 2 are pencilled in next to his name, doubtlessly his position at the finish line.

It is unclear how he got into this exclusive club, even his son couldn't provide that answer. He himself did not come from a family of any marked prominence, yet all his fellow rowers carried the names of the most well-known Hamburg families: Merck, Sieveking; Crasemann and so forth.

In describing Georg Philipp, Kurt goes on to say:

According to how my father described him in later years, after his return from Argentina, he was a very talented man with diverse interests who had learned to speak several languages fluently. But above all he was a captivating and brilliant conversationalist, welcomed everywhere and often at the centre of things. On the other hand he had a thoughtless streak that got him into trouble toward the end of his life. My father was always afraid that this thoughtlessness might be passed on to his children and he tried as hard as he could to counter this. He brought the subject up with me again and again.

In 1857 Georg Philipp married the daughter of a Hamburg notary, Mathilde Bennecke, about whose family little is known. In the Hamburg at that era, the profession of notary was distinct from that of a lawyer, but arguably, equally esteemed. Mathilde's maternal grandfather, Lüder Zier, had a typical Hamburg profession, that of real estate agent, indicating that the family was comfortably established.

Immediately after the wedding, the two must have set off on their long journey to South America as passengers aboard a sailing ship. Their only son, Philipp Adolf, was born at the end of the same year in Buenos Aires. Our wildest imagination is free to ponder the reasons for their emigration.

A photograph of Mathilde Benneke shows a dark-haired woman with a wide face and not very finely carved features. However, since the technology of photography was still in its infancy in those days, it is hard to know just how accurate this likeness really is. Contrary to the evidence of the photo, Kurt's father describes her as dark blond confirming the untrustworthiness of this new medium.

Upon his arrival in Buenos Aires Georg Philipp worked for a company from Hamburg, the name of which is no longer known. Tragically, it was but a few years later that his wife, Mathilde, died and was buried in Buenos Aires. According to Kurt:

My father later felt somewhat indignant that I didn't visit the grave of his mother when I stayed in Buenos Aires. But at the time I unfortunately knew literally nothing about our family history, meaning that I could not have even arrived at the thought. After the death of his wife, Georg Philipp brought his four-year-old son back to Hamburg, where he stayed with a widowed step-aunt (from the second marriage of Dorothea Jansen), a Mrs. Silber, whose first name was probably Henriette. I owned a boarding pass from this trip, which had been issued by the Hamburg Consulate in Buenos Aires for a French sailing vessel, valid from Buenos Aires to Le Havre. On the reverse of the pass a "skat" score was tallied up in pencil, likely during the trip. The pass was interesting due to the precise description of the person, which accorded with what I said about the oil painting.

Georg Philipp stayed but briefly in Hamburg, quickly scuttling back to Argentina, leaving his young son behind. One likes to think that he made some effort to see that his son was comfortably settled, but we have no indication that he did so. His son would have been too young to remember the event, but given Georg Philipp's subsequent delinquency, it is just as likely that he gave little consideration to the welfare of his child. For 12 years there was no further word from him, no evidence of any thought given to the young son, who, for all intents and purposes, he had abandoned. Georg Philipp had virtually disappeared.

Out of sight need not mean out of mind. Although Georg Philipp and his child were separated for over a decade, his young son Philipp would forever be hugely influenced by his father. It could be argued that the tenacity, resilience, and courage which his son Philipp developed were forged as a direct consequence of his earliest trials and

hardships. By today's standards it is quite horrifying to contemplate that a four-year-old who had only recently lost his mother would be transported to what was to him a completely foreign country and then simply dumped there. As I read Kurt's account of this episode, his description seems remarkably understated, nothing more than a simple recitation of the facts without further commentary. It is conceivable that to Kurt, who had grown up with these stories, they hardly seemed worthy of further reflection, the facts were so well known to him. Alternatively I could interpret his remarkably sanguine attitude as a measure of the times, for in those days children were neither coddled by parents nor protected by the law to the extent that they are today. Certainly in his father's era, but also in Kurt's, children were generally raised in a much harsher climate.

Nonetheless, in reference to his father's early abandonment Kurt casually adds only that "this too eventually had an effect on my education, as my father tried all possible means to get me to write home regularly."

Once back in Buenos Aires, but now lacking the guiding spirit of his wife, Georg Philipp did not do well after her death. In short order he had a falling out with his boss, at whom, according to family lore, he is said to have thrown the company's ledgers or something similarly heavy, aiming for his head. Kurt notes that:

Nothing further about this incident has survived, but this choleric temperament, wherever it came from, runs in the family, unfortunately. My father also possessed it, even if he did everything to fight it off, and it is very prominent in my children, strengthened further by a similar heredity from the von Bülow side. It would be very desirable if this character trait could be softened. I too have suffered from it and still today I very much have to control my temper.

I can attest that this choleric temper which so worried Kurt and his father still flows through the family veins—diluted perhaps, but still apparent. My father certainly possessed it, as do I to a lesser de-

gree. I surmise that my father's tight control over his emotions, his implacable reserve, are evidence of the same upbringing of which Kurt speaks—lessons strictly taught to him from childhood on to rein himself in. In meeting and talking to my cousins, I was highly amused to learn that the trait has not been obliterated from their branch of the family either.

When Georg Philipp returned to Hamburg some 12 years later, his fate did not improve. In Kurt's account:

He had a small estate which he spent within a few years in good, all-too-jolly company. Things went similarly with an inheritance that was due to his son from his mother. When he died he was living in very poor conditions, working as a petty clerk for the Hamburg customs office. His fate was repeatedly held up as a bad example for me.

My grandfather, Theophil Gautier, recounts a slightly different version of the situation:

Georg Philipp in his late years was completely impoverished and he was just able to return to Hamburg before Philipp went to China. An inheritance of 10,000 marks allowed the father to live out his sunset years without worry.

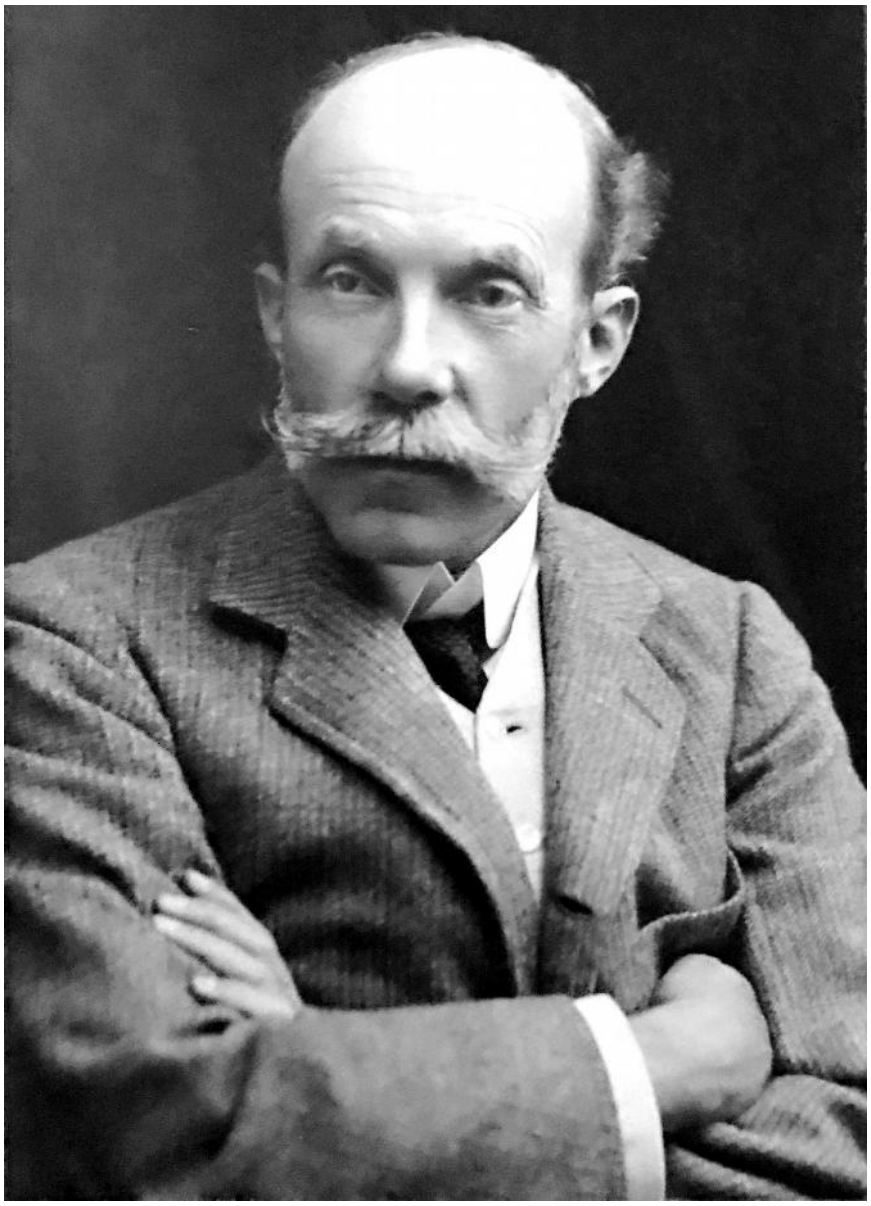
We will never know with any certainty what motivated or inspired either Georg Philipp or his son Philipp; we have no recourse but to guess based upon the evidence we have gleaned. Thus, it is entirely possible, but not necessarily true, that Georg's return to Hamburg may have been the impetus for his son's adventure to China. After his father returned from a twelve-year absence to spend all of his meagre funds, the situation might well have led Philipp to abandon him in similar fashion.

I have not been able to unearth any concrete details about the nature of the relationship of Georg Philipp to his son following the return of the prodigal parent. Whether father and son reconnected after Georg Philipp's return is not known. It is only from the admon-

ishments which Philipp so constantly directed at his own children that we can guess at his thoughts or feelings towards the parent who to all intents and purposes abandoned him as a child, then summarily lost his employment due to his temper. As to how Philip felt about his father's squandering of his personal inheritance from his mother, we are left without clues. I like to believe that he was generous in his thoughts, but perhaps that is asking too much of him.

Wherever the truth may lie, without a shadow of doubt Philipp turned out to be a most remarkable person, perhaps despite his father's influence. His tenacity, his courage, his intelligence were forged in the most brutal and unlikely of circumstances, but he emerged to become an enormously successful entrepreneur.

Henriette Silber, the woman who essentially reared Georg Philipp Lieder's son, Philipp Adolf Lieder, who became the patriarch of my ancestral Lieder family.



My great-grandfather, Philipp Adolf Lieder (1857-1930) in his heyday.

IV

Philipp Adolf Lieder

From fortune to misfortune is but a step; from misfortune to fortune is a long way.

Yiddish Proverb

In the great omnibus of our ancestors, one person will raise his head above all others. That person was my great-grandfather, Philipp Adolf Lieder, a man of remarkable courage and tenacity. His larger than life personality and the trajectory of his life would influence many of the generations which followed him and continues to this day to resonate through the family. His was a most remarkable life, led by a most remarkable man. How I wish that my father had related what he knew about his grandfather, for I cannot doubt that he was aware of a great deal. My father, the eldest by a wide margin of Philipp's grandchildren, grew up adjacent to his grandfather's home and would surely have spent time, literally or figuratively, at his knee. But as in all things related to his past, my father divulged very little. Thus it is that the story which follows comes to me not by word of mouth, but primarily from the manuscripts which I discovered long after my father had passed away.

It is the voices of Kurt Lieder, Philipp's son and my great-uncle, combined with that of my grandfather, Theophil Gautier, Philipp's son in law, which provide the framework for the facts and anecdotes that belatedly bring the life of this extraordinary man into focus. As I ferreted through these various story lines, gaps or inconsistencies revealed themselves. For clarification of these, I turned to my cousins and distant relations in Germany who, always uncomplaining and to the best of their abilities, provided me with answers. The story which unfolds has been cobbled together from various sources and is as accurate as I can make it. Whatever faults may inadver-

tently lie in my accounting, I trust they will not detract from the essence of Philipp Lieder's life of daring, perseverance, and courage.

Let us begin with Kurt Lieder's account of Philipp's early days:

Born on December 18, 1857, Philipp Adolf Lieder, my father, grew up, as mentioned, in Aunt Silber's care with her children. She lived on Danziger Straße in St. Georg. The whole family was consumptive, the source of my father's later lung problems. All the Silbers—as far as I know there were three children—died early and left behind no children.

The previously well-to-do family was now impoverished, or at least no longer wealthy. The money situation, for unknown reasons, must have also been very bad. Mrs. Silber ran a small private elementary school and this was how she fed her family. Philipp not only had to work for the household, but also had to substitute at the school if teachers were absent, often on an empty stomach. When the aunt remarried things became increasingly difficult, such that when tuition was in arrears or enrollment was down there was even less to eat or nothing at all. Eventually she gave up the school and unfortunately the boarding wages from Argentina stopped arriving shortly thereafter. Soon things had progressed to the point where there was no longer sufficient dry bread to still their hunger. My father's sickliness, which accompanied him his whole life, can be traced to these years of hunger.

Also commenting on the appalling circumstances of his youth, Theophil Gautier adds that:

The abrupt end to the monthly payments from his father also coincided with the total lack of any further word from him. Philipp often had to still his lunchtime hunger by going to the parents of different schoolmates. The misery of the situation became clear to him when the pastor excluded him from confirmation because it was not possible to get him a dark suit.

According to Theophil Gautier, Philipp

was and continued to be physically delicate. But this did not prevent him from climbing steeply upward with incredible energy and, in spite of his frail body, to deal with exertions where some stronger people would have failed. Here, as always, spirit and will came out on top.

Philipp Adolf Lieder in 1861 at four years old, about when he was abandoned by his father.

The precise nature of the sickliness to which both Theophil and Kurt refer can no longer be ascertained. Photos indicate a slight man, probably of average or below average height; whether or not this could be ascribed to the malnutrition of his youth is uncertain. The records I have unearthed indicate that he suffered in later years from "lung problems" and "stomach issues" but again there is no answer as to what precisely these were. What we can be certain of, and which Theophil underscores, is that his astounding tenacity and courage enabled him to overcome or ignore any and all impediments that stood in his way including physical frailty.

It is easy to imagine that Kurt Lieder hero-worshiped his father. But if so, this would not have been without just cause, for it would be impossible to underestimate the spirit and will of that boy. Even at this very young age, Philipp's extraordinary character was evident. Against the odds, in spite of poverty and deprivation, Philipp managed to attend a secondary school and passed the so-called *Einjährigen-Examen*, which allowed young men to do only one year of com-

pulsory military service instead of the standard three. Reserve officers were selected from among those who passed the *Einjähriges*. According to Kurt, in later years the certificate was awarded automatically upon entry into the *Obersekunda*, grade 11 of a secondary school, but this did not apply to Philipp.

But his academic excellence did not protect Philipp from any further mistreatment. Kurt goes on to say:

I would like to go back to a little anecdote from his school years. In 1870, when France declared war, he as a twelve-year-old watched with other excited boys during recess as the Prussian troops marched through Hamburg and onward to the border. He was punished with two hours of detention because "the Prussian troops were none of his business." Perhaps he came back to the lesson a little too late—but still.

Having passed the *Einjährigen-Examen*, Philip was sent to begin an apprenticeship at the China company, Telge Jr. His son Kurt "used to have both his exam certificate and his apprenticeship certificate, which was unusually good". Presumably it was around this time that Philipp's father suddenly reappeared, taking from him the small inheritance from his mother. Then once again, Georg Philipp disappeared without a trace. Philipp's granddaughter, Marianne Loeper, speculates that, "Philipp was now alone again and, in all likelihood, robbed of his respect for his father."

Nonetheless, with his apprenticeship complete Philipp was chosen to go to China to work for the company at its branch there. Here again his poverty was an issue for he was only able to acquire reasonably respectable clothing and accoutrements for this great journey by taking out a loan of a hundred marks. This, however, he quickly paid back just a few months after his arrival in Shanghai.

I once asked my father why Philipp would choose to go to China in the first place. My father's reply was that his health was so bad that he did not believe he would live long, and therefore he seized the opportunity to see as much of the world as he still could. Al-

though once again we are left to ponder the nature of the ailments from which he suffered, we can never doubt that whatever may have been wrong with him, Philipp clearly refused to allow his health to hold him back in any way. One could also speculate that the unexpected return of Georg Philipp and the subsequent appropriation of Philipp's inheritance precipitated his flight to China, possibly not only to escape his current circumstances, but perhaps also his prodigal father. The truth of the situation is lost to us, buried in the ashes of the past.

The China to which Philipp sailed was at that time a long way from being—or even aspiring to be—the superpower that it is today. This was an era of colonization. Even by the standards of that era China was but a vast, undeveloped landscape. At the time Britain, France, and Germany were actively engaged in empire building, and each of these powers had staked out areas within China which were under their governance. These colonies, or concessions, did not exist for purposes of settlement such as in Australia or the Americas, but were set up to profit from China economically.

Philipp Adolf Lieder, probably about age 19 when he left for China in 1876.

Theophil Gautier takes up the tale:

So in 1876 the nineteen-year-old sailed to China, the first sea voyage of many, on the English steamship the "Gordon Castle" which only travelled at 10 knots. Philipp made use of the long voyage to learn English. By the time they arrived in Shanghai, he had mastered the language to the extent that it served him with com-

plete satisfaction in daily use. The company gave him his quarters at the "Hong", where several other young employees were also being accommodated. The "glamour of the east" was seductive to him too, and soon he was in debt, but he had too much inner stability to become hopelessly caught in this enthralling tide.

For several years, Philipp bided his time as the youngest employee of the Telge company in China, and then came his great stroke of good fortune. Some of the details of this tale, such as locations and numbers, vary between Kurt and Theophil's accounts, but such minor differences take nothing away from the essence of the story. Given that Kurt is most likely to have heard these tales told by his father with more frequency, I choose to give him the greater benefit of the doubt. And yet, at this late date, who knows?

According to Kurt's account, Telge had sold to the Chinese viceroy of Gansu province, who resided in the city of Lai-Chau fu[8], the complete equipment and machinery for a textile factory. Once the approximately 1500 boxes[9] had arrived in Shanghai, nobody could be found, either from within the company or outside it, who would be willing to take them to their destination.

Lai-Chau fu is located about 2000 kilometres north of Shanghai as the crow flies, at the end of the Great Wall. Much later Sven Hedin, the great Swedish explorer, would explore this territory, but at that time no European had ever entered it. For all intents and purposes the area was a wild place in which foreigners could not be sure of their lives.

In Kurt's account he describes what came next as seemingly the turning point of Philipp's career:

Here the youngest Telge employee stepped up, Mr. Philipp Lieder, offering to lead the expedition, and he was accepted. It was unfortunately tremendously difficult to get details from my father later on

8 Translator's note: Gautier gives Lanzhou, the capital of the province, as the city where the factory was built.

9 Translator's note: Gautier speaks of 5000 boxes.

about his adventurous life, with the result that I can only give a relatively minor report about this noteworthy journey into China's interior.

The entire transport of boxes was to be moved into the interior partly on carts, partly on mules, and partly carried by coolies. Accompanying Philipp were only three white men, along with the fitters, technicians, and engineers, who were to take on the construction and running of the factory. And everything was overseen and attended to by young Philipp as the jack of all trades.

Although this description suggests that the men taking over the running of the factory were Chinese, Kurt later tells us that Europeans ran the factory for the next few years. Given the nature of that era in China, I would speculate that there were a handful of European bosses—presumably men were sent to replace those who did not survive the journey—and that the rest of the workers were Chinese. Once again, the details elude us, but the spirit of Philipp shines brightly through the murkiness of the tale.

At first they were able to go by water relatively comfortably for a few hundred kilometres. Then they had to load everything onto beasts of burden and the caravan ultimately had to negotiate the mountains of northern China with their unusually high passes, traveling along narrow tracks in never-ending storms and freezing cold temperatures. Here it was so cold that even beer and cognac froze in their bottles. The exertions must have been onerous and not exactly suited to improving my father's unstable health. But his essential characteristic was tenacity in every life circumstance, and he indeed reached Lai-Chau fu without losing so much as one of the boxes of goods that had been entrusted to him. He was always very proud of this success.

Commenting on these extraordinary exploits, Theophil Gautier adds:

All things considered, it was such a romantic and dangerous task that every young man would have likely been drawn to it. But it would have also been very easy for Philip to come to rack and ruin with this task. He was the typical example of a colonial conqueror faced with immense difficulties but also great opportunity. Cortez and Pizarro would have been cut from the same cloth.

On the way they had passed through completely deserted villages which had been laid to waste during uprisings of Mohammedan Chinese, who had, for simplicity's sake, killed everyone and everything. No less than six months later the caravan finally arrived at the destination of Lanzhou, and the work began. Although astoundingly each and every one of the boxes had arrived intact, the human loss and the loss of transport animals that had died en route were significant. Along the way one of the European personnel was beaten to death by Chinese people early in the expedition. And the other two, although they were able to complete their task, did not return to the coast alive either. One died of a disease and the other was killed because he had become involved with a Chinese woman.

It is unclear from these accounts whether or not Chinese workers all survived the journey, and whether it was only the Europeans for whom the trip was so treacherous.

In any event, according to Theophil the loss of life "weighed heavily on Philipp, but to his astonishment, it made no impression on the viceroy. The only thing that interested him was that all the boxes had arrived, and through this success Philipp was in his good books."

Indisputably, Philipp was an exceptional man, courageous and intelligent, a master of languages, tenacious and daring. He was also either wily or willing enough to embrace the unorthodox; effectively he never shied away from doing whatever he deemed necessary in order to succeed. Kurt recounts that "my father dressed in an entirely Chinese manner, including a glued-on braid, which all Chinese men wore, and in this way successfully circumvented the prevailing hatred of foreigners. Soon this was all he ever wore, and he grew a

ponytail and soon mastered the Chinese language, or at least the local dialect." Although it is doubtful that Philipp could have actually passed as Chinese, it may well be that because he was seen to take on Chinese traditions, he was not as hated as other foreigners would have been.

Having lasted many months, the voyage into the Chinese wilderness had the advantage of allowing Philipp to learn to speak Chinese quite fluently, making himself understood during the first audience with the viceroy after arrival in Lai-Chau fu. When he returned to Shanghai he was one of the few Europeans who spoke Chinese really well and had mastered writing at the level of a normally-educated Chinese person, in other words, like a lower-level official. He could read and write approximately 40,000 characters.

About two years after Philipp first set out from Shanghai, the factory was complete and opened for operation. Soon there were difficulties with the European personnel, however, who either ran away or, as Theophil obliquely describes them, they "went to the dogs". Within three years the factory was taken over by the Chinese, but incidentally was only in operation for a short time. The machines and installations did not agree with the Chinese. The factory soon came to ruin. Although Theophil asserts that the Swedish explorer and geographer Sven Hedin mentions the ruins of the factory in his works, I am unable to verify this assertion. Nonetheless I do not doubt its veracity. Nor do I entertain any reason to question Theophil's further claim that the explorer Nordenskiöld[10] visited this area much later and described his journey in a book. He tells how astonished he was to find a defunct and partly destroyed textile factory in Lai-Chau fu, which proved to him that other Europeans had been there already.

The task accomplished and the factory complete, Philipp travelled back to Shanghai. The most important consequence of his stay at the court of the viceroy was that Philipp became friends with a

[10] Translator's note: The author might have confused him with Sven Hedin, whom Theo Gautier mentions in this context in his account.

high official of the capital of Peking, Li-Hung-Chang, who went on to become the all-powerful dictator of the great Chinese empire. He carried out the negotiations with the viceroy personally without an interpreter. The viceroy was so satisfied with the work that he awarded him with a medal, raised him to the status of a Third-Class Mandarin, and lent weight to his recognition with a considerable financial reward of 10,000 Chinese dollars[11]. Philipp had never seen so much money in one place and wondered on the journey back if it were possible to retire with such capital, although he was still in his early twenties! In addition to the generous gift, his income had accumulated well over the course of five years. At this point, he not only felt like a capitalist, he had actually become one.

Let us take up the account in Theophil's words:

Sometime during the construction period, another young man from Vienna was sent out as reinforcement by Telge, Hermann Mandl, who would become Philipp's best friend and later partner. Mandl too had arrived in China without a penny in his pockets. Both men became Chinese mandarins, wore on their Chinese hats a button and a peacock feather, and they both enjoyed special favour with the viceroy.

Mandl, Lieder, and all European workers set off for the coast, where Philipp arrived as a made man after an absence of around five years. His health, however, had suffered once again. The viceroy would often beckon him at ungodly hours, at which point ice-cold sparkling wine and impossible dishes were served, and Philipp, just seeing or smelling the dish, would feel like gagging. But he had to smile and choke it down. Henceforth Philipp had problems with his stomach and in his later years he had to be painstakingly careful.

By now, these two young men, Mandl and Lieder, felt so comfortable with the Chinese lifestyle that they decided to stay in the country and start a Chinese business in Tianjin. But after they had gotten

[11] The other Kurt Lieder document has "or 20,000 marks".

together with Europeans in this large city, Asia began to lose its magic. The ponytails were cut off, the Chinese clothes tucked away, and both became an interesting memory. In the end they went to Shanghai, where Philipp rejoined Telge, and with all the experience he had accumulated, he worked with even greater success. That was in 1884. At the same time, Mandl joined the Jardine-Mathiessen company, which was well known in the East. Philipp's steep ascent at Telge might well have reached a plateau had not fate intervened. The boss had written two letters, one to Philipp with the business contracts and another a report about him and his work intended for the company in the homeland. By accident, the letters wound up in the wrong envelopes, and so Philipp learned that he, perhaps due to others' envy over his success and independent work, was being denigrated at home and the recommendation was being put forth to move him, the "man with the large hand", out of the way. Although it is difficult to accurately interpret the meaning of this odd phrase, it is likely to refer either to Philipp's generosity or to a propensity or need to issue bribes. Whatever the case may be, this revelation challenged Philipp to take decisive action, and so he quit his job, as did his friend Mandl.

By this time, Mandl and Lieder had already made a substantial name for themselves on the Chinese coast. The largest companies had become aware of these two capable minds and successful business men. Krupp as well as Schneider-Creusot and Maxim-Vickers offered them the opportunity to be their representatives. For this reason, both travelled to Europe and came to an agreement with Krupp. When they returned to Shanghai, they founded their own company, H. Mandl & Co.

Theophil explains that "Characteristically, Philipp did not put his name on the nameplate, but remained in the background. From this point forward, he remained his own boss until the end of his life." Elaborating on this aspect of his father's character, Kurt has this to say: "He always shrank from and hated public presentation and any sort of posturing." From this and other remarks which Kurt makes, I

think we can reasonably conclude that Philipp was determined that neither he nor any of his descendants should take after the larger than life persona of his father, Georg Philipp Lieder. Throughout his life, Philipp would take great pains to emphasize this to Kurt.

It was during this period that the first Sino-Japanese war (July 1894-April 1895) broke out and was fought primarily for influence over Korea. Li Hu Chang became dictator of the Chinese empire with the empress investing all her power in him. Li Hu Chang had come to know and trust Philipp and approached him about procuring weapons. The first contract was given immediately and a large number of modern guns were to be ordered at his discretion through Krupp, Ceusot, or Schneider, the three largest weapons manufacturers at the time. The money for the purchase was entrusted to Philipp in the form of a cheque from the Chartered Bank of China. It was the largest cheque this bank had ever issued—an enormous sum of "50,000" or 1 million Reichsmark. I have no idea what this 50,000 would translate to in modern parlance, but unquestionably it would amount to a very substantial sum.[12]

In fact, the sum had been chosen to be high enough that all potential difficulties which Philipp might encounter could be overcome. With money in hand Philipp travelled to Europe. Initially, he visited Krupp in Essen, negotiated to have the order filled, and requested to be the sole representative of Krupp in all of China. Not surprisingly the unknown young man was not particularly well received by the large, internationally-known company. However, when he showed the Krupp gentlemen the contract from the Chinese government and it became clear to them that the competition was prepared to do the job with no further ado in return for cash payment, they reconsidered. It took but a few days for the deal to be done. Krupp had accepted the contract and Philipp had secured for himself his role as exclusive representative for all of China.

[12] It is not clear to me what the unit of currency actually was. Although I thought that finding a modern equivalency would be easy, after a few attempted search efforts I remain at a loss.

The next step was to go to Hamburg to arrange the shipping. By now the Japanese had declared a blockade along the entire Chinese coast and were ruthlessly sinking all trade vessels that tried to break the blockade, regardless of which flag they were flying. Not in Hamburg nor anywhere else could a ship be found that was willing to take the risk. Hamburg was overflowing with goods destined for, but unable to go to, China. But Philipp was ever tenacious and resolute. Kurt explains that, given these circumstances,

Philipp made up his mind to purchase a ship and load it himself. He went to the Hamburg-Amerika Linie[13] *(of all companies) and asked to buy a cargo vessel. Naturally he was laughed at and only taken seriously once he had put the cheque from the Chartered Bank on the table. He received his cargo boat, 3000 tons, as far as I know, and called her the "Wieland" after the poet who was read more at the time than now. She was the first of a number of vessels that the company gradually acquired.*

As a shipping line flag a red five-pointed star on a white background was chosen, presumably following the English example (White Star line, etc.). The flag of the "Wieland", quite in tatters, lay in my father's desk later on. After his death I looked for it in vain, however. In Buchenhagen (Kitzeberg) at the Kieler Förde, Philipp's later place of residence, a pennant such as this was always flying on the flag-post whenever the house was occupied, unless a full display of flags was up.

Neither the cargo nor the ship was insured, although the Chinese paid 25% war insurance. 25% of around one million comes out to 250,000 marks, which is what would be made if the ship arrived in one piece. "I took out insurance with myself", my father later explained to me. There was no other kind of insurance to be had in any case, and in this first great attempt I put everything, everything on the line. If things had gone wrong, I would have gone down anyway."

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[13] Hamburg America Line, HAPAG,

Left to right in foreground: Kurt Lieder, Marie & Philipp Lieder, and Mrs. & Mr. Hermann Mandl, in 1893 or '94 on the "Wieland", the "million mark ship" on which Philipp gambled his future and won. The men in the background appear to be members of Lieder and Mandl's enterprise in China including Messrs. Hagge and Ellert.

Kurt also relates an interesting story of a coincidence, which demonstrates how well-told the story of this particular adventure became:

Many years later, in 1912, I had to participate in a celebration of the Kaiser's birthday in Hamburg. Next to me sat a completely unfamiliar bald-headed gentleman who addressed me: "Did I hear correctly? Your name is Lieder? You're related to that Lieder who sent the million-mark ship to China? My father used to work for the Hamburg America Line and often told me the story!"

The million-mark ship departed, filled to the brim with valuable goods in addition to the cannons. It sailed under an English flag with an English captain, and its ships papers indicated that the destination was the Hong Kong harbour, the English colony in China far removed from the battleground.

Philipp sailed ahead with a mail steamer so as to make the necessary preparations for the arrival of the "Wieland" and to report to his partner. Far out at sea before Hong Kong, there rocked a small tugboat, waiting for weeks for the "Wieland". On board was a very good friend of Philipp, a Mr. Hagge, with whom I often spent time as a boy in Hamburg much later, and whom I loved very much. We called him Onkel Hagge (Uncle Hagge).

Finally, the "Wieland" appeared outside Hong Kong. Hagge stopped her and went onboard. He gave the captain the ultimatum of either leaving the ship, in which case he [Hagge] would take over the ship, or breaking the Japanese blockade in return for a handsome reward and then putting into port at Chefoo (Chih-fou) in the Yellow Sea, on the north coast of Shandong. The captain decided in favour of Chefoo, but Hagge stayed on board. They circumvented Hong Kong, sailing only at night. During the day unknown islands served as hiding places.

And it worked! The "Wieland" reached Chefoo late but was unscathed and had all cargo on board. And so the young company earned around 500,000 marks and made a name for itself. Such a

daring act did not need to be repeated. In the future, insurance could be procured and the ship could sail under a German flag.

My father, departing from his usual reticence, told me more than once about the torments of the time he spent waiting in Chefoo. Day in, day out, he stood on the roof of a tall building in Chefoo, watching for the long overdue "Wieland" to appear on the horizon. Those must have been terrible days.

Theophil Gautier adds the following descriptive details:

Finally, a whole series of steamships came from Germany carrying the war materials that had been ordered. But the Japanese, far superior militarily, blocked the Chinese harbours where the unloading was to take place. Lieder got precise information about the mine barriers that had been placed in the entrance to the harbour by the Japanese, secretly boarded the ships that were waiting in agreed-upon places in the dead of the night, and piloted them into harbour himself, a risk that all the ever-so-famous Yangtze pilots had been simply unwilling to take. In this way, all the ships reached their destinations; only one was lost. The business and the earnings were enormous.

After the war Mandl and Lieder continued to represent Krupp, but they did a lot of other business with the Chinese government. The friendship with the Chinese viceroy Li-Hung-Chang remained close and thus they continuously received important contracts, including one of extraordinary value for arms in Nanjing. Theophil recounts:

I still remember one episode, which my father-in-law recounted to me, laughing. This was about a contract for a very large number of sea mines. But the viceroy did not want to do a blind bargain; he wanted to see the effect of the mines with his own eyes. And so a platform with a throne was built for him on the bank. Upstream a junk was put out to drift with a mine installed under its big belly. With a time fuse it was detonated as it drifted by the viceroy. The junk's ascension into the sky was grandiose, the splinters flew into the faces of

the thousands of spectators, and the enthusiasm and the contract were enormous. Less pleasant was an order of artillery guns. Mandl and Lieder, who had never been soldiers, assembled a Krupp gun on the basis of descriptions and then had to shoot it themselves. For both men it was a dangerous game to load the shells, close the breech block, and finally pull the trigger. They were frightened to death and were happy when they heard the redemptive bang and saw the target being struck and falling over in shreds.

Beautiful Marie and handsome Philipp Lieder as a young married couple.

On April 12, 1888, during an interlude in Germany, Philipp Lieder married Marie Rosenbaum, returning with her to Shanghai. Marie was from an old Saxon family of civil servants, who had produced many high-ranking forest officers for their state. According to

Theophil, "The young woman was marvelously adept at fitting in with the spirit and mindset of the Chinese coast. She had a particularly good relationship with the Chinese and therefore lent valuable support to her husband's business." Theophil goes on to describe Marie as:

a magnificent and sophisticated painter. We still possess a number of appealing, gold-framed paintings by her hand, including "Chinesenjunge auf einem Büffel" ("Chinese Boy on a Buffalo"); "Chinesin" ("Chinese Woman") in a straw-braided rain costume; "Wasserträgerin" ("Water Carrier"), a Chinese woman with an oil paper umbrella; and finally the small "Seestück" ("Sea Piece"), which depicts Perim Island at the mouth of the Red Sea. Unfortunately, a whole portfolio with other watercolours by her hand fell prey to the circumstances during the capture of Vienna (1945).[14]

Many of the paintings which Theophil describes still exist and are in the possession of various family descendants. I myself have six hanging in the guest room, and to my great delight my eldest son chose a large oil painting for his home in Vancouver. My cousin Susanne has the "Wassertragerin" and the "Chinesin", among others.

Mandl and Lieder had extraordinary success in business. Soon they needed to establish a branch further north in Tianjin. According to my cousin Susanne, Philipp was either instrumental, or peripherally involved, in the building of a hotel in Tianjin. Prince Heinrich, brother of the German Kaiser, was a frequent visitor to China during this period and required adequate accommodation. For this reason the hotel was constructed. Although I have no means of verification, Susanne postulates that Philipp, as a close friend of the viceroy, was likely also to have befriended Prince Heinrich. Whether or not this was the case, Philipp did own a construction company in Tianjin which was responsible for building two hotels and a "Liederhalle". As sole representative for Krupp in China,

[14] See images of these paintings starting on page 107.

Philipp was also instrumental in building and bringing railroads into China using Krupp steel rails. I have in my possession photos of Philipp with other officials at what could have been the opening of one such railway. [15]

In any event, the director of the Tianjin branch was Mr. Georg Baur, who was employed by the Krupp company at the Chinese railway school in Tianjin. Baur later became a member of the supervisory board for Friedrich Krupp A.G. He was also the director of the Germania shipyard in Kiel. Theophil says:

In the early days of our marriage we spent many warm hours at his (Baur's) house. My wife especially is close friends with his children. The son Friedl Baur became the director of the well-known Kruppwerk in Berndorf in Lower Austria following the integration of Austria. At the time I was often dealing with him professionally in my capacity as an arms inspector. We were also often in the Haus am Brand, the Krupp Villa above the factory, visiting the son, Claus, Mr. Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, who immediately fell as a pilot officer at the beginning of the war. We had friendly relations with both

15"

From a short history of the Prinz Heinrich Hotel, compiled by Wilhelm Matzat: "When the Jiaozhou Leased Territory had been established on March 6, 1898, the street plan of the future city was published on Sept. 2, 1898, and in October the first parcels were auctioned. The real estate was acquired by the buyers as full property. Among the buyers was a German merchant in Shanghai with the name Philipp Lieder. He had decided to build a first class hotel for the city of Qingdao, which was now going to be built. He bought a parcel in a good position on the Kaiser Wilhelm Ufer (Taiping Lu) directly on the shore of the Yellow Sea. From January till Sept. 1899 the hotel was built. It got the name Prinz Heinrich Hotel because Prince Heinrich of Prussia, the brother of the German emperor, Wilhelm II, was in that year as admiral of a German cruiser squadron stationed in East Asia and often came to Qingdao. We do not know the name of the architect who designed the PH Hotel. We know that the German firm H. Mandl & Co in Shanghai was the contractor. That is not surprising as Philipp Lieder was co-proprietor of Mandl & Co. It sent its employee Wilhelm Buschendorff to Qingdao to supervise the construction activities and the furnishing of the new hotel. It was for its time extremely modern because the 40 double-rooms had each its own bath and balcony with view to the open sea." Source: https://www.tsingtau.org/short-history-of-the-prinz-heinrich-hotel-in-qingdao/

him and his brother in-law, the very honoured Freiherr von Wilmowsky.

Theophil recounts that:

Lieder's effort in attaining such success had been great. For months he had lived in an unheated Chinese hotel in the cold winter. He had tremendous exertions behind him. Bringing in ships with everything this entailed, for example sailing on the open ocean in small, miserable boats, climbing onboard, piloting with apprehension through the blockade and mine barriers, in short all of this had taken a toll on his frail body. He was bedridden in Shanghai for months with a tenacious case of bronchitis. The doctor who was treating him, Dr. Paulum, feared imminent catastrophe. It was decided that Lieder had to return home to Germany quickly. His wife and children, Kurt and Elsbeth, accompanied him. In Suez the whole family got off the ship and spent the winter in Egypt. He himself recovered quickly, but his beloved wife became ill with a liver abscess. She underwent surgery and died in Cairo on February 2, 1896. Our son Werner visited her grave in 1934 when he went to Cairo on a training ship and found it to be in good condition. He laid down a large bouquet of roses, commemorating with love his unknown grandmother.

Theophil continues:

Lieder suffered intensely from this loss. He went to Hamburg and purchased a beautiful property, 11 Blumenstrasse. His splendid horses and equipages were known throughout the city, taken care of by an English coachman named Thomas. As usual, he also kept several boats; in short, he had everything a heart could desire. But he was alone.

For this reason he married for a second time, in 1897. This was in Antwerp and the woman was Miss Johanna Mund. Until 1902 the family lived comfortably in Hamburg where, in quick succession, three more daughters were born—Charlotte (known as "Lottie"), Jo-

hanna, and Emma. In 1902 the entire family returned to Shanghai where they resided until 1906. Finally and forever returning to Germany, they moved to their former summer abode, the newly built house in Kitzeberg at the Kieler Förde.

According to Kurt, "From then on everything was *couleur de rose,* as my father put it. At times five ships sailed under his flag and only one steamer came under Japanese fire and sank. One of my father's friends, 'Fock', was on board and was able to swim to safety."

As I came to learn about the singular life and the adventures of my great-grandfather, various emotions were roiled up. Initially, came astonishment and great pride in this man who was a relatively near ancestor. Then came anger that my father had revealed so little about his family and his past, and disappointment in myself for not inquiring about it. Apparently, the perverse family trait which my great-uncle Kurt described was passed down to my father as well, for even when it did occur to me to ask, it was difficult to extract many details from my father. As I delved further into the family annals, understanding was awakened and compassion kindled. In learning more about the circumstances of my father's life, I have arrived at a clearer picture not only of him but of the persons who preceded him and who shaped his thoughts, his values, and his actions. It is my hope that this narrative, and that which follows, may serve not only to illuminate the past, but help to explain who we are and why, thereby illuminating a path into the future.

William Wadsworth has expressed my sentiments more eloquently than I could:

Life is divided into three terms—that which was, which is, and which will be. Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live better for the future.

Marie Lieder in her prime before her untimely death at age 36 in 1896. She is wearing the brooch which is now in my possession.

Philipp Lieder, probably at the same time Marie's photo was taken in the first half of the 1890s.

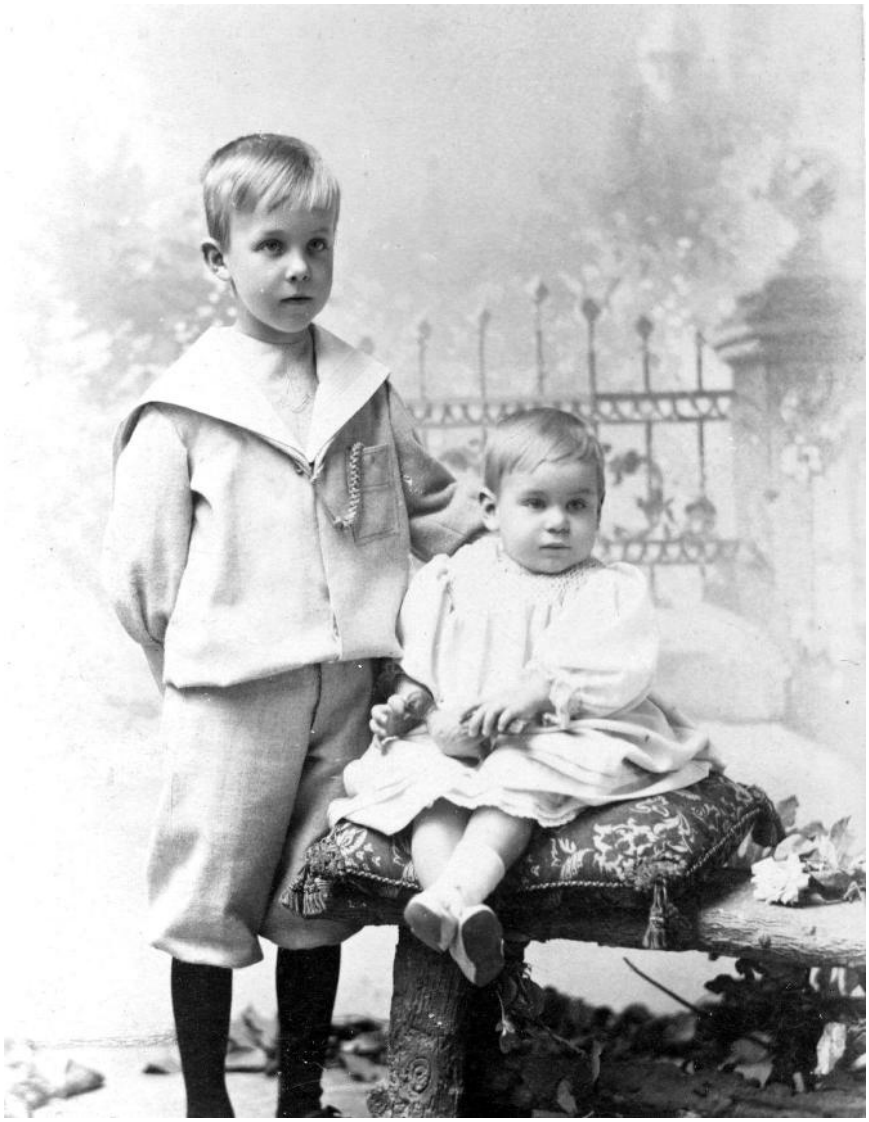
This is the silver brooch I inherited from my great grandmother, Marie Rosenbaum Lieder. See photo on page 72 of her wearing it in the 1890s and on page 218 of me wearing it in 2019.

A bracelet belonging to Marie Rosenbaum Lieder, now in my possession. If you look closely at these coins, the German Imperial Eagle, Kaiser Wilhelm, and Queen Victoria can be seen embossed on some of them. On the reverse side of these coins are engraved the names of Marie's friends, among them her sister "Deta" (Angelika Rosenbaum). One can surmise that these names include the name of the unidentified "friend" who created for Marie the hand-bound booklet titled "Eure Mutter - Skizze ihre Jungendzeit".

Marie Lieder in Shanghai.

Marie and Philipp Lieder with their first-born child, Kurt, in 1889.

Marie Lieder with her baby boy, Kurt, 1889.



Kurt Lieder and his baby sister, Elsbeth, 1895, soon before their mother died.

Kurt Lieder pulling his baby sister, Elsbeth, in child's cart, 1895.

Kurt and Elsbeth Lieder on beach, about 1898. Their mother, Marie, had died several years earlier.

This is probably the house of Philipp Lieder's business partner, Hermann Mandl, in Shanghai. Philipp can be seen conversing on the steps with Hermann, who is seated and looking up at him with his dog at his feet.

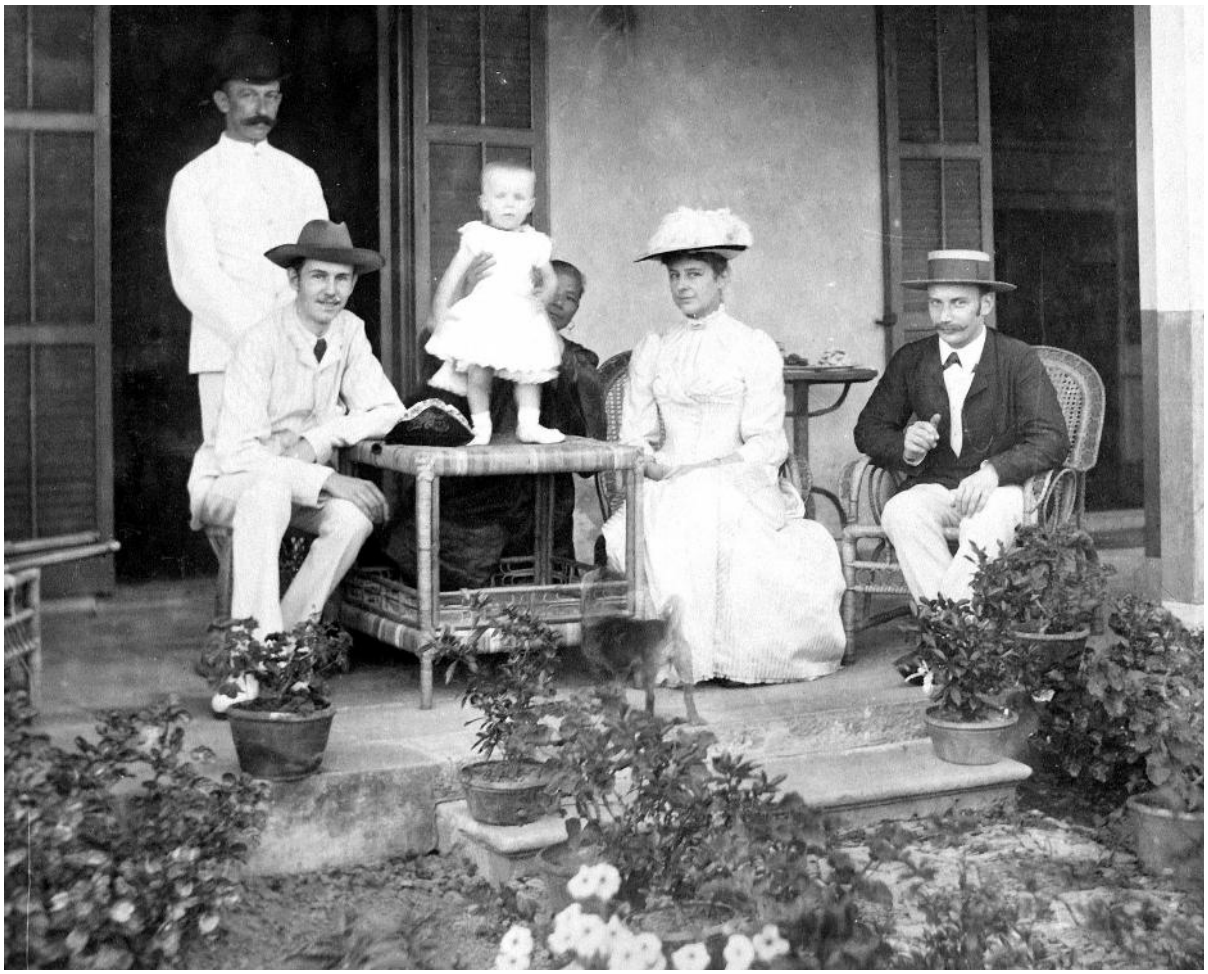
Philipp and Marie Lieder's mansion in Shanghai, early 1890s. Philipp and Marie are sitting in a two-wheeled buggy with a Chinese servant facing backwards. Marie's brother, Bertram Rosenbaum, can be seen peering out the second-story window above. His height shows that the ceilings in this magnificent house were more than 15-feet tall. Although my grandmother's writing on these photographs is difficult to decipher, she indicated that this house was on Riukiang Road. These photographs of the Lieders in China represent the state of the art in photography at that time, probably made with glass negatives by a large field camera on a tripod, whose level of detail has never since been visually surpassed.

Philipp Lieder at the reins of his horse and buggy with Marie by his side in Shanghai in the early 1890s. The servant appears to be the same as the one in the photo of them in the carriage in front of their house on the previous page. This photograph was probably taken on the same day.

The Shanghai Bund as it looked in Philipp and Marie Lieder's time in the 1890s. The Bund or Waitan is a waterfront area in central Shanghai. The area centers on a section of Zhongshan Road within the former Shanghai International Settlement, which runs along the western bank of the Huangpu River in the eastern part of Huangpu District. The Shanghai International Settlement was a geographical jurisdiction in Shanghai governed by British and American interests under international treaty from 1863 until the Japanese invaded Pearl Harbor in late 1941, similar to the arrangement the British had in Hong Kong. Philipp and Marie Lieder's house and his business offices were located in this area.

Interior of Philipp and Marie Lieder's house in Shanghai.

Marie Lieder and her brother Bertram Rosenbaum in Shanghai. Bertram was a business partner of Marie's husband, Philipp.

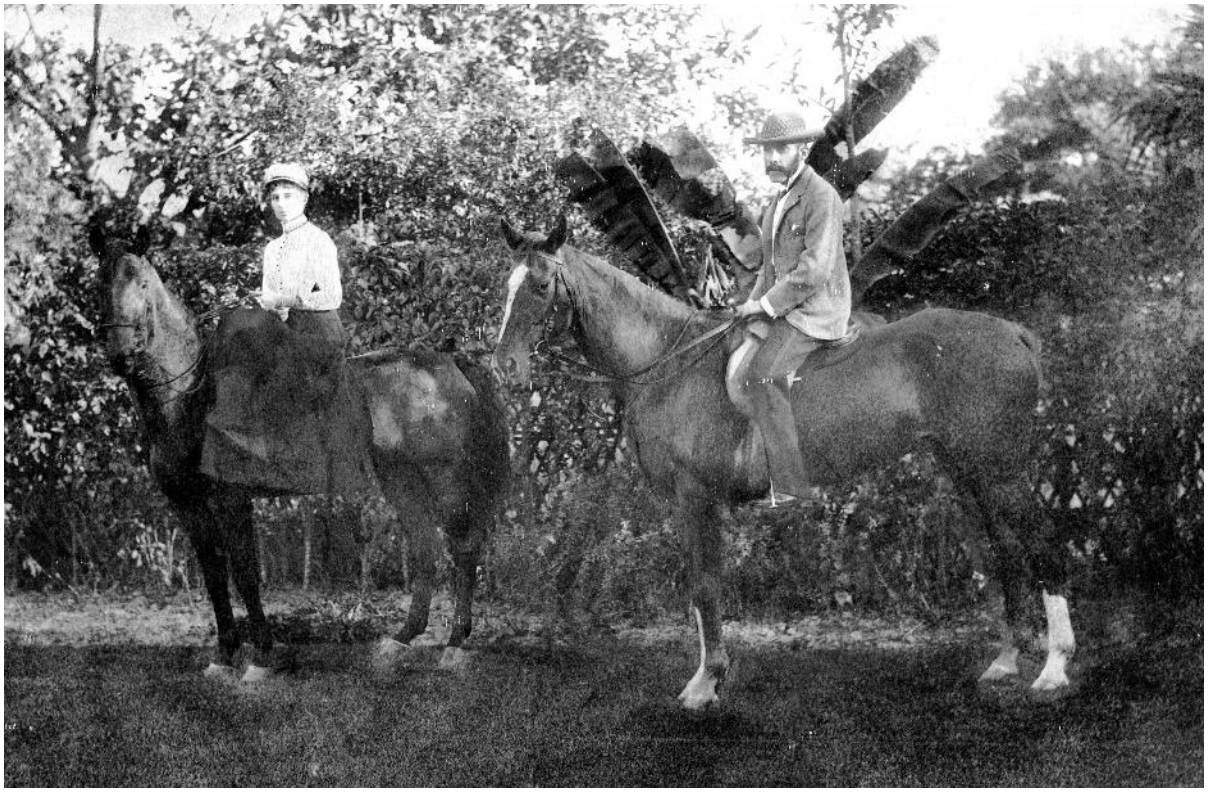


Marie Lieder with her first child, Kurt, being held upright on the table by a Chinese servant, surrounded by three of her husband's business compatriots: Messrs. Hagge and Ellert and her brother, Bertram Rosenbaum.

Marie Lieder on horseback, probably in Hamburg.

Philipp and Marie Lieder's house in Hamburg at Blumenstrasse 11 in 1895.

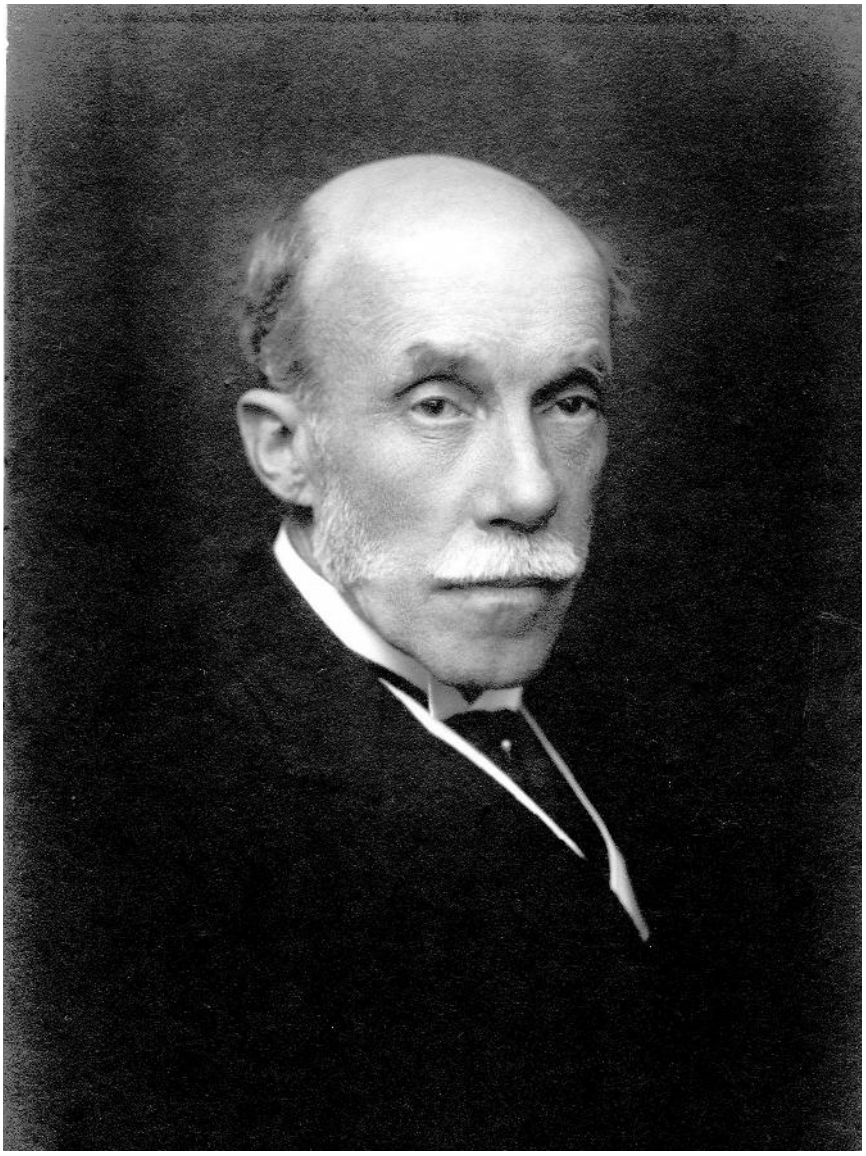
Marie Lieder in Shanghai with her first born child, Kurt, seated in a two-wheeled buggy. A Chinese servant stands ready, apparently to pull the buggy.



Marie and Philipp Lieder on horseback in Shanghai.

Some of Philipp and Marie Lieder's staff in Shanghai.

Mandl & Lieder business compatriots in China: Messrs Hermann Mandl, Georg Baur, Hagge, Philipp Lieder, and Ellert. This is one of the few photographs I have found showing Philipp Lieder smiling.



Above and opposite: Philipp Lieder in his later years, 1920s.

My great-grandmother, Marie Therese Rosenbaum Lieder (1859-1896), probably about the time of her marriage to Philipp Lieder in 1888.

V

Marie Lieder and the Rosenbaum family

Most of the critical things in life, which become the starting points of human destiny, are little things.

R. Smith

From my recollection it seemed that when my father left Germany and emigrated to Canada he simply closed the door onto his past and moved resolutely forward. He spoke little to his children about the family he had left behind and left few clues as to their circumstances. For his parents and his remaining brother there seemed to be no overt longing, no discernible efforts to maintain a connection. It was my mother who dutifully maintained these tenuous ties in the way of letters sent; phone calls in those days were prohibitively expensive and also difficult to arrange. As far as I know, my father never once wrote a letter home; for him it was as though that world was gone.

I do, however, recall that one evening as my mother, my brother, and I sat around the dining room table, my father brought out a booklet from which he proceeded to read a description of an ancestor. I don't think that at the time I was aware that those passages referred to my great-grandmother, Marie Rosenbaum Lieder. Or perhaps having simply grasped that this person was distantly related, I gave it little of my attention. In retrospect this instance was probably the first time that I had heard any details about my paternal ancestry. My father chortled delightedly as he read from the booklet and commented repeatedly on how descriptions of Marie could be applied to me. He had always wondered, he said, what she was like.

Why, when, or how this little booklet came to my father's attention will forever remain a mystery, for I most certainly have not the slightest inkling. Did he wonder what she was like based on the un-

expected acquisition of this interesting relic? Could this have been the first time that he had ever seen or read the booklet? Vague as it is, my memory of the event steers me to that assumption. Yet, with his mother still living in Frankfurt at the time, the fact that he was in possession of such a family document is not just mysterious but bizarre.

In my childhood bedroom were hung a series of oil paintings. I remember one in particular, the largest one—a gray and broody river scene upon which a definitively Chinese man with a pig tail and a cone-shaped hat stood paddling a boat with a pronounced curved bow, a picture of which I have included on page 112. That this painting and the others had been done by my great-grandmother was known to me, but I gave it little thought. This arcane fact seemed to me, in my self-absorbed teenage years, to be too deeply embedded in the far distant past to be of interest. I am now ashamed to admit that I did not question my father in more detail about this mysterious grandmother, nor did I ask enough questions about why she came to be in China. I had only the very vaguest ideas about any of this. So many opportunities missed!

It was many decades later that I came across a trove of family documents. Within them I found a hand-bound booklet entitled "Sketches of your Mother", which had been lovingly written by a childhood friend of Marie's so that her children might, to the extent that it was possible, know the mother they had lost. In the old German script, details of her family and her childhood are described in loving detail. What little we know about Marie Rosenbaum has all been gleaned from this booklet. I am quite certain now that it was from this very piece that my father read the descriptions of his grandmother. The booklet is quite small and clearly hand crafted. It has a soft cover made of silk fabric patterned with posies of purple flowers. Stitched inside are some ten pages of tightly spaced, beautifully executed old German Gothic script, which I am not able to decipher for myself. On the front page the title reads "Eure Mutter, Skizze ihre Jungendzeit", which translates to "Your Mother, Sketch of

her Youth". Since it is signed only as "from her friend", I cannot know who the author might be, other than a singularly caring person. Whoever it was, she provided Elsbeth and Kurt, Marie's two motherless children, with an extraordinary gift. The booklet speaks to the kind of person Marie was—a warm and affectionate woman with a strong work ethic and a love of art and architecture who was most probably a wonderful mother. The affection that she so obviously inspired in others, amongst them this unknown friend, testifies to her positive character. Given the unhappy, dismal childhoods of so many previous family members, it seems particularly tragic that Elsbeth and Kurt were robbed of the opportunity for a happier childhood experience.

Whatever information I have unearthed about Marie is derived mostly from this little booklet as well as from Theophil's manuscripts. There are no references to her in Kurt's accounts.

Marie Therese Rosenbaum was born February 2, 1859, in the ore mountains, the Erzgebirge, the second daughter to Carl Rosenbaum, a merchant and Angelika (née Rückert). Within the family, she was nicknamed "Mimi". The family was of modest means, living in a rather small house with a trim little garden located on Wandsbeckerstieg in the Hamburg suburb of Hohenfelde.

The atmosphere in the home is described by Marie's friend as follows "Since both parents lived almost entirely for their children and took a keen interest in their upbringing and education, Marie's childhood can reasonably be described as a sunny one.

One cannot help but notice the extreme contrast of Marie's upbringing with Philipp's unhappy relationship with his father. No wonder that she was such a warm and kind person, but conversely how terrible that she was unable to be the same bright light to her own children. As we traverse down the family lineage in later chapters, this odd mix of wonderful and dreadful parents, right up to my

father's strained relationship with his own mother, continued to repeat itself.

An older sister to Marie, the eldest daughter, Antonie Angelika, had died in 1857, just two years before Marie was born. In 1865, another daughter, Angelika ("Deta") came into the world, followed two years later by brother Bertram, who in much later years would become a business partner of Marie's husband, Philipp.

In her earliest school years, her fondness for painting was already apparent and would forever remain her keenest interest. But her parent's practicality dictated that she be sent to tailoring classes, and this fostered her great manual skill and her taste. "Thus she, the eldest daughter, now made it her aim to ease the burden of her parents, eventually becoming—thanks to the central position that she came to occupy in a first-class Hamburg clothing store—the breadwinner for the family." In this effort to support her family, she was later joined by her sister, Angelika, who became a teacher while Bertram, finishing at the top of his class and obtaining his one-year certificate, took his first position with a trading company. This would, I assume, have been the *Einjährigen-Examen* which Philipp had also taken and which allowed young men to do only one year of compulsory service instead of three.

According to her friend, Mimi's profession "certainly was not life-fulfilling for her and did not keep her from living her ideals whenever she could." During her daily commute from Uhlenhorst to Hamburg, she continued to educate herself by reading books in foreign languages, using every available hour even at the business to paint. In these endeavours she was helped by her boss, a lady who considered supporting this amiable and capable young girl in growing her talents the best way of keeping her. Lessons every Sunday finally gave her the good teaching that, with her eagerness and diligence, led to her appreciable achievements in painting. With every free hour used to practice, coupled with her talent and her ability to learn quickly, she gained not only her mother's admiration, but

through larger paintings the esteem of her father also, who had looked upon her earlier "hobby works" with some scepticism.

Aside from her work in the shop, her life seems to have been rich with joys and recreation. By all accounts she seems to have led a most happy—and unusual—life. How fortunate she was to have been encouraged in all of her interests and able to pursue them while supporting her family financially. It is little wonder then that she would become such a perfect match for Philipp, for clearly she was a person with passions as well as a willingness for adventure.

Marie's lively personality and artistic talents were clearly admired by her friend, who included the following reminiscences in her booklet:

New friendships had of course developed in both of our lives, yet they were not able to undermine the loyalty we felt for our old childhood friendship. As different the courses taken by our respective lives, as distinct our intellectual development. My repeated bouts of illness had awakened deeper thought which at times went as far as ruminating, and that was as foreign to my dear friend as could be. Her way that was affectionate of life, her often droll, impish way always made her visits delightful. All you had to do was play along, whether she was amusing herself and me by drawing sad little pigs with a few quick strokes, or whether she was working her magic using a piece of cork to swiftly create a marvelous moon landscape on a plate she had blackened over a lamp, whether she was telling me, laughing, about a measuring mishap at work that resulted in a much too short coat or whether she was urging me to move my fingers upward on the sleeve of her beautiful new satin dress, because the seamstress had made a mistake and sown the fabric on the wrong way.

But we also had our talks, because despite your mother's plentiful sunshine, it is comprehensible, I think, that she was not spared clouds of gloom from disappointments in her life. After all, on account of her position, she had to endure the unspoken, not unprejudiced criticism of people whose respect and acquaintance meant

much to her. This did not make her bitter so much as it awakened her sense of self and edged her on in her ambition to achieve something whole.

The friend was keen to emphasize that Marie was happy to change her plans when she met Philipp, perhaps realising that here was someone whose passions and ambitions matched her own, and who was also willing to be unconventional.

All this came to an end in one stroke when she made the acquaintance of your dear father. When he came back from Shanghai in 1888, after a long absence, he had heard a great deal about Mimi Rosenbaum from his friend Mr. O. Fock; in fact he had been told, "she would be a good wife for you." And so was it not providence that your dear father met not her at the home of Dr. Scharlach, as he thought, but her sister Angelika, your aunt Deta? He understood his mistake only after asking her if she painted and she said that she did not. But now that a first connection had been made, it was not difficult, silk fabrics in hand—"a gift from her girlfriends in Shanghai"—to find a way into the house of the Rosenbaums, to pick for himself the most beautiful blossom from the rose tree[16] *(as one wedding song later put it), a blossom that charmed him at this their very first encounter. Love's happiness now moved into your mother's heart completely, full of trust in the man who, through ambition and diligence, had made a place for himself in life from his earliest youth on.*

Once married, Philipp would be in the position to take over his wife's care for her parents, who had so far been supported by her and her sister. Their engagement followed quickly, on March 8, 1888, "the day all of Germany felt troubled about the approaching death of old Kaiser Wilhelm, and yet, as Mimi said, they were so very happy."

They were married on April 12, 1888, at the church of St. Nicholai in Hamburg. The wedding celebration took place at the Uhlenhorst

16 Rosenbaum = rose tree. Here literally "rose trunk" (Rosenstamm), alluding to both the family name and the family tree (Stammbaum = family tree).

ferry house afterwards. For their marriage they had chosen the hymns: "Wie groß ist des Allmächtigen Güte" and "Befiel du deine Wege."[17]

Here her friend closes with the following comment: "Your mother's great wish to leave the narrow everyday life that surrounded her and get to know foreign countries and people now became true in the most beautiful way with her husband at her side."

Without doubt these two were quite a remarkable pair, especially given the times that they lived in. Travel in those days was a long and arduous affair, accomplished only by boat or by train. For a young girl working in a clothing store with no previous personal knowledge of other countries or cultures, to head out into such an adventurous life is quite extraordinary. One must assume that Philipp imbued her with stories about the life she would encounter, with its promise of many luxuries, and inspired her confidence not just in him, but in the world in which he had chosen to live. In any event, given the art work that she left behind, she clearly relished the opportunity to paint the sights and people of China.

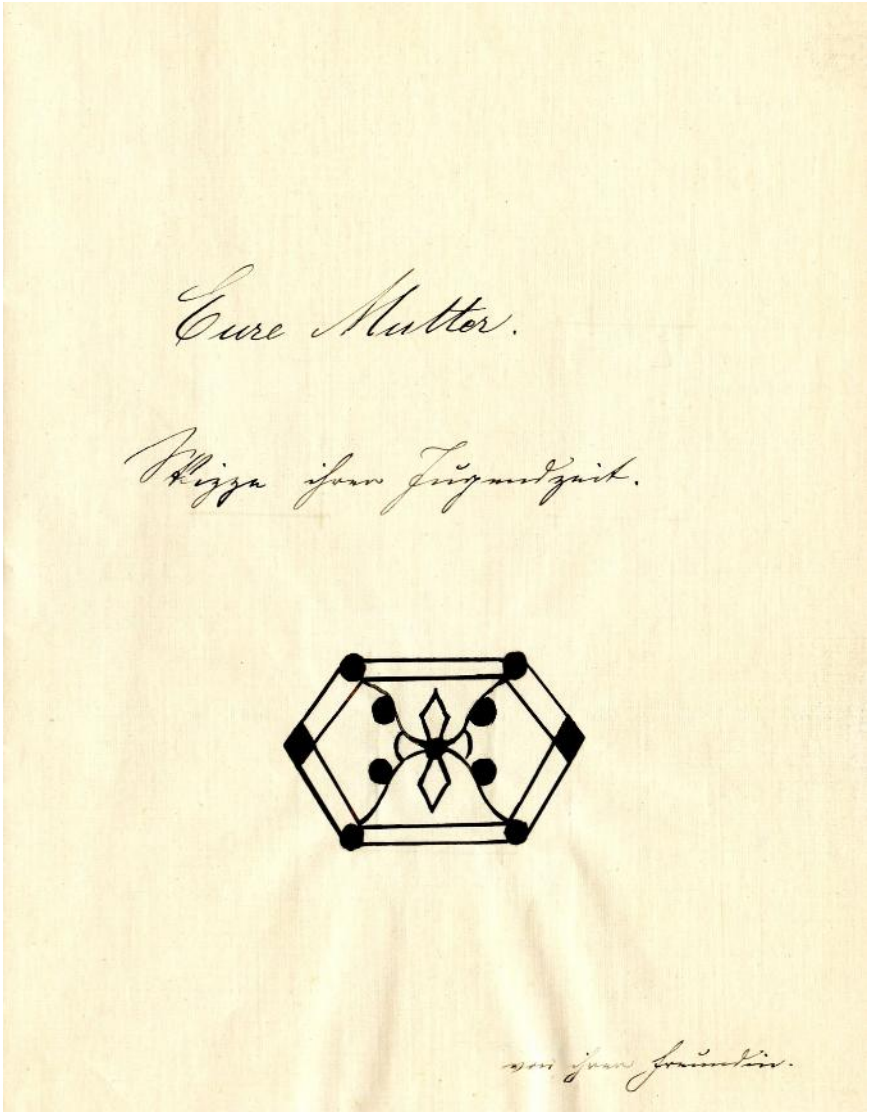
Tragically with her death on March 14, 1894, in Cairo her great adventure came to a most untimely end at the age of 37. My grandmother, Elsbeth, was but two years old at the time. One can only speculate that Philipp, who had himself been abandoned at a young age, would profoundly appreciate this tragedy for his children. It would have been impossible for Elsbeth to have even the most rudimentary memory of her mother; but Kurt, as her older child, might have cherished a few vague memories of this remarkable woman. As will be made apparent as the family saga unfolds, my grandmother Elsbeth was forever scarred by the emotional chasm created by this void.

In 1934, my father, Werner Gautier, visited her grave when he went to Cairo on a training ship and found it to be in good condi-

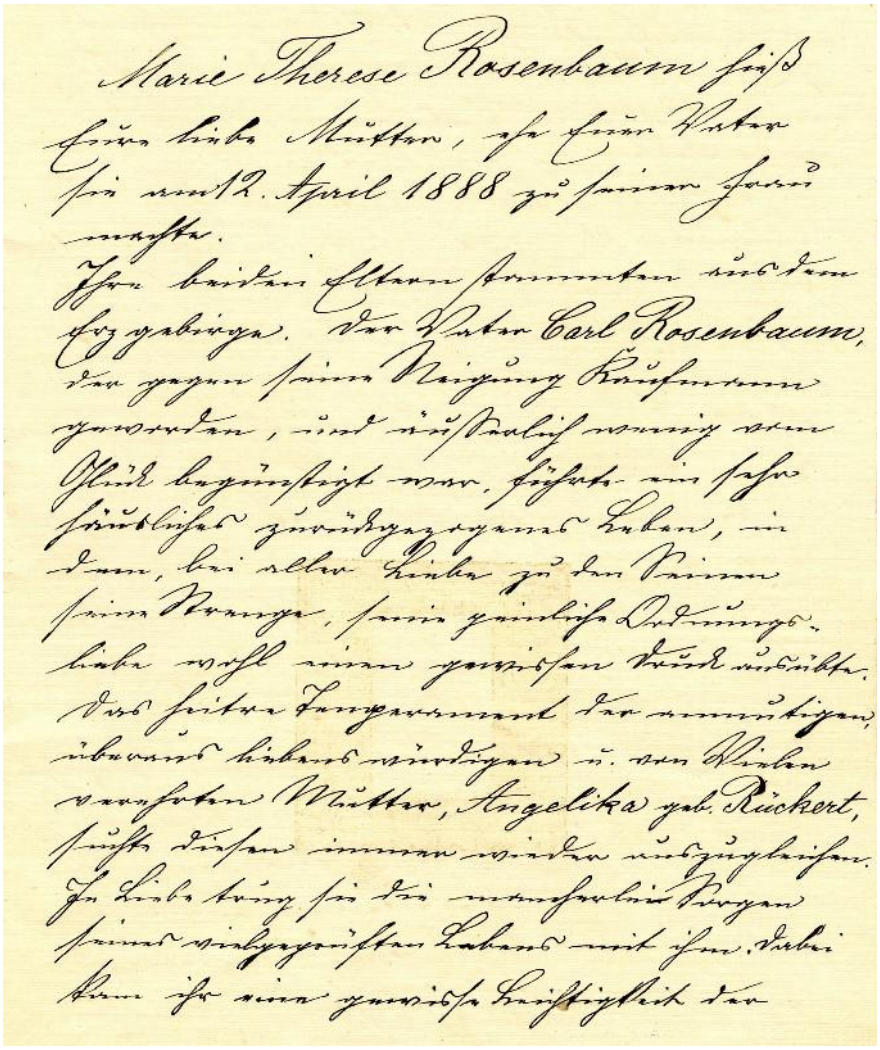
[17] Very loosely these translate as: "How Great is the Omnipotent Good" and "Command your Ways". Perhaps there are comparable hymns in English, but I am not familiar with them.

tion. He laid down a large bouquet of roses, commemorating with love his unknown grandmother. Perhaps her grave is still there, and maybe, hopefully, someone still tends to it.

On the occasion of my 30th birthday my father sent me a letter in which he remarked that he thought I had inherited the most from this grandmother, whose marriage had occurred so many years previously on my birthday. Should this be true, now that I have learned about her, I am truly honoured and hope that I can live up to the standard she set. I choose to believe that it is from her that I have inherited my love of art and of painting. In a photo which I recently came across (see page 74), Marie is wearing a brooch which I recognized, for it is one which my mother gave me many years ago. At that time, I didn't realize its provenance. Now that I know it belonged to my great-grandmother, I cherish it and wear it proudly. Also amongst my favourite possessions is a silver bracelet of hers, consisting of silver coins (probably German) upon each of which is engraved the name of a friend—a tactile testament to the wide circle of friends she possessed. Perhaps one of the names belongs to the friend who wrote such a thoughtful account of her friend's life for her children, never imagining the significance it would have more than a hundred years later for Marie's increasingly distant descendants.



"Eure Mutter, Skizze ihre Jungendzeit", which translates to "Your Mother, Sketch of her Youth", signed "from her friend". I have not been able to identify who this friend of Marie's was, though I suspect her name is on the back of one of the coins on Marie's coin bracelet, see page 75.



First page of "Eure Mutter, Skizze ihre Jungendzeit", showing the fine penmanship in the old German style of Marie's unknown friend.

A finely rendered botanical study presumed to have been painted by Marie Lieder, now in the possession of my cousin Susanne Gautier.

"Die Chinesin" (Chinese Girl), probably a watercolour, by Marie Rosenbaum in China after she married Philipp Lieder. This painting is in the possession of Susanne Gautier.

"Die Wassertragerin" (Water Carrier), probably a watercolour, by Marie Rosenbaum in China after she married Philipp Lieder. This painting is in the possession of Susanne Gautier.

Another botanical study presumed to have been painted by Marie Lieder, now in the possession of my cousin Susanne Gautier.

Another botanical study presumed to have been painted by Marie Lieder, now in the possession of my cousin Susanne Gautier.

This painting by Marie Rosenbaum Lieder in China is in the possession of my son, Whitney Dunn. It is the one thing that he asked to have from the estate of my mother, who inherited it from her husband (my father), Werner Gautier, whose grandmother was Marie Rosenbaum Lieder. Thus this painting has been owned by five successive generations in my family.

This painting by Marie Rosenbaum Lieder, showing labourers in China, is currently in the possession of my cousin Susanne Gautier.

This painting by Marie Rosenbaum Lieder is one of a collection of six that I possess. After taking this photo I had the crack in the painting repaired. The restorer said that whoever had painted this certainly knew what she was was doing. What a wonderful unsolicited testament to Marie's skill as an oil painter.

This painting by Marie Rosenbaum Lieder is in my possession.

This painting by Marie Rosenbaum Lieder is in my possession.

This painting by Marie Rosenbaum Lieder is in my possession.

This painting by Marie Rosenbaum Lieder is in my possession.

David Rosenbaum and his wife, Henriette Wilhelmine Vogel, grandparents of Marie Rosenbaum.

Upper, Marie Rosenbaum's parents, Carl Rosenbaum, a merchant, and Angelika (née Ruckert); lower, Marie Rosenbaum's siblings, Angelika "Deta" Rosenbaum and her brother, Bertram Rosenbaum, who became Philipp Lieder's business associate in China.

Marie Rosenbaum, my great-grandmother.

VI

Life in Kitzeberg and at "Haus Buchenhagen"

Other things may change us, but we start and end with the family.

Anthony Brandt

With his wife Marie dead and buried in Cairo, Philipp Lieder returned home to Germany with his two young children, Kurt and Elsbeth. For many years he had maintained a home in Hamburg at Blumenstrasse 11, which served as their base during return visits. Here they settled for the time being; but servants aplenty could not fill a mother's void and so it didn't take long before Philipp remarried, this time to Johanna Mund, a woman from a wealthy Hamburg family. According to Elke Schulz-Wulkow, her granddaughter and my father's youngest cousin, Johanna was not a warm and loving "Oma". The few photos I have seen of her also suggest a stern woman.

In short order three children from this marriage were born in Hamburg: Charlotte (known as "Lottie") on September 9, 1898, and Johanna on February 2,, 1900. (Sadly, Johanna died an early death at age 9 in Kiel). On December 21, 1901, a third daughter, Emma, was also born in Hamburg. In 1902, the entire family relocated to China and resided there until 1906. It is hard to imagine the complications of traveling such a long distance in that era, without airplanes or an extensive rail system, with a wife and five small children, accompa-

Opposite: Philipp Lieder and his second wife, Johanna Mund. This photograph appears to have been taken at the time they celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary on October 14, 1922. Philipp was 65 years old and Johanna was 47.

The main Haus Buchenhagen on Philipp Lieder's compound in Kitzeberg.

Philipp Lieder standing in front of his guesthouse on his Buchenhagen estate.

nied as they would have been by governesses and servants. Did Philipp simply long for the Orient, or was he propelled by the need to attend to his many business ventures? Whatever the reasons, they must have been compelling enough to catapult his young family across the globe again.

In Shanghai, the family lived a life of wealth and great privilege, supported by a sizeable retinue of household and outdoor staff. By then many other Germans were living in the city, which had become something of a German colony. In 1899 Philipp had acquired a property in Kitzeberg, a town in the municipality of Heikendorf, not far from Kiel and directly on the waters of the "Kieler Förde" (fjord), and it was during this period, with the family overseas, that construction was begun on the multi-story family home.

In 1906, finally and forever, Philipp brought the family back to Germany where they immediately moved into their new home. The

Philipp Lieder standing in front of his Buchenhagen Gärtnerhaus (Gardener's House), which contained two apartments.

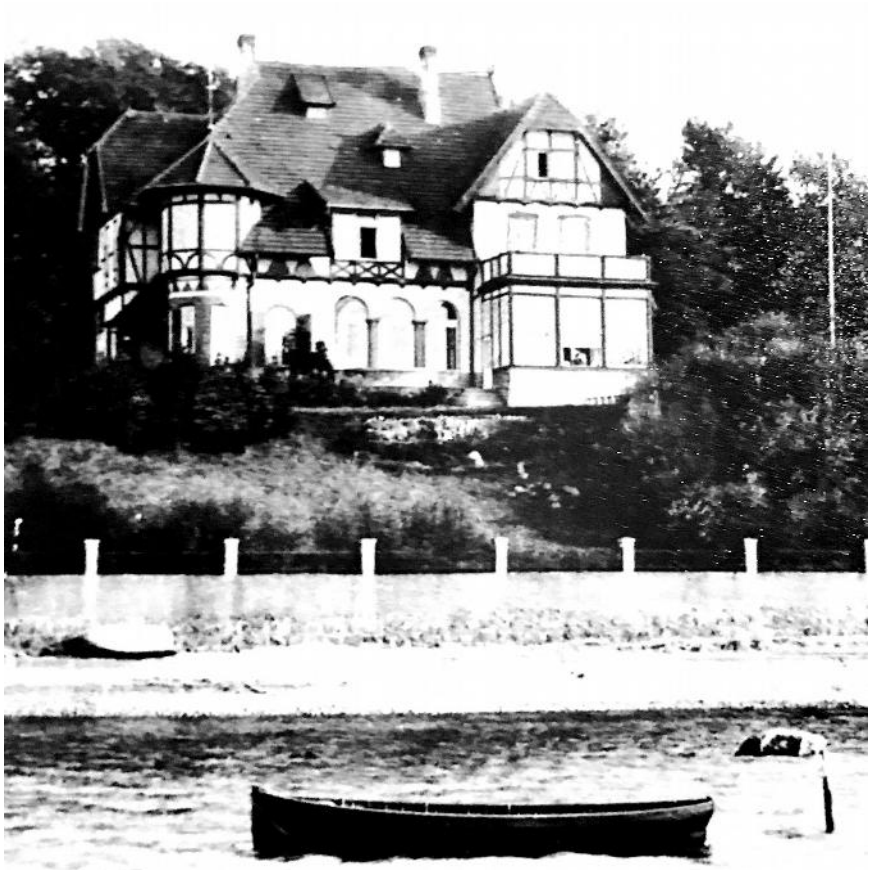
main house, known as "Haus Buchenhagen", which thus far had been used as a summer house, was expanded and furnished with the Chinese furniture and artifacts which had been brought back with them. According to my uncle Georg, Philipp had ferried more than furniture back to Germany—Chinese servants and a cook also accompanied him. From time to time he continued to dress in Chinese attire, which he would sport around town. This might well account in some measure for his renown in the village; it also again underscores the fact that he always marched to his own beat.

A guest house (blockhouse) and a gardener's house with two apartments were built. Eventually, a "Chinoiserie", a tea house, and a tennis court were added to the property; a stable and a carriage house for the carriage and for the automobile were also built. Accounts vary, but Philipp definitely had a fascination for cars. According to Georg's wife, he had purchased the first car in China; other accounts have him doing the same in Kitzeberg. In any event in Kitzeberg fuel could at that time be purchased at the pharmacy. His youngest daughter, Emma Lieder, recounts that when the car ran out of fuel, "the chauffeur would say '*Perd blivt Perd*' and would go get our Lise (the horse) and hitch her up to the car."[18]

It is here that my grandmother Elsbeth grew up, and it is this home that my father knew and cherished; to this day offspring of the Lieder family continue to reside on the property.

I have never visited the property and may never do so, preferring I think to imagine it as it once was in its heyday—a place where my father and his brothers spent countless hours on the golf course and roamed the unblemished countryside, a place where my father's great love for and knowledge of nature was formed. The distant relations which I have discovered since embarking on this story of the Lieder family have issued an open invitation to visit Kitzeberg and to stay with them. Elke Schulz-Wulkow, my father's youngest cousin, has generously spent time with me, showing me photos of the property as it exists today. She herself maintains a home on the "other

[18] Translator's note: German dialect meaning "A horse is a horse," i.e. with a horse you know what you've got.



Haus Buchenhagen in its imposing location directly facing the waters of the "Kieler Förde".

side of the road" from Philipp Lieder's original house, a home where her sons and their families continue to visit. Although Philipp's house was completely destroyed in the bombing of Kiel in the Second World War, to this day the Lieder family roots remain firmly embedded in Kitzeberg.

Many other of the great houses in Kitzeberg also suffered heavy bomb damage or were completely destroyed, but due to the extreme need for housing most were soon rebuilt. Philipp's house was not among them.

The history of Kitzeberg begins with the story of another family in the time when the Schrevenborn estate was held by the Baron of Hardenberg-Reventlou. He had acquired the estate in 1800, which included the forests all the way to the Kieler Förde. (fiords of Kiel). There a hill rises up from which one has an especially beautiful view over the entire Kieler Förde. Being a favourite place of the baron's daughter, whom he nicknamed "Kitz", he had a round pavilion built for her on this hill. Thus the place came to be named "Kitzeberg" ["Kitz Hill"].

In 1881 the idea of the "Kieler Woche" was thought up and expressed for the first time by the owner of the Schrevenborn estate, the Hamburg merchant Carl Hermann Wentzel. Under his influence the world-renowned sailing regatta was brought to life. Sailing became an important focus for the Lieder family, all of whom were proficient with and comfortable on boats—little surprise given that the family wealth was predicated on ships. My grandmother, Elsbeth, was an accomplished sailor and passed her love of the sport on to my father and his siblings. Much later my father tried in vain to pass this passion on to his children. For several summers my brother and I were sent off to "Junior Squadron" at the local yacht club in Dorval. Here we learned not only to sail, but were also required to march around wearing blue shorts and white shirts in pseudo-military formations. Instruction included the tying of complicated knots and strategies for regattas, most of which held little interest for me. Although I managed to become an adequate and willing crew, I was never more than a dismal skipper.

The founding of the "Villenkolonie Kitzeberg" [Kitzeberg Villa Settlement] also has its source in Hermann Wentzel. In order to satisfy some of his heirs and to keep the family's estate, he decided to grant permission to build on the beautiful areas located at the Förde. He based this decision on the fact that the Kiel harbour had undergone construction beginning in 1871 to be the base for the "Kaiserliche Marine" [Imperial German Navy]. With the flourishing of the economy, and especially with the prosperity of the shipyards, the

population of Kiel had risen from 9,000 in 1800 to 270,000. The best properties of the city, those located close to the water between the Kiel Palace and Düsternbrook, had already been taken. Kitzeberg afforded an especially good view of the Förde, with its abundance of sailboats and warships, as well as of the mouth of the Kaiser Wilhelm canal, which had been constructed a few years earlier. And the thick beech forest with its many flowers and lovely hiking trails also made Kitzeberg a popular place to reside in or to visit. As early as 1899 the "Schrevenborn GmbH" (GmbH translates to Ltd) was founded. At the same time very strict building regulations were put in place that were to guarantee the development of an exclusive residential area. For instance, a property's enclosure could not exceed 1.5 metres in height and had to be a living hedge or else iron fencing.

The smallest of the properties measured two thousand square metres. Advertising of any kind was banned, as were industrial facilities or any establishment that caused harmful, malodorous fumes or disruptive noise. Places of business or the trades were likewise not permitted. Only the construction of "grand houses" would be allowed, buildings no taller than three stories. Private stables, carriage houses, drivers' and gardeners' quarters as well as greenhouses were allowed but they could not surpass the eave height of the main building.

Some of the building regulations continue to be in effect today. The right of first refusal that was granted to the "Schrevenborn GmbH" for the properties was rescinded in some cases when properties were dissolved, and with others it remains in effect today. Those who purchased property in Kitzeberg were predominantly wealthy citizens of Hamburg, business people from Kiel, professors at the university in Kiel, industrialists, officials, and officers of the "Kaiserliche Marine"—the Imperial German Navy.

Arguably the most beautiful spot in the area had been purchased and developed by my great-grandfather, Philipp Lieder. Today that property sits at 15 Konsul-Lieder Alle. Although Philipp never returned to Argentina, he continued to speak fluent Spanish. By my

count this makes four languages in which he was fluent—German, English, Spanish and Chinese (whether this was Mandarin or a specific dialect, I cannot say). His fluency in the Spanish language subsequently led to his becoming Consul to Argentina, and thus the name of the street became Konsul-Lieder Allee. I recall being in Kiel with my mother's brother, Jorn-Ulrich Bachmann; we were there on the occasion of the German navy commemoration, which to me translated simply to a rollicking party. Arriving in the city my uncle pointed out the Konsul-Lieder Allee, which was, I think, my first inkling that not just my maternal family, but also my paternal ancestry could be significant and interesting. In my youthful ignorance, however, I gave it no further thought, but looking back I realize how close I must have been to Kitzeberg and what an opportunity I had squandered to see and know more about my father's world.

When the Kitzeberg housing estate was first established it was enclosed on five sides by gates: the remains of four of them can still be seen today, but the gate on Konsul-Lieder Allee can no longer be recognized. The residents also had a landing pier for steamships constructed in 1903-1904.

In 1902 Philipp became one of the original founders of the Kitzeberg golf course; this too is still in existence today. As a consequence, none of his children nor his grandchildren ever had to pay dues there and could play at any time. The game of golf became a favourite, passionate family pastime. My father, Werner, Philipp's oldest grandchild, would go on to win many tournaments, but it was his youngest brother, Franz, who surpassed them all, successfully competing in tournaments internationally. My grandmother, Elsbeth, continued to play the game until the end of her days, always walking the course. Close to her eighties, her only concession to age was to reduce the game from 18 holes to 9, and according to my cousins, on the occasion of her eightieth birthday she treated herself to a new set of clubs.

Philipp's early experiences would give shape to his later social involvement. In his retirement years, for instance, he did many good

things for the Kitzeberg community: he was instrumental in the construction of the church and the establishment of the cemetery; he was a member of the school's parent advisory board and the local council; the paper boy received a bicycle, a young married couple some funds to build a new pig sty; the postman who at the time came twice a day with the mail was given food to eat and coffee to drink.

In describing the neighbourhood at those early days, Philipp Lieder's granddaughter, Marianne Loeper (daughter of Charlotte "Lottie" Lieder) recalls:

Aside from the market garden, the gardener Joachim Droege ran a fur farm for some time. He had nutria, raccoons, and chinchilla rabbits. As children, we would always beg to have a little rabbit, and every now and then we would be given one. Aside from their little huts, the nutrias and raccoons also had bathtubs in their runs.

In an official document relating to the history of Kitzeberg, Lotti Steinfatt, a local resident, recalls:

My father, Johannes Deppe, delivered rolls in Kitzeberg before school started. Among his customers were the respected Lieder family. If my father was lucky, he would encounter the consul early in the morning on his lovely large property and would usually receive a fresh roll for himself as well. For a boy with thirteen siblings, this was a real treat. In his later years, my father always liked looking back on his encounters with Konsul Lieder, who, while certainly wealthy, was so humble.

Following her marriage to Theophil Gautier, Elsbeth returned to Kitzeberg, where she herself had grown up, to rear her own rapidly expanding family of four sons. I like to picture it as an interlude of rowdy but happy family life. From Theophil's memoirs we learn that after a lengthy search he and Elsbeth found a delightful free-standing home not far from Philipp's property; with plentiful rooms it

could comfortably accommodate the family of six. The house was surrounded by a sizeable garden which included a chicken coop and gardeners' shed. Here my father, Werner, bred pigeons which were so tame they fed out of one's hand. The property lay but a twenty-minute walk away from the Kitzeberg bridge and afforded a glorious view over the meadows, hills and forests of the Kieler Förde. Theophil adds that "With the golf course a scant five minutes away, all four sons grew up with golf clubs in hand, and all became excellent players. Youngest son Franz went on to compete for Germany in Sweden, Italy and England"

Marianne Loeper, my father's cousin, describes how all the children would race to school on their bikes along precariously steep paths skirting the golf course and over the bridge. Apparently, some of these paths are still in existence today. Mushrooms were plentiful in the region and especially on the golf course. Many of the inhabitants arose early and went in search of them; it was frequently quite the competition to find them as well as the chestnuts which had fallen from the trees.

In the same document about the history of Kitzeberg, another neighbour, Anneliese Essmeyer, recounts that "we used to go around gathering the sheep wool which had become stuck onto the fences. This was highly valued; apparently some people purposefully herded and shoved the sheep against the fences". Since the meadows upon which the sheep grazed were constantly monitored by a shepherd, it is quite likely that this activity is fictionalized.

In his writings about the early days in Kitzeberg, my father's brother Georg reminisced that:

On Sundays, my father loved to take the entire family for walks through the woods (of Schrevenborn) where he taught us to observe the forest creatures. For a time, we were fascinated by a white deer that we had discovered. We lived in Kitzeberg until 1936, at which time my father, (Theophil Gautier) a naval officer, was transferred to

Dresden, and then later to Vienna. Our house on the Ulmenstrasse was rented out. It was destroyed by a bomb in 1944.

According to Philipp's granddaughter, Marianne Loeper:

The Buchenhagen house (Philipp's main house) continued to serve as accommodation during holidays or any time for closer relatives and the extended family. In 1924, we moved to Kitzeberg to the grandparents in the large Buchenhagen house. We children grew up without worries. For me, my grandfather was always at the centre of it. He always had time and built the most wonderful things for us.

Marianne goes on to explain:

After the death of my grandfather in 1930, we moved into the block house with Grandmother. Our Buchenhagen house was rented to two ladies who ran a guest house for some time. Then for a short time the female "voluntary labour service" was housed there, and after this, it was a university training camp. About this it was noted in the publication "Kieler Blätter" of 1938: "... it came from the desire to create a place where the students would systematically be made familiar with National Socialist ideas through the common experience of life in a camp." Günther Kettenbeil, a family friend, recalls: "In May 1935, I became a 'Pimpf' (Member of 'Hitler Jugend'or 'Jungvolk', the section for boys aged 10—14) and had to answer to Scharführer [Squad Leader] Peter Arff. For a year, I had Hitler Jugend duty instead of school on Saturdays."

Due to the decrease in student numbers, however, other ideas about how to use the buildings were considered. In 1938, Sudeten Germans who were fleeing Czechoslovakia were quartered in Haus Buchenhagen, more than sixty women and children. During the war, the Haastert family with five children lived in Haus Buchenhagen. They were bombed out on 16 September 1944; the house was completely destroyed.

The Second World War saw the family dispersed throughout Germany, but upon cessation of hostilities they all trickled back to Kitzeberg. For a time some of them lived in the cellars of those houses which had remained standing. It was to this property that Philipp's son, Kurt, also returned, eventually residing in a small wooden house.

The tea house stood at the tennis court and was open to the sun on the south side. It was the only building that remained standing during the war and it served as the first abode for Marianne Loeper; to this day, it remains in her family. Two of Marianne's daughters made use of the rest of the property to build. Emma's daughter began construction of a house on the bombed out portion of the land. In adherence with German laws of the time, a tree left standing on the site could not be removed. Consequently, they quite simply built the house around the tree, incorporating it into their bedrooms—practical ingenuity at its best!

Elke Wulkow, Philipp's youngest grandchild, explains that "with the destruction of Philipp's 'Haus Buchenhagen', that section of the property was sold. Children used to rummage around in the ruins, sometimes coming across shards of Chinese heirlooms and other bric a brac— an activity that was, of course, strictly forbidden. The gardeners house too fell victim to the bombs."

Lottie and Emma's property was across the road from the main property. There had been several buildings on Philipp's property; although the land on which the main house stood was sold, others remained in the family, including a guest house, a gardeners' cottage, a "Chinoiserie", and perhaps others. Today, the remaining property remains in the hands of Lieder family descendants, specifically the families of Lottie and Emma, daughters of Philipp by his second marriage to Johanna Mund.

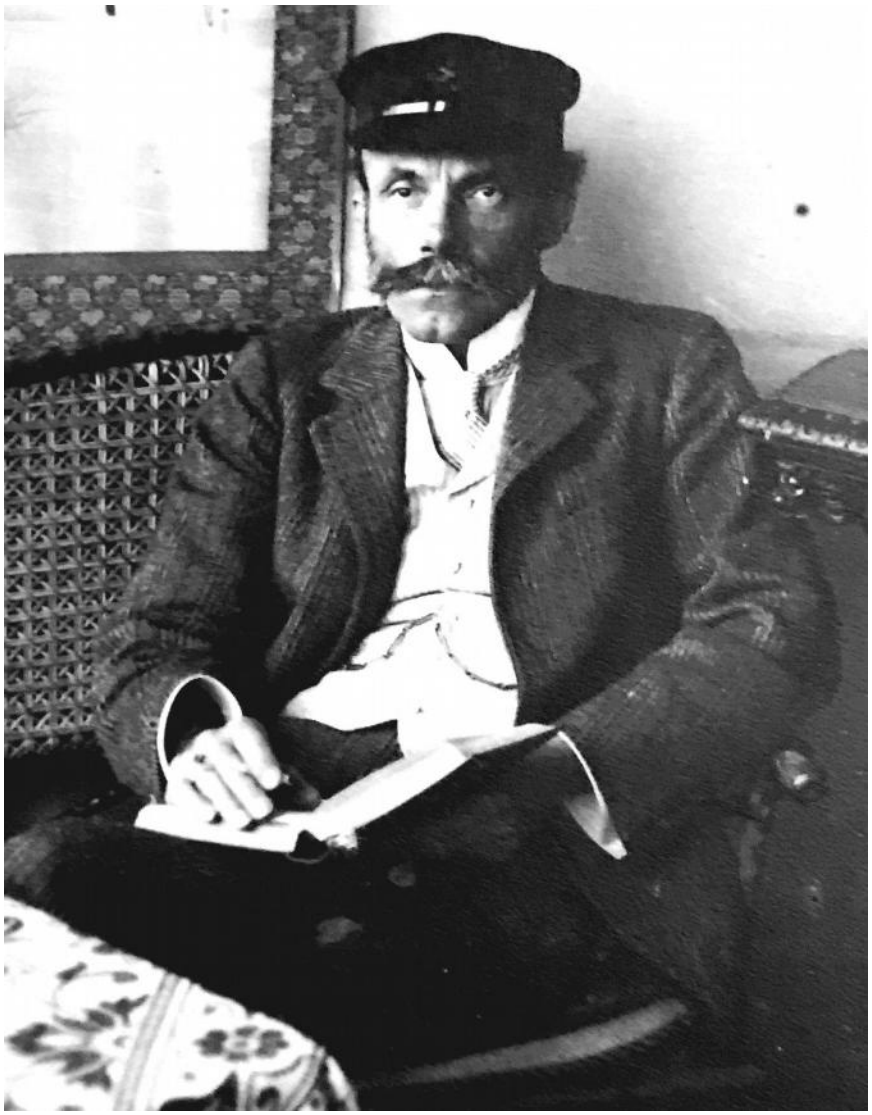
Kurt and Elsbeth Lieder, having lost their mother, were given a trust fund by their father—sums which they received before they reached maturity. Theoretically, this would have made them independently wealthy, but regrettably these monies were badly man-

aged and subsequently lost. Emma and Lottie, Philipp's daughters by his second marriage, were left two large tracts of land upon his death. Elsbeth felt wronged, believing that she too should share in the Kitzeberg heritage. Consequently, she went to court over this issue, but according to Elke Schulz-Wulkow, she lost the case. The resulting rift between Elsbeth and her sisters continued into the following generations. Although my father and three brothers had grown up in Kitzeberg, that home was no longer available to them.

Following the cessation of the Second World War, when my father returned to Germany, he could no longer even recognize the landscape surrounding the properties. The city of Kiel had been heavily bombed and Kitzeberg, which lay nearby, did not remain unscathed.

After the war the property where Haus Buchenhagen had so proudly stood was sold to Mr. Müller-Ibold, the chief building inspector in Kiel. Today it has the number 17.

The most persistent sound which reverberates through history is the beating of the war drums. By the end of the Second World War, like the country itself, Kitzeberg had been ravished. Those people who had survived the carnage were trickling slowly back, as best they could, over a massacred landscape which like the property in Kitzeberg bore little resemblance to its former state. Had history not intervened on such a global scale, more of the Lieder family documents, treasures, and stories could have been saved for future generations. Whilst the aftermath had sundered and destroyed so much, its devastation would have a particularly tragic effect on Kurt Lieder. This would not be a glorious homecoming for him, but a desperate struggle for survival. Every man carries within him the world in which he must live. For Kurt, as for the Lieder family, that world had changed dramatically.

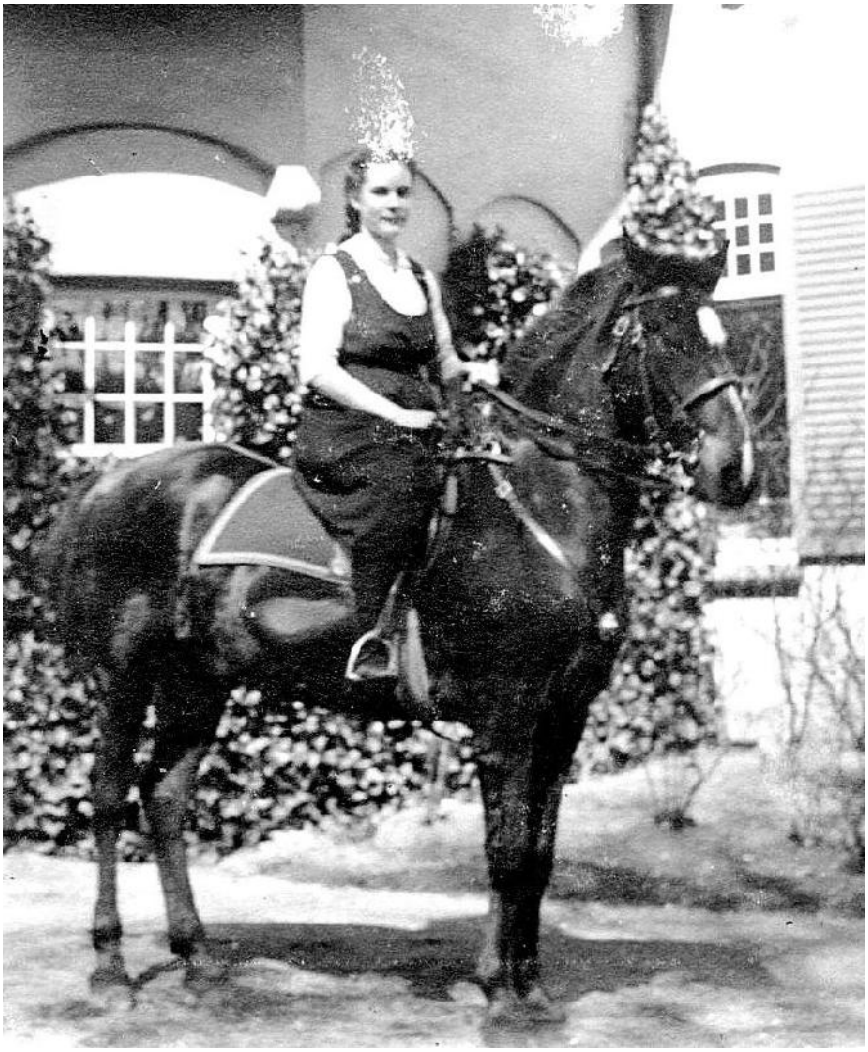


Philipp Lieder at Haus Buchenhagen in Kitzeberg, surrounded by furniture and artifacts.he brought with him from China. He is wearing his captain's hat, typical head gear for him once he returned to Germany from China in 1906.

Philip Lieder's four young daughters, left to right, Johanna, Emma, Elsbeth, and Lottie, about 1904.

The four Lieder sisters in front of their playhouse at Kitzeberg—Emma, Johanna, Lottie & Elsbeth—about 1908. Ironically, Johanna's face is blurred because she probably moved her head while this photo was being taken; she died at age nine.

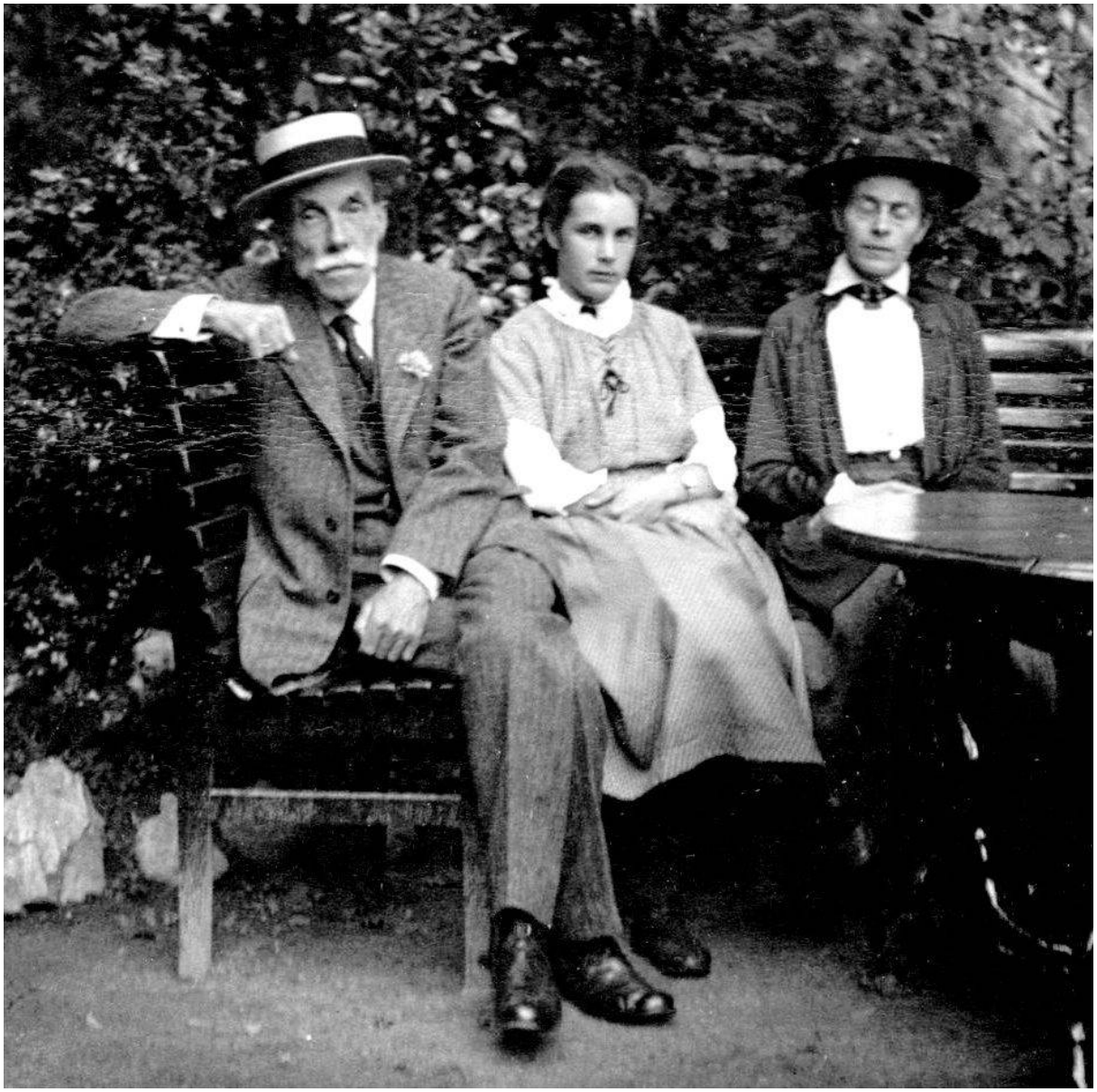
Elsbeth, Lottie & Emma Lieder, probably about 1915, in Kitzeberg.



Emma Lieder on horseback at Haus Buchenhagen, Kitzeberg, probably about 1920.

Emma Lieder with her pet goat at Kitzeberg, about 1920.

Charlotte "Lottie" Lieder, probably in the 1920s.



Philipp Lieder and his second wife, Johanna Mund, with their daughter, Emma, seated between them, about 1920. Nobody looks happy.

Philipp Lieder with his grandchildren, about 1927. My father, Werner Gautier, is standing at upper left beside his grandfather, his hands on the shoulders of one of his younger cousins. At far right are my father's brothers, Kurt-Theo and Georg, in dark sailor's outfits;their little brother, Franz, peeking out beside them.

My great-uncle, Kurt Lieder (1889-1970), who did so much to preserve the history of the Lieder family.

VII
Kurt Lieder

A man lives not only his personal life as an individual but also, consciously or unconsciously, the life of his epoch and his contemporaries.

Thomas Mann

I like to believe that I have come to know and to understand my great-uncle Kurt more intimately than the other ancestors who preceded him. His difficult but dedicated attempt to recreate the family history is in itself a testament to his character. Whereas he speaks glowingly about his father, Kurt's own efforts testify that he had, in no small measure, inherited his father's tenacity and courage. Kurt recounts not just a series of researchable dates and facts, but also his frustration at trying to preserve his treasures and heirlooms, his fear for the future and an astonishing picture of what it must have been like to live in post-World War 2 Germany, a unique point in history. Kurt lays his emotions bare, and in speaking so frankly and eloquently about his travails, his fears and disappointments, the poignancy of his situation becomes quite palpable to me, as I hope it will to the reader.

The picture of Kurt which emerges from his writings is of a man caught, broken, and spat out by the great implacable maw of political events which engulfed Germany and Europe. I will skip both explanations and details of the two world wars which so profoundly impacted Kurt Lieder, in the certain knowledge that more learned persons than I have analysed, described, and dissected them all in wearying quantities. For those of us living on Canadian soil, it is unimaginable but critical to understand that Kurt, and his generation, lived through not one but two world wars, both of which brought Germany and her people to their knees.

But let this history of the Lieder family be that of the persons implacably caught within these world events, rather than of the events themselves. Let us then imagine Kurt Lieder, an only son, born to and reared in great wealth and privilege, now finding himself at the time of his writing, painstakingly tending to a small vegetable patch from which to cull food to feed himself and his daughter, or debilitated by hunger, standing in long lines in hopes of acquiring a single loaf of bread.

Born in Shanghai to Philipp and Marie Lieder, Kurt spent his earliest years in great comfort and privilege with multiple staff tending to the family's every need. Gardeners, chauffeurs, nannies, and maids were abundant, but most significant to the young boy, he and his sister, Elsbeth, would have been cushioned in the embrace of their loving mother. When his father finally returned to Germany, the family continued to reside in opulent fashion, first in a substantial home in Hamburg, but not long afterward they relocated to Kitzeberg in the environs of Kiel. Here the family built and resided in a luxurious family compound on the shores of the Baltic, again replete with every luxury and convenience. This was the life which Kurt had known until political events and war denied it to him. For the country and the family, the outcome was tragic. Gone were the cooks and maids, the gardeners, the chauffeurs to which he had latterly been accustomed; survival now depended on his own untutored skills.

The first inkling of a tragic trajectory through life occurred with the exceedingly premature death of his mother. Kurt was but seven years old at the time, his sister, Elsbeth (my grandmother), a mere two years old. I'd like to assume that his father's fortune along with the subsequent addition of three half-sisters and a step mother eventually softened that blow and created a comfortable world in which the young boy might grow up. A deeper crack in the happy picture arrived with the confiscation of the bulk of family investments following the cessation of the First World War. To what extent the drastic diminishment of the family fortune affected him person-

ally, I cannot say, but it certainly foreshadowed a less comfortable future for both him and his extended family.

I have not found any record of Kurt's formative years in Germany. As was the case for his sister Elsbeth, it is quite likely that he was initially tutored at home. Being four years older than Elsbeth, he was educated during the Shanghai years almost certainly by private tutors. Whether or not he was subsequently sent from Germany to boarding school in England as she was, I cannot say. However, from Theophil Gautier's memoirs we learn that by the time the First World War had broken out, Kurt, age 25, was serving as a cavalry captain, a military career which was highly regarded in that era.[19]

During this First World War Kurt was sent to fight in China, a circumstance which could be viewed as ironic were it not for the fact that he was captured in Tsingtao, a city where his father had done so much business previously. However, I am unable to ascertain whether Kurt was recommended or volunteered for this particular posting based on his father's knowledge of the country, or whether this was simply coincidence. I confess that I am equally ignorant of the fact that Germany even sent troops to China and Japan during this First World War. I shall, however, leave it those future readers who are interested to research that mission. Held by the Japanese as prisoner of war, Kurt was not permitted to return to Germany until 1920, well over a year after the cessation of hostilities. Given that the Japanese were notorious for the sadistic brutality of their treatment of prisoners, one must hope that this incarceration was of relatively brief duration.

Whatever future he might have hoped for, whatever comforts or accomplishments he might have wished for or yet achieved, eluded

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[19] The First World War was virtually unprecedented in the slaughter, carnage, and destruction it caused. It was one of the greatest watersheds of 20th century geopolitical history. It led to the fall of four great imperial dynasties (in Germany, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey), resulted in the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia, and laid the groundwork for the Second World War through its destabilization of European society.

him completely. Again, I have no record of what Kurt did upon his return to Germany during the far-too-brief period between the two world wars. When the Treaty of Versailles was signed on June 28, 1919, ending the war, it reassigned German boundaries and assigned to Germany liability for reparations. Of consequence to Kurt, it also required the forced disarmament of Germany, thereby ending his military career. The huge German reparations and the war-guilt clause fostered deep resentments in the country so that by the 1930s the way was paved for another upsurge in German militarism.

As the drumbeat of militarization recommenced, at some point Kurt again rejoined the German military. It is likely that this occurred sometime after 1933, the year in which Adolf Hitler gained control of Germany and began to implement his aggressive foreign policies. The Second World War, which cut such an unrelenting path of horror and destruction throughout Germany and Europe, seems equally to have dealt the final blow to Kurt. Not long before the end of that second war, on March 1, 1945, his wife, Catherine von Bulow, a Danish woman, was senselessly shot dead as she opened the door to her home in Copenhagen. The brutal event was witnessed by the couple's young daughter, Helga, thus compounding the tragedy. During the war Denmark had remained neutral but was nonetheless occupied by German forces, giving rise to strong antipathy and resistance to the occupying forces. Although no further information has been passed on, the assassination was assumed to be the act of a fanatic who took offense at seeing a Dane married to a member of the enemy occupying forces. I do not know where Kurt was at the time of his wife's murder, but evidently towards the end of the hostilities Kurt was again taken prisoner, this time by the American forces for whom he came to serve as an interpreter.

According to the recollections of my aunt Rosmarie, wife of my father's brother Georg, Kurt subsequently fell in love with a much younger woman, the daughter of a factory owner on whose account, it appears, he moved to Geislingen. It is not clear when or how they met or their love blossomed. Whatever the circumstances, their

planned marriage never took place. Given the extreme upheavals of that time, it is not surprising that the chronology of Kurt's movements during this period is impossible to reconstruct. Thus, it is unclear when or how Kurt abandoned Geislingen for Neuruppin, but it was from the latter that he precipitously fled the Russian advances, escaping on his bicycle with only those items essential to his survival, forced to abandon precious, irreplaceable family documents and treasures and the portrait of his grandfather, Georg Philipp, which his children had nicknamed "Urvater".

Unbeknownst to him at the time, Kurt was not the only family member to flee the Russians. In January 1945 the Russians were advancing ever farther westward and had already crossed Germany's border to the east. During the latter years of the war, with her husband Walter Krastel stationed nearby, his half-sister Emma Lieder and her children had been residing in Sopot, near Gdynia, a port city on the Baltic coast of Poland. Fearing the Russians, Emma also deemed it necessary quickly to move to the west. On one of the last trains Emma along with four of her children (Jürgen, Dieter, Rainer and Elke) were able to flee to Oberdorf in the Allgäu via Weißenfels. The trip on hopelessly overcrowded trains, with four small children and only the necessary luggage, "would have been quite hard on the nerves". Having traveled frequently with children, I find this blithe assessment of their travails quite hilarious and certainly an understatement!

With the cessation of hostilities, Kurt was eventually able to cobble together some meagre stability for himself, but the threat of losing the family history weighed heavily on his mind. In the constrained circumstances in which he found himself he began to put pen to paper in order to keep alive as many of these stories, facts, and dates as he could manage. Here in his own words he describes the impetus behind his decision and the struggles he faced in order to continue his family's legacy by telling future generations about the lives of their ancestors:

Today, Easter 1947, I want to start anew and try to put together our family history as far as this is possible from memory. Perhaps later my children and my children's children can check the dates and add new material if ever better or in any case quieter times should come again.

It will be difficult to complete this task, even in a manner that is only somewhat satisfactory, as everything is difficult at the moment. Even the eagerly awaited spring is refusing to arrive; instead a gale blows through all kinds of weather and it just won't get warm. There is neither coal nor wood and the food is just enough so that one can, often with effort, put one foot in front of the other. The little free time that one has must be spent standing around in shops and offices in order to receive the allotted loaf of bread or blanket.

Nevertheless,, I must make this attempt since the family is scattered; we hear little from each other, and this [effort] might help create some unity.

It had taken me ten years, much money, and a lot of work to draw up our family history, which until then no one had attended to. I had gathered and acquired irreplaceable documents, had traced the genealogy of the "Lieders" back to the sixteenth century, had drawn up an almost complete family tree down to the 10th branch.

All of this was lost when I had to decide within just a few hours to flee Neuruppin, to escape the invading Russians, without taking any more with me than what I was wearing on my person and what I could fit as luggage on the back of my bicycle, which was, by necessity, almost entirely blankets and food.

In spite of all of this, I wouldn't have deserted the family book if it hadn't been stored in a trunk on the other side of the Neuruppin Lake, where it seemed safest. But on the day of departure, April 30, 1945, the Russians were there already. As I have learned, these trunks in particular were plundered, meaning that there is little hope of ever getting them back. What was lost I will try in this account to describe as well as I can.

The war had come to an end, but life did not become easier for Kurt. Much has been written about the harrowing, brutally deprived circumstances faced by all Germans at this time. The country was destroyed; food, resources, employment, and housing were absent. But I shall not delve into that here: more learned minds than I have written copiously about these times. Kurt's poignant description of his circumstances is sufficient to evoke a vivid sense of those dreadful times. In his narrative about his family history Kurt offers explanations to excuse any gaps in research or hurriedness or errors on behalf of his manuscript. His efforts, in my mind, were quite heroic —a defiance of his circumstances and a proud acknowledgement of his heritage.

Several months have gone by since I last wrote; I simply had no time. Spring and early summer were very unpleasant. There was neither bread nor potatoes and our principal food was radishes and spinach in every shape and form. As summer went on, things improved, there were other vegetables and then enough bread that the Americans imported and now, in August 1947, there are new potatoes. Next spring promises to be worse, however, than this one. The second half of summer namely brought with it an indeed rare, almost tropical heat with daytime temperatures of 40 degrees in the shade and what's more it didn't rain, neither in July nor August at whose end we now find ourselves. Because of this, the grain was already harvested at the end of July and, what is almost more important, the potatoes dried up and the harvest was very poor. One wonders even now whether it will be possible to hold out until the next harvest, or whether a portion of the population will starve. Considering all of this, I have fared quite well. Our small garden had a good yield with early potatoes, cabbage of every kind, many tomatoes, and enough beans and peas. It required a lot of work, however, and I've grown so thin that for some time I had to give up getting firewood from the forest; I simply couldn't do it.

Occasionally Trinchen's kind grandmother from Copenhagen has sent a package of food, which of course means a great day of feasting every time. A few times I was also able to exchange butter and cheese for factory goods which the farmers on the Swabian mountains lacked.

What is regrettable is only that nothing can be stored for the winter because I lack the opportunity to make preserves and because the small room I inhabit with Trinchen does not offer room for this kind of provision. Incidentally, while I write I'm smoking the first tobacco from the garden that I ever planted or harvested and it doesn't taste bad.

I just read over what I've written so far and very much of it I don't like. But it can't be helped. Unfortunately I don't have the leisure to produce an artwork; I have to write the way I can put it into the machine and make sure that as little as possible is forgotten. Because for so much there are no documents other than my memory. Hopefully one of my children will check and supplement with other things. Then the time will come to put everything in a better and more accessible form. But let us return to the story.

In spite of his circumstances Kurt kept his eye on posterity; keenly aware of the state of his manuscript, he provided this apology:

By the way, apologies for the frequent corrections that I've been making whilst writing; my time is, as mentioned, extremely limited and I'll be happy if I can get what I still know down on paper. Since the first of April of this year, 1947, I have been leasing a small piece of land, which is to improve the nutrition for me and my little daughter. I hope it will be of use to both of us, but for now turning the meadow into a garden is taking a lot out of my already weakened body and the small amount of time that I still have is used up.

Once having returned to the family home in Kitzeberg, he was a broken man who seems never to have regained his footing. The

property itself had not been spared by the bombings of Kiel, the command centre of the German navy; indeed, when my father returned there he didn't even recognize the landscape surrounding it. Be that as it may, installing himself in a tiny hut on those formerly glorious grounds, Kurt continued to live there in a most frugal and humble manner, until his death on April 13, 1970, in Kiel.

I like to imagine that, in time, he found some peace and comfort on the property where he had grown up, and where he would have been surrounded by other members of his family. An erudite and well-read man, to the extent that he was able to do so he bequeathed to us the history of the Lieder family. For this, at least, we should remember him and be grateful for his efforts on our behalf.

My grandmother, Elsbeth Lieder Gautier (1894-1978), as I remember her in her apartment in Frankfurt in her old age.

VIII
Elsbeth Lieder and Theophil Gautier

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.

Honore de Balzac

My grandmother Elsbeth Lieder was not well liked within my immediate family. To us, and to the extended family, she was simply known as "Mo", a name conferred upon her by one or other of her sons in their childhood. In my mother's view, we were fortunate not to live in close proximity to her—a harsh assessment to be sure. But then, Elsbeth did not make it easy to like or possibly even to love her. There was certainly nothing sunny or warm about her, and her utterances, few as they were, tended to be critical and negative. To extract anything more from her was virtually impossible. Even given the ethos of her era, her views on child deportment were strange. At my cousins' home, whenever the three children were tasked with clearing the table, Elsbeth would immediately direct Franz, the male grandchild, to remain seated, blithely contradicting and undermining his parents. She would decree that it was inappropriate for boys or men to engage in domestic tasks. My mother sometimes commented that Elsbeth had been too thoroughly imbued with outdated Chinese standards of behaviour and, furthermore, had been spoiled by the surfeit of maids and nannies who had effectively raised her.

Elsbeth Lieder was born in Shanghai on March 14, 1894. As was the case with her brother Kurt, Elsbeth's life was mottled with tragedy and hardship, beginning obviously with the loss of her mother, a woman whom she would never know but who by her absence would be a definitive factor in her formative years.

At age two, it is unlikely that she was fully aware of this loss, but certainly as the years progressed a sense of abandonment permeated

the young child. No doubt seeking not only companionship for himself but a mother for his children, Philipp Lieder quickly remarried, and in short order three half-sisters to Elsbeth and Kurt completed the family.

Direct descendants of Johanna Mund, Philipp's second wife and step mother to Elsbeth, claim her to have been a loving and warm person, an assumption which I certainly do not wish to refute. Her niece, Elke Schulz-Wulkow however, remembers her quite differently as anything but a warm grandmother. At this late remove it is inevitably difficult to discern the truth in such cases—each of us interprets the world through our own particular persona and circumstances.

Wherever the truth about Joanna Mund may lie, glimpses into the family dynamic, coupled with knowledge of the person Elsbeth would become, indicate that the young Elsbeth felt herself to be peripheral to the enlarged family. Perhaps the step-mother did indeed favour her biological offspring; perhaps young Elsbeth, already traumatised by the loss of her mother, was never a sunny child. Certainly it would have been uncommon in those years for a father—however generous and caring Philipp surely was—to be directly involved in any domestic realm including the rearing of his offspring. In her early years Elsbeth and her younger siblings were tutored at home, first in Shanghai and again upon their return to Germany. But not long after the family returned to Germany Elsbeth was sent to a boarding school not far from London, England. We cannot know with any certainty, but I think it is safe to assume, that Elsbeth's festering sense of being pushed aside would not have been ameliorated by this physical separation from her home and family. Amongst the papers in my possession are a few of Elsbeth's report cards from Rippingdale in Eastbourne, see page 235. The first is dated 1911; whether this was her first or last year there I cannot say. It amuses me to read the comments from her teachers, which include "to be commended for good, earnest work" in English, to "decided talent" in elocution. I chuckle to read that in conduct and punctuality she was "often un-

tidy" (I can vividly imagine my mother's comments as she would have attributed this to too many maids picking up after her). In "order" Elsbeth was "fair" and otherwise deemed "helpful and responsible", but "needlework" was apparently not her forte. I try to picture this earnest young woman who became the grandmother I knew, but I fail to see her.

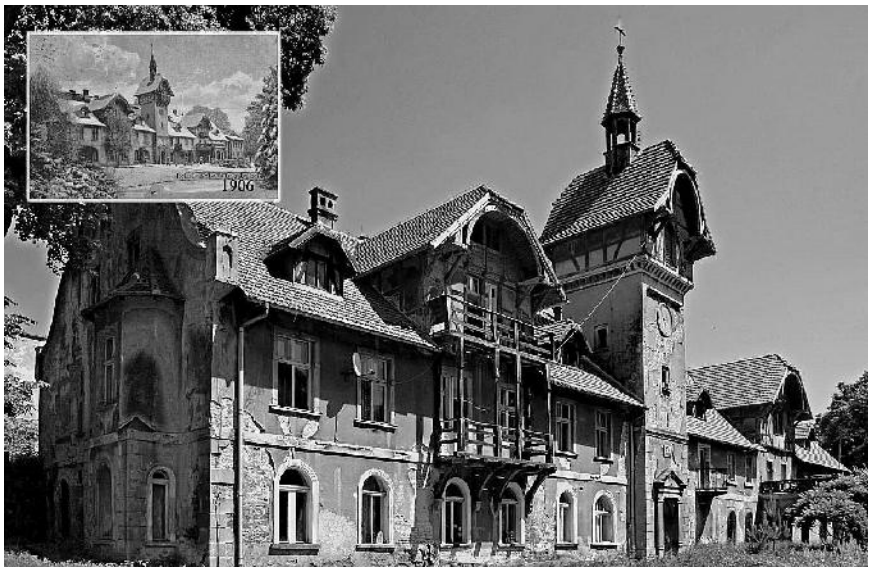
It would be comforting to believe that that the material comforts of "Haus Buchenhagen" in Kitzeberg would have in some measure made up for her perceived emotional deprivations. When not at school Elsbeth would have been surrounded not only by luxury but also, putting aside her feelings on the matter, by an extended, vibrant family of aunts, uncles, and siblings. In time the troubled young girl grew into an attractive young woman. There were few impediments to a rosier future when she met the young Luftwaffe officer, Theophil Gautier, the man who would become her husband and my grandfather.

Theophil in his memoirs describes the young Elsbeth as a vivacious and adventurous young woman, an image which I find extremely difficult to reconcile with my own memories of her as well as with those recounted to me by my father and much later by my cousins.

Let us cast a quick glance at Louis Theophil Etienne Gautier's history prior to this auspicious meeting with his future bride. The saga of his early life could have been drawn straight out of a Dickens' novel, replete as it was with tragedy heaped upon tragedy. There is little need to embellish in order to appreciate the horrors he had already survived. Indeed, with only the bare facts at hand we can only marvel at Theophil's resilience in overcoming a litany of disasters. As a very young boy living in the vicinity of Breslau, Lower Silesia[20], he witnessed the death from diphtheria of his three- or four-year-old brother; not many years thereafter he stood by the bedside of his

[20] At the end of the Second World War Breslau reverted to its Polish name, Wroclaw, and became a part of Poland.

now-pregnant mother, grasping her hand as she lay dying. Nor did his father linger in this world for much longer so that following this death the young boy, now orphaned and utterly alone, was shipped off to an uncle. For reasons unknown he did not remain for very long in this uncle's care before being ferried off to yet another family relation, eventually landing in Wiesbaden, Germany.



This is presumed to be the childhood home of my grandfather Theophil Gautier, located in Aslau.

Can we not assume that the themes of loss and abandonment created for these two young persons, Theophil and Elsbeth, a common bond? Can we not assume that they found understanding and comfort with each other? I would like to believe this to have been the case, for certainly far greater losses for them to bear were yet to come.

The following excerpts from my grandfather Theophil's memoirs paint a rather glowing picture of the young Elsbeth—a portrait which, as mentioned, I find difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile with my own memories of my grandmother. Never having known

my grandfather Theophil, his voice in his memoir brings him to life in some small measure.

From the personality which emerges when reading his memoirs, and from all accounts of those who knew him (my mother in particular), he was a most gregarious, socially adept, charming man with a delightful sense of humour and a love of music as evidenced by the guitar which he cherished and which always accompanied him on board. His memoirs alone reveal an openly loving and emotional person, in essence the direct opposite of Elsbeth.

I also find it endearing to read not only of his nascent love for his wife but of his admiration for her spirit and daring. To read of his appreciation for the generosity and thoughtfulness of his future mother-in-law also adds another layer of understanding to the story of these people who are otherwise mysterious to me. Facts alone reveal nothing of the feelings, thoughts, and perceptions of our ancestors, yet it is these factors which propelled them on their journey through life. To have these described to us is an invaluable gift.[21]

Here in his own words is a description of Elsbeth in what are likely to have been her happiest days. I find it delightful to read not only because he describes the events he personally witnessed but most importantly because he infuses these stories with his own personality.

The year 1912 brought the most important moment in my life, as it is in the life of every man, the engagement to my future wife, Elsbeth, née Lieder.

With two comrades I had chartered a former customs cutter, the "Erika". She was a stately vessel whose maintenance required me to employ a sailor who lived on board. Usually we would take guests along, going just outside the harbour and returning in the evening. But we also undertook longer journeys, and there too there were always guests onboard as the ship was able to accommodate six people

[21] Theophil's memoir is a massive 250-page tome to be published separately. All excerpts have been professionally translated.

easily. On one such journey I had asked Mrs. Mabel Kraushaar to come along, who in turn asked if she could bring along Miss Lieder and Mr. Joachim von Bose.

We were a jolly company. The trip through the straits was not without danger for the "Erika". You had to be quick on your feet to avoid running aground in the narrow and serpentine fairway. One night I was following my winding path like that and quickly ran from the rudder to below deck to memorize where beacons and lights might be, and then ran quickly back to the rudder. It was gusty and conditions were unfavourable. Miss Elsbeth helped and was the most loyal and unshakable hand there was. Like an old skipper she sailed that barge, read me course angles from the maps, helped with tacking, worked the sheet ropes; in short, she took her assistance as a matter of course and helped out like an old salt.

The reasons for this would become clear to me. She and her siblings had their own sailboat, which they were always taking here and there. My hair stood on end one day watching her sail single-handed across the harbour in truly stormy weather in order to pick up someone at a bridge. We were already engaged at the time and I was scared to death for my bride when I noticed that she was absent at her parents' house upon my arrival there. I stood on land like a mother duck looking out after her hatched ducklings.

I had never known a young girl like her. I was, as they say, head over heels. Elsbeth's calm and assured manner, always ready to help, left an increasingly profound impression on me, and by the end of the journey it was clear to me that I was deeply in love. As seems to always be the case in such situations, I lost all sense of time. Hours do not strike for a happy man.

The week-long sailing vacation was over, but Kiel was still far away. Thus I put into harbour at Sonderburg and there, in a state of great urgency, sent a long telegram to my duty station in which I retroactively requested an extension and begged their pardon. "Ah,

dear south wind, blow some more! My lass longs for me."[22] *The talking-to I got from Sea Captain Hartog in Kiel ran off me like water off a duck's back. It was all the same to me. I was filled with nothing but great bliss because I felt that Elsbeth was fond of me too.*

Soon after I dressed to the nines, tied the silver sash around my slender body, and asked Elsbeth's parents for her hand. I felt quite apprehensive sitting across from respectable old Mr. Lieder, who had a life full of work and success to look back on and a deep strain of scepticism in him. In the end, however, he assented and we shook hands, and I took into my heart this good and decent father-in-law in spite of occasional differences. In the evening a small meal was enjoyed by the closest circle of family. My father-in-law gave a witty speech and announced the engagement.

Our sons carry his blood in their veins and have, as I hope, also inherited his spirit and "diablerie". In any case I want them to know what he was like and what they owe to him and his memory.

Elsbeth's sister Lotti, who was sitting opposite me, went white as chalk and looked at me shyly. At the time she was still almost a child and seemed to be in shock over her new close relative. She got over it in time.

When my wife and I were married, our wedding took place in Kitzeberg on March 26, 1913. We were married by my dear friend, the pastor of the Huguenot community in Berlin, Peter Lorenz, with whom I had been in a naval commando several years previously. The hall in the Kavalierhaus (Blockhaus) was decorated nicely and the marriage ceremony in the presence of many guests was very impressive. As the motto for the marriage sermon we had asked Lorenz to expound on the words "Faith, hope and love; but the greatest of these is love". My young wife and I were both deeply moved. We both took it very seriously and I believe we also kept [our promises].

For our honeymoon we went to Lake Como, to the Villa Serbelloni. But I was drawn to Venice. I had to show my dear wife what I had

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[22] Translator's note: Quoting from Richard Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman*.

seen and experienced there three years earlier. In this way I stepped into the role of a tour guide and the two of us young newlyweds had a wonderful time.

When we returned to Kiel we found our apartment there completely set up and furnished. Touchingly, my mother- and father-in-law had put everything in order. It was a very modern and pretty apartment taking up an entire floor at 38 Feldstrasse. On the ground floor there was a luxurious florist's shop. Anyone who came to visit thus felt obliged to quickly pick up some flowers for us, and so we constantly had fresh flowers in our apartment. I can therefore recommend strongly to any young couple who are establishing themselves that they do so above a florist's shop.

At the home of my in-laws, whom we immediately visited to thank them and to tell them about our trip, we met an older woman dressed in snow-white with snow-white hair. Thus attired, she was a striking figure. She sat across from us at the table, and suddenly she began speaking in an unusually loud voice, staring fixedly at the two of us. It became very still in the room and all attention was paid to her with everyone listening to this strange woman who, like a Cassandra, spoke in an almost singsong voice. She said she could smell a great deal of blood. Great murder was going to come over the whole world. She was not yet able to say whether I would come out of it alive.

At first everyone at the table smiled. But soon we were overcome by an uneasiness and this damned prophesy stayed with us in the subsequent weeks, disturbing the comfort of our so very harmonious and happy new marriage. The incident is for me proof that second sight exists. Unfortunately the prophetess was ever so right.

A year later came the First World War. Fourteen days before its outbreak our first child, our son Werner, arrived. I have already described how I experienced his birth in a sea of bliss in Skagen.

The command "Get ready for war" drove our fleet to Kiel to replenish stocks and take live ammunition on board. And so I sat at my Elsbeth's bed. My child, for whom I had longed for such a long time, was in her arms, at her breast. The crews were only allowed to go unit by

unit to say goodbye to their families. Outside there was drumming and, through a detachment marching with their officer-in-command reading aloud a cabinet decree in a raised voice, martial law was declared. Astonished, Elsbeth asked me what that meant. I had to tell her that an hour later I would have to be back on board, that I would be going to war. My heart and surely Elsbeth's as well nearly broke under the burden. For me it wasn't fear, just tremendous pain in the face of our newly begun, limitless happiness. After all, one could hardly expect to return home as the pilot of a torpedo boat. All our exercises had focussed on immediately attacking with the flotillas and on relentlessly bringing them into action. We had not predicted that the English would evade such a fast and chivalrous move. Instead the British chose the long-distance blockade; they chose the slow, choking economic war which violated all international agreements. As a result of this war tactic came tremendous economic tensions, intensified in the Second World War, whose effect was like a boomerang, making England, too, a fatally ill state.

When my reprieve had come to an end, I kissed my wife and our child and could not tear myself away. And then I went with my suitcase with clothing and provisions in one hand and my guitar in the other hand, leaving with my orderly. In this way we came on board as a swarm of comrades, all of whom were in a similar state. A short sermon brought together the troops again in our beloved Wik church and then we set off. My flotilla went to the Baltic Sea at first, and all others went to the North Sea.

Our comrade Schömann, from a Wilhelmshaven flotilla, was in Kiel on vacation at the time. Dressed in civilian clothes and carrying an umbrella he boarded just before we put out to sea, and was then transferred to his boat on the North Sea. He had feared he wouldn't make it. I never saw him again.

And then began the terribly slowly choking war that was so alien to us. The army went from victory to victory, while the fleet, on whose quick success the entire fatherland was counting, had to remain deedless. The enemy did not face us. In the officer corps a feeling of

mutiny hung in the air, and the same mood prevailed among the crew. The desire was to advance with the entire fleet to the English coast and to force the decisive battle: military madness, of course, but an example of the spirit of "diablerie."

For the duration of that war, my father, Werner, would seldom see his father. Perhaps the kindest remark that could be made of Elsbeth's parenting was that she was not adept at it. I like to believe that as a woman who had received so little mothering herself, she simply did not know how to impart warmth to her child. I prefer this belief to the alternate possibility that she was devoid of compassion—although that too was possible. In any event, of parenting she knew nothing. And so it was that my father was left in the care of maids or nannies, his mother essentially as absent from him as his father. I often wonder what a difference it might have made to him, and to the family dynamics which evolved over time, had my grandfather been more present in my father's life.

With the end of hostilities Theophil returned home to a future without prospects and virtually without hope. Due to the subsequent demilitarization of Germany, his career as a decorated naval officer and captain of a torpedo fleet had met an unbridgeable impasse. Intensely patriotic and loyal to his emperor (Kaiser), he resigned rather than continue to serve under a left-wing government.

As we have already seen with Kurt, the situation in which Germany found itself at the end of the First World War was one of utter devastation. With the defeat of Germany in 1919 and the abdication of the Kaiser, the country plunged into pervasive social and economic chaos. The Treaty of Versailles dictated, among other things, the complete reduction of the military as well as acceptance of full responsibility—including massive monetary compensation—for the bloodiest and costliest war in history. As Germany clawed its way back from the brink, dramatic economic improvements slowly became evident. In 1929, however, all of such social and economic advances again came crashing down, partially as a result of the abso-

lute collapse of the stock market which engulfed the western world. As witnessed and so vividly remembered by my father, the period of 1929-34 led to a period of hyperinflation which was particularly dire in Germany. Six million people were out of work, yet the weak and inept government managed only to create policies to worsen the situation. My father, for example, recounted witnessing people trudging by with wheelbarrows full of cash, which was exchanged for a meagre quantity of potatoes.

Although for the time being they continued to live in Kitzeberg, the Lieder family home, the loss of much of Elsbeth's father's fortune could only compound their difficulties. Regardless of their personal circumstances, these were irredeemably grim times, during which Germany itself was on its knees. Basic resources were almost non-existent, food was scarce; pride, dignity, hope had been obliterated along with—most horrifically—the lives of millions of young men.

Plunged into civilian life, Theophil too encountered difficulties as his attempt to take over the management of a foundry in Kiel failed. In fairness, the extreme economic turmoil of that era is likely to have contributed to the demise of the entreprise. (My cousin Sabine thinks that this foundry was owned by his father-in-law, Philipp). Subsequently he received a job at Minimax, which he found quite interesting, selling foam fire extinguishers. This job required him to travel about the country a great deal.

It was during this post-war period that in rapid succession three more sons came into the family—Kurt-Theo, Georg, and Franz. Only one of these would survive. But let us put aside this future tragedy for now, focusing to the extent that it is possible on those years in which they were all together, a family of four robust, healthy young boys.

What is known is that golf was the favoured pursuit of the family, one in which both my father and his youngest brother Franz particularly excelled. As I already mentioned, my father won several tournaments and may even have been a German junior champion; his

brother Franz went on to greater acclaim participating in international golf tournaments throughout Europe. With Haus Buchenhagen lying directly on the water, adjacent to the German naval centre in Kiel, sailing was another favoured outlet for the boys. With great tracts of open countryside and woods to play in, my father and his brothers developed a great love and respect for nature. There are still so many moments when I wish I could hear my father's voice again as he identifies various birds, plants, and constellations to me. I should have listened more closely then. To the outside world it must have seemed an idyllic time, and yet both Georg and my father concurred that they could recall not one single instance of being hugged by a parent or any other overt affection being proffered (a form of parenting, which I must in honesty add, might not have been uncommon in that era.)

In the midst of a period that was already fraught with economic and social chaos, the year 1930 brought the death of Elsbeth's father, Philipp Lieder. Squabbles over the inheritance soured Elsbeth's relationship to her step-siblings, and must by extension have contaminated the bond with her step-mother.

Although my father and three brothers had grown up in Kitzeberg, that home was no longer available to them. Today it is the descendants of Elsbeth's half-sisters, Lottie and Emma, who continue to reside on the family property in Kitzeberg. It was Lottie's daughter, Marianne Loeper, who made it her life mission to restore and maintain the property, and it is Marianne's granddaughter, Alexandra Chavot, who filled in many gaps in the family narrative for me.

By 1933 ever more ominous events were taking shape within Germany, which would soon plunge the country into an even more ferocious and bloody war. Hitler—a man who in the pantheon of evil would assuredly be deemed one of the worst offenders— had gained full control of the government. Within 18 months of being appointed as a democratically approved chancellor, he had converted that position into an iron-fisted dictatorship, backed by his odious highly militarized Nazi party. A suspicious Reichstag fire helped lead

to The Enabling Act of 1933, which gave him virtual dictator powers and secured the dominance of the Nazi party. Hitler immediately turned against any opposition; trade unions and all other political parties were banned, civil and educational organizations were purged and required to adhere to the Nazi doctrine. When the initial scepticism of the military was effectively purged with a mass eradication on the "Night of the Long Knives", by the summer of 1934 the Nazis dominated all of Germany.

In his brutal run for power Hitler had capitalized on the long-simmering resentments of the German populace against the Treaty of Versailles. The people were weary of an ineffectual democratic system, which had led to weak coalitions that were utterly incapable of pulling the country out of the morass in which they found themselves. The Depression left people searching for someone to blame; Hitler provided them with scapegoats.

Rising to power in an economically and politically unstable Germany, Adolf Hitler rearmed the nation and signed strategic treaties with Italy and Japan to further his ambitions of world domination. Hitler's invasion of Poland in September 1939 drove Great Britain and France to declare war on Germany and the Second World War had begun. Over the next six years the conflict would take more lives and destroy more land and property around the globe than any previous war. Among the estimated 45 to 60 million people killed were six million Jews murdered in Nazi concentration camps as part of Hitler's diabolical "Final Solution", now known as the Holocaust.

In recounting the story of the Lieder family, I have purposely chosen to skim over—in this cursory manner—the history of Germany except as it touched on and impacted the lives of our ancestors. So many treatises, analyses, commentaries, heated discussions have been written on Germany's role in the two world wars by persons more knowledgeable than I that nothing I could say would add anything of value to the great volume of words already expended on the subject.

However, I am including these basic facts for the generations which follow me, for whom these events may have little interest. These horrific acts may seem like stories from long ago, but I would caution that they must never be forgotten and never forgiven. Germany has borne and accepted responsibility for atrocities the likes of which had never before been countenanced. We must forever be vigilant, acknowledging that the unthinkable can indeed happen and could happen again.

By the time of the outbreak of the Second World War in 1939, Theophil had stepped back into his military career—this time joining the Luftwaffe—and the family moved to Dresden. Werner would have been around 20 or 21 at the time; Georg was 13 or 14. According to Georg, "the last family reunion where we four brothers and the parents were together was at the beginning of the war at the Semmering in Austria. Autumn 1939." It would have been at this meeting that Theophil, fearing a catastrophe, designated a specific meeting place for them to gather again when the war was over. Exactly where that might have been, I do not know.

In due course, all four of Elsbeth and Theophil's sons would be irrevocably conscripted into the German war machine. Only Werner and Georg would survive.

With the annexation of Austria, Theophil was transferred to Vienna where he received a very influential position as a military armaments inspector. This position combined his business and his military expertise. Throughout the war years he helped many people escape from the Nazis by getting them out of the country. During the American occupation which followed the end of the war the Americans granted him a certification or pass which required any or all Americans agencies to help him should this be necessary. For a German general, this is an astonishing piece of paper!

Following a year of flight training, their eldest son, Werner, had entered the navy. Georg recalls that "in Kitzeberg, Werner would fly over the house in a small plane making loops". As a naval cadet he travelled around Africa, in due course earning his naval officer certi-

fication. Quite against his own will he was forced to quit the navy and enter the Luftwaffe as a pilot. In his memoirs Theophil says of Werner "he bravely did his duty. On April 14, 1941, he was shot down in the English Channel and came into English captivity". Werner, my father, would live out the rest of the war in relative safety and comfort housed as a prisoner of war in Canada.

On February 22, 1940, Kurt-Theo, a navy lieutenant on a torpedo boat, died during a battle in the north Atlantic at the age of 21; in an act of astounding self-sacrifice, he had taken off his life jacket and given it to a sailor who was without one. According to Theophil's memoirs "he died as a model of a German officer". Perhaps his heroism provided some cold comfort to his parents, but it would do nothing to mitigate the grief. On the eve of Kurt-Theo's death, his father had, as per his usual custom, wound up the great grandfather clock at the base of the stairs prior to heading to bed. In the middle of that night his mother Elsbeth suddenly reared up in bed, loudly crying out that "something has happened to Kurt-Theo". Upon descending the stairs in the morning the parents discovered the grandfather clock to have stopped at 2 am—the exact hour of Kurt-Theo's death.[23]

Whilst visiting me in Montreal in 2018, my cousin Sabine Gautier informed me that it has since been determined, definitively, that Kurt-Theo had been killed by "friendly fire". His ship had been erroneously fired on by German aircraft artillery and subsequently sank. I fervently hope that his parents were never aware of this most unfortunate fact, which could have compounded the tragedy beyond bearing.

Like his older brothers before him, Georg had also entered the navy and served on a submarine during the war. To quote from his father's memoirs, "after adventurous journeys and exceptional feats, the submarine was lost in the Mediterranean at the end of 1943. Georg and the entire crew were able to save themselves. Georg's

[23] The young man whom Kurt-Theo saved later came to visit Elsbeth and Theophil.

heroic efforts whilst their submarine was sinking and fired on by enemy forces earned him the special recognition of his commanding officer. The entire crew were subsequently captured and for the remainder of the war interned in Spain."

Unlike his older brothers, Franz, the youngest and Elsbeth's favourite, did not become a career officer. According to his father's memoirs, "his burning desire was to become an aviator. But as a result of a heavy concussion, he was deemed not fit for this purpose. He served as a strategist for the air force, doing active duty in Russia, Eastern Europe, and then in Italy."

Franz, Elsbeth's baby, died on April 20, 1945, at the age of 22 in northern Italy a few weeks before the war ended. Ironically, on the occasion of winning a golf tournament in Britain some few months before the outbreak of this war, Franz, with the blithe insouciance of youth, had answered a question about the possibility of impending war: "There is no need to worry", he said. He himself was enjoying the time in England, was meeting new friends, and would shortly depart for a holiday in France.

On April 29, 1945, nine days after Franz died and the day before Hitler committed suicide in Berlin, the Germans agreed to a ceasefire of all forces in Italy and Austria. On May 2 German forces surrendered in Berlin; on May 7 German armed forces high command signed an unconditional surrender document for all German forces. On V-E day (Victory in Europe), May 8, celebrations erupted throughout Europe, Britain, and parts of the British Empire, as well as in the United States, marking the end of the Second World War in Europe. (The battle against Japan would continue for a while longer).

By 1945 two of Elsbeth and Theophil's sons were lost, and the fate of their eldest, my father Werner, was not certain. For much of the duration of the war Werner had been held as a prisoner of war in Canada. Adequately housed and fed, without the life-threatening fear of bombings or starvation, his experience of the war—in comparison to that of his family in Germany—had been relatively be-

nign. It would be another year after the war ended before he returned to a homeland that had been obliterated and which he no longer recognized.

In the immediate aftermath of the war Germany became an occupied country divided into four sectors by the victorious Allied forces —the Russians, the British, the Americans, and the French. Whilst it was their mission to build a successful democracy out of a defeated nation, there was understandably little sympathy for the Germans; widespread and indiscriminate attacks on the German populace were common. Anger at and loathing of the Germans was compounded as the full horror of the Nazi regime was revealed—the worst genocide in history would forever become an indelible, unforgiveable, and unforgettable shame to be borne not just by the perpetrators but by the generations of Germans that followed. Meanwhile, the country plunged into an Armageddon in which the people had nothing to wear, nothing to eat; they were haggard and hungry and couldn't look at each other. Links between the people were smashed, refugees were wandering over the entire continent trying to find each other, a process that would take years to sort out. Worn out, depressed, starving, and without hope, the economy and the will of the people collapsed. Germany was swept under a steamroller of blood, horror, and misery. The absolute despair and desperation of those times was referred to by Germans as "Stunde Null" - Zero hour.

Few were interested in what happened to the losers; widespread looting and pillaging occurred, most especially by the Russians. It is estimated that the Soviet army raped 100,000 women in Berlin, confirming the widespread fear of the Russians. It was over this shattered landscape that the first superpowers initiated the struggle for supremacy, whilst simultaneously dismantling and rebuilding the nation. The Nazi ideology which had so thoroughly permeated and contaminated the populace was eradicated. In the Nuremburg War Crime Trials—the first that had ever occurred—Nazi officials were sentenced to death.

By 1946 the first beginnings of a democratic structure were emerging. That winter, however, was so extremely cold with unusually heavy snow and ice that people simply froze to death—literally dropping in the street. There was no fuel, no housing, pure starvation; the ground was so frozen that explosives had to be used to dig the graves.

This then was the world to which, in 1946, my father returned—a homeland and a home gone, two brothers lost, a family destroyed. Given these circumstances, one can hardly be surprised that he grasped the opportunity offered to him, abandoning Germany for a life in Canada, a country whose exquisite landscapes had never been threatened or ravaged by war. Thus it was that Elsbeth and Theo would effectively lose yet another son.

In 1953 Theophil Gautier died a premature and unexpected death. I recall coming home to find my mother crying in the kitchen. Told that my grandfather had died, I felt it my duty to grieve, and although I tried diligently to conjure up some tears, I failed to do so. I was five years old at the time with no memory of the grandfather who, I am told, was the counterpoint to Elsbeth—sociable, gregarious, a raconteur, he was everything that she was not.

Elsbeth, now widowed, would live out her life in a most humble and frugal manner.

Following the cessation of the Second World War the civilian population in Germany were assigned residences. Individual choice in the matter was not an option; one was grateful to have a shelter of any kind, however cramped or otherwise lacking it might be. It was not uncommon for multiple families to find themselves housed in a residence more suited for half of their number. So it was that Elsbeth and Theophil were assigned the apartment in Frankfurt on the third floor at 21 Sternstrasse, a home in which she remained until the end of her days. By the standards of that time it was quite spacious, but to my uneducated eyes it was a most unappealing place. One entered the building into a dank, dark foyer from which a massive stone staircase reared up. With ceiling heights looming well over 15

feet, the climb to Mo's apartment on the third floor was long and steep, but this she did every subsequent day of her life, toting groceries as well as all other necessities.

Filled with massive heavy oak furniture, the apartment itself appeared no less dark than the foyer. A dining area containing a meagre kitchen, a single bedroom, and a living room comprised the sum total of her home. Over her bed and on the main door leading out of the apartment she had tacked notices proclaiming that in the event of illness or accident, under no circumstances was she to be taken to a hospital. As a child, these notices, prominent as they were, unnerved me tremendously, but I realize how typical it was of this woman who was so utterly unsentimental and stoic even as it concerned her own self. Elsbeth Lieder died, exactly as she had decreed, in her bed; her body was discovered two days later by her beloved niece Elke Schulz-Wulkow. It was both my father and Elke's firm belief, the veracity of which we can never know, that she had committed suicide. Suffering from breast cancer in her last few years, the final entry in her diary simply stated "I've had enough". Should this belief be true, (and I do not doubt it) her final act was one of great courage. True to her values, completely alone and entirely of her own volition, she slipped away.

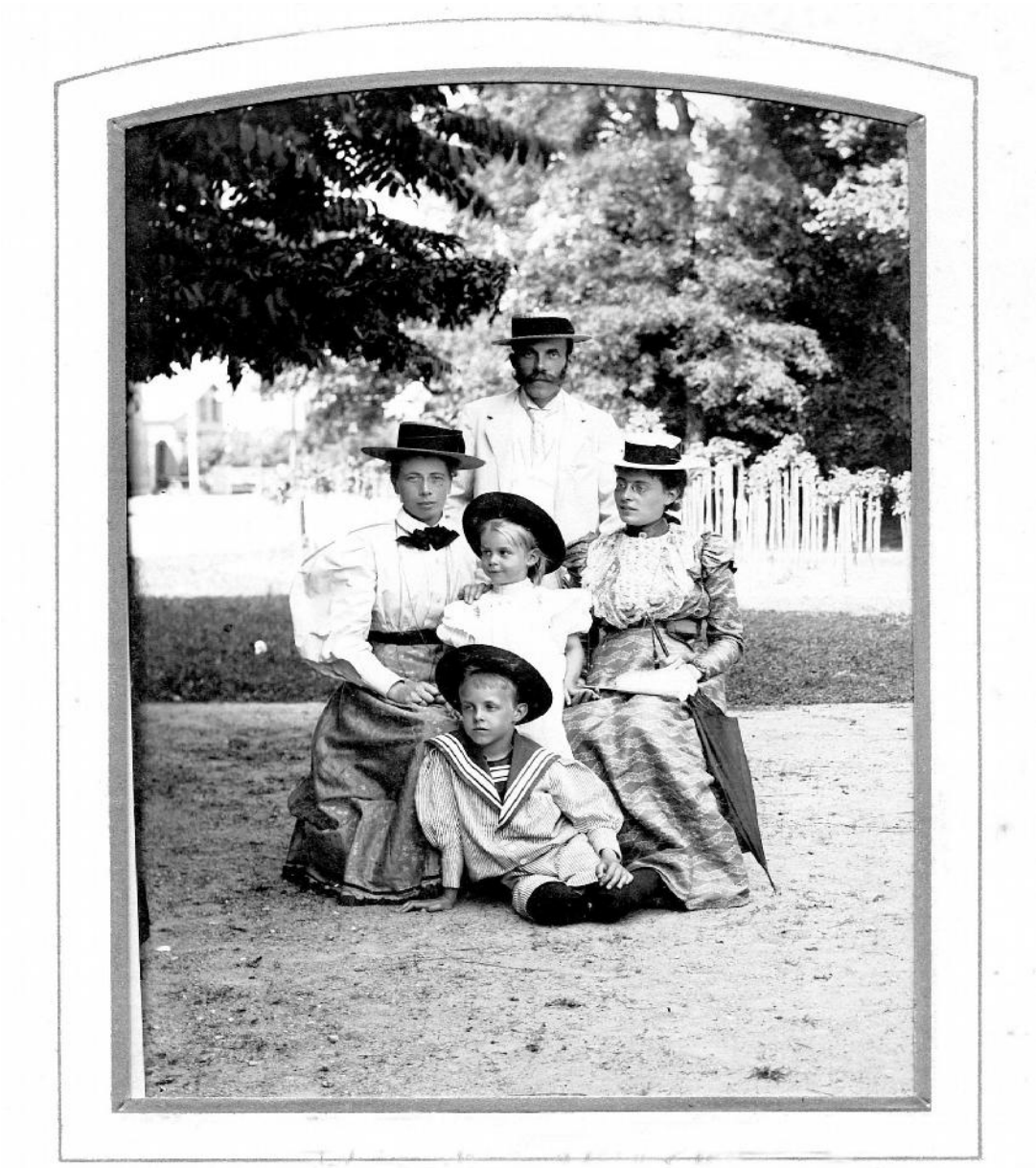
With her passing, our branch of the Lieder family came to an end. Only her brother Kurt would pass the Lieder name on to subsequent generations.

My grandmother, Elsbeth Lieder, as an infant in 1894 in the lap of her mother, Marie Lieder, with her father, Philipp Lieder, standing .

Elsbeth in the arms of her mother, Marie Lieder, 1894.

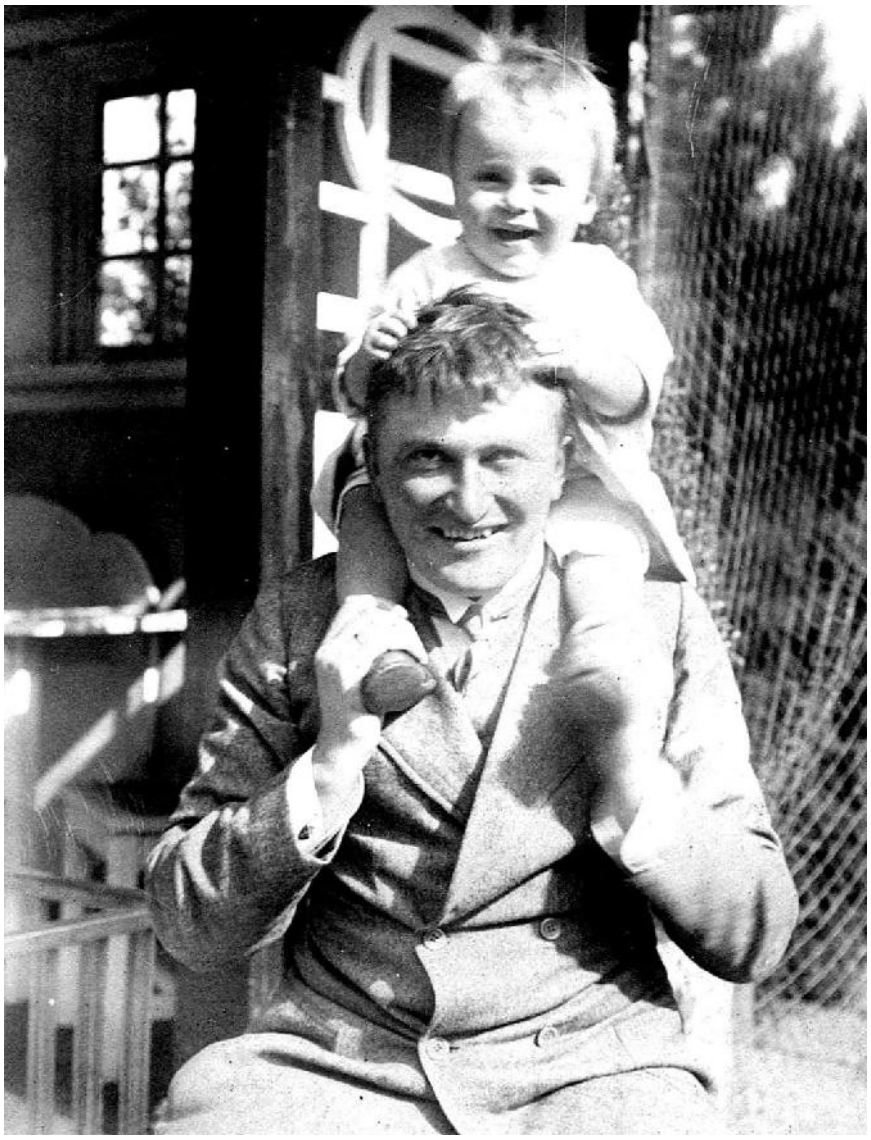
Elsbeth Lieder as a baby, 1895.

Elsbeth Lieder as a young child, about 1899.



Lieder family about 1900: adults in back, left to right, Johanna Mund Lieder, about 25 years old, Philipp Lieder, about 43, and Essie (a family member or perhaps the nanny); child standing, Elsbeth, and her brother sitting, Kurt.

My grandmother, Elsbeth Lieder as a child, early 1900s.

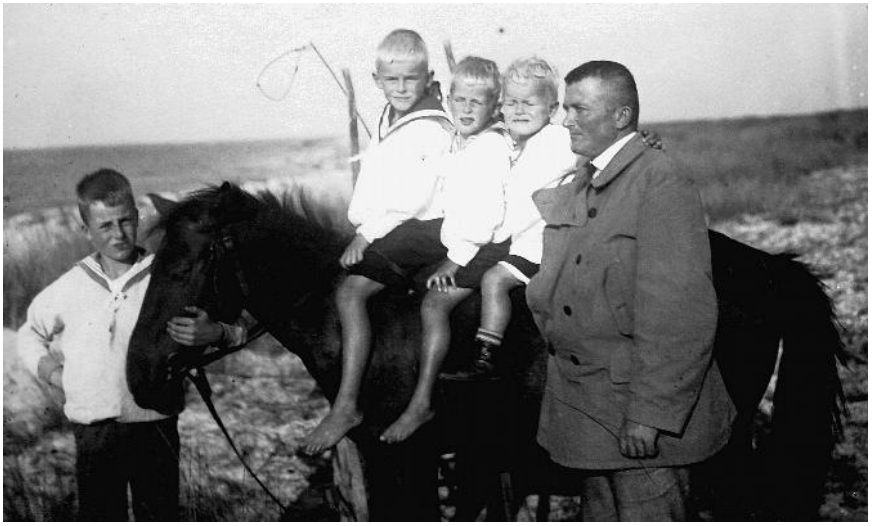


My grandfather, Theophil Gautier, with his first born son, Werner. who grew up to become my father, about 1916.

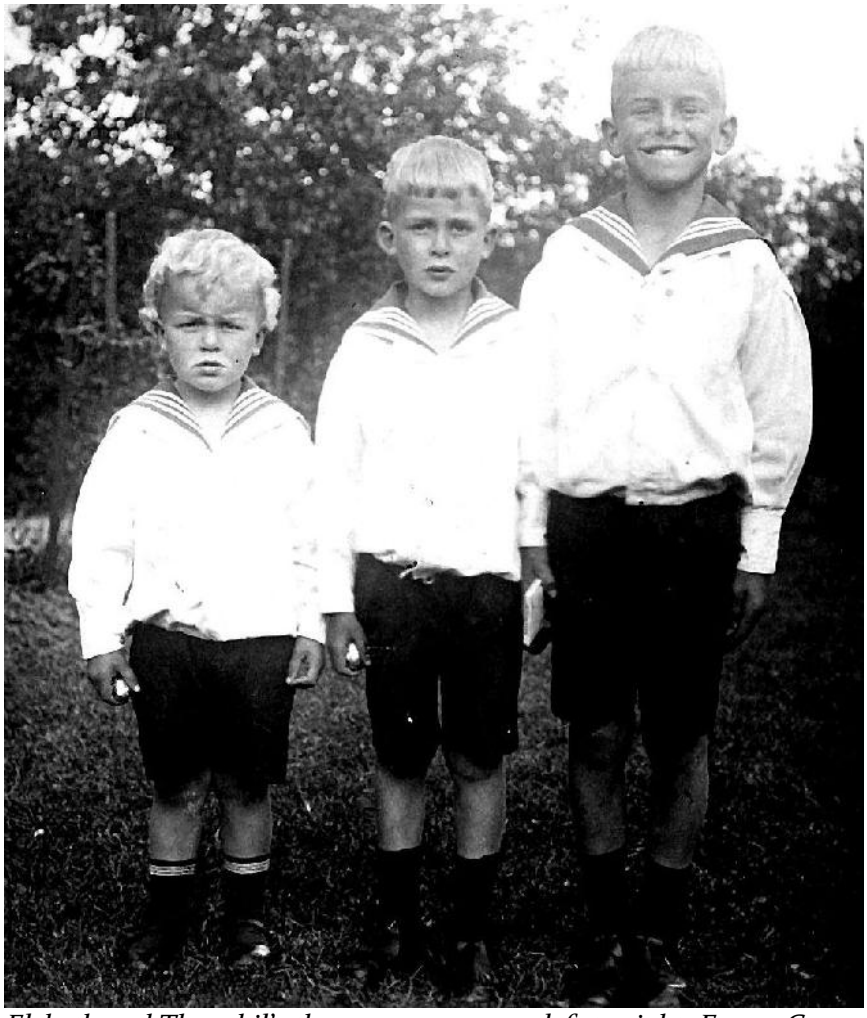
My father, Werner Gautier, with his father, Theophil Gautier, during the first World War. Werner is holding what appears to be an award, perhaps bestowed on his father, and Theophil in his military uniform is clasping a sword in his left hand. The building in the background appears to be a church. This is a poignant depiction of a father going to war, leaving behind his bewildered little boy who seems to sense, but cannot comprehend, the horrors of the situation.

My grandmother, Elsbeth Lieder Gautier, with her first born son, Werner, about the time of the armistice at the end of the First World War in 1918.

Elsbeth with her four sons: baby Franz, Werner, Georg, and Kurt-Theo, 1923.



Left to right: Gautier boys—Werner, Kurt-Theo, Georg, Franz— with their father, Theophil Gautier, about 1925.

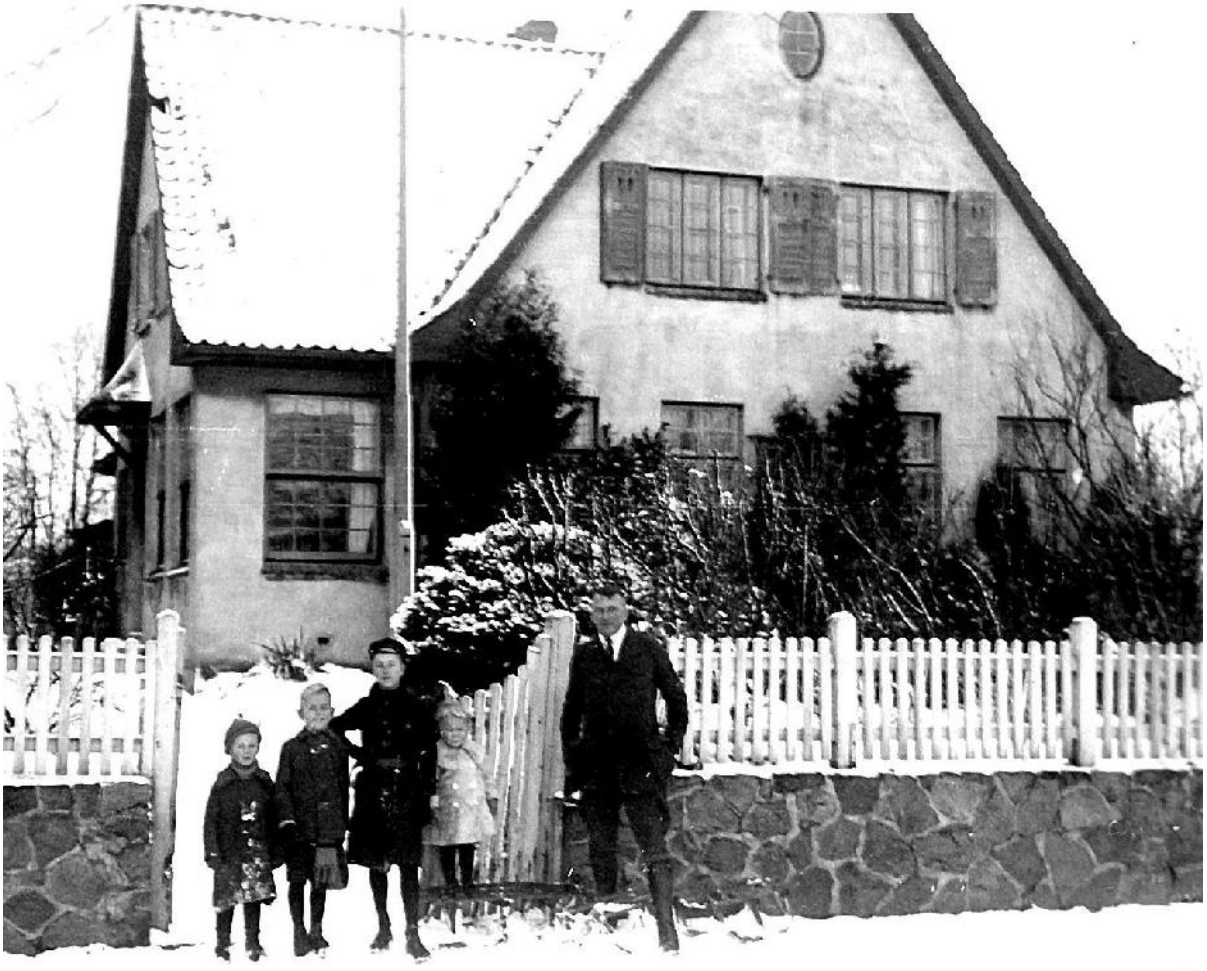


Elsbeth and Theophil's three younger sons, left to right: Franz, Georg, and Kurt-Theo Gautier, about 1925.

The Gautier boys rowing a boat, left to right: Werner Kurt-Theo, Franz, and Georg, about 1925.

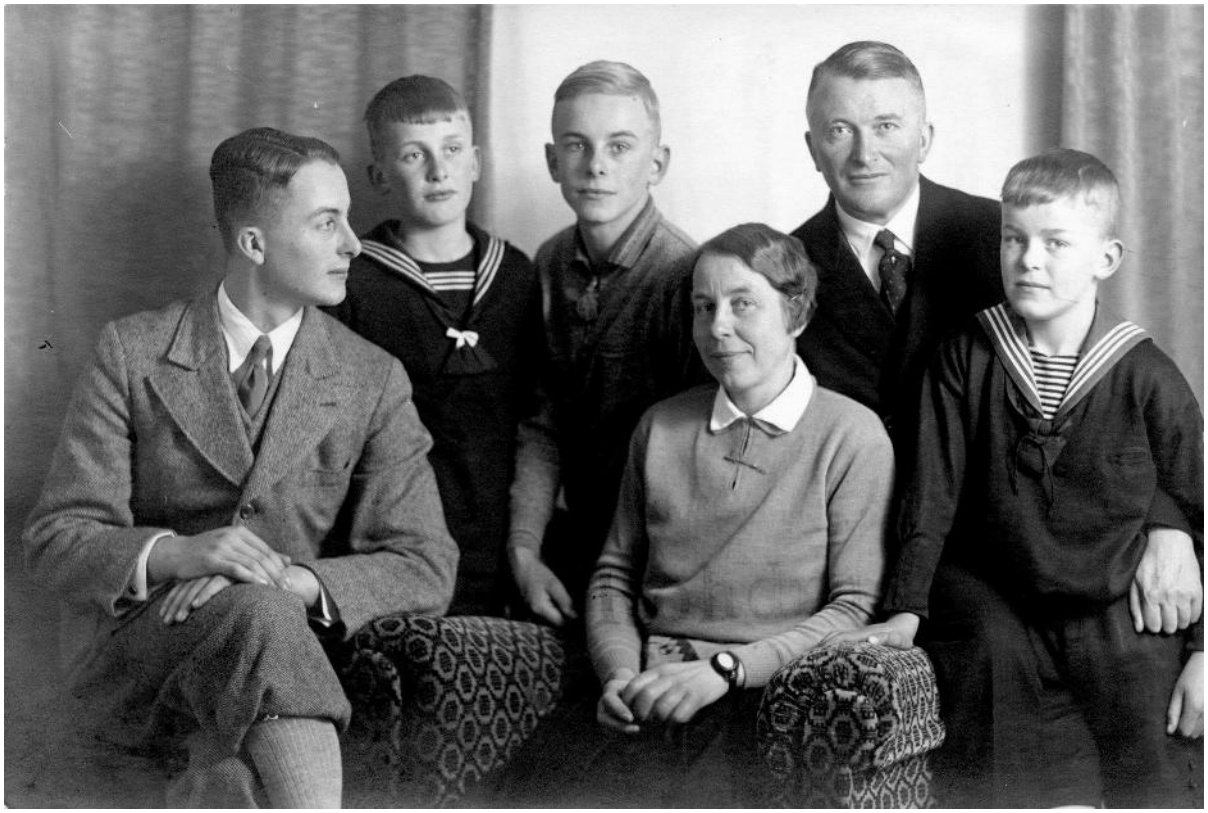
The Gautier boys: front row, Kurt-Theo, Franz and Georg, and in back, Werner with arm on their father, Theophil, about 1925.

The four Gautier boys on the beach: Franz, Kurt-Theo, Georg, and Werner, about 1927.



Five Gautiers in front of their house—Georg, Kurt-Theo, Werner, little Franz (standing on a sled), and their father, Theophil—on a snowy day.

The four Gautier boys between their parents, left to right: Elsbeth, Kurt-Theophil, Georg, Werner, Franz, Theophil, about 1928.



The Gautier family, Werner, Georg, Kurt-Theo, Elsbeth, Theophil, and Franz, early 1930s.

My father, Werner Gautier, swinging a golf club while his three younger brothers, holding golf clubs, look on in the background, early 1930s.

Two of my uncles, Kurt-Theo and Georg Gautier, probably in 1939 around the time of the outbreak of the Second World War. Kurt-Theo is wearing his attire as a career German naval officer.

Above: My grandfather, Louis Etienne Theophil Gautier, Berlin 1936

Opposite: A final gathering of my Gautier grandparents and their four boys in 1939 before the catastrophe of the Second World War, which would kill two of their sons. Upper row, Kurt-Theo, Georg, Franz; lower row, Elsbeth, Theophil, Werner. The photo becomes quite poignant when we realize that Theophil had actually designated a place for them all to gather again once the great disaster had come to its crushing end. Perhaps that conversation occurred at this meeting. How horrible to think that two of these handsome young men, laughing cheerily in the picture, would not live much longer.

My uncle Kurt-Theo Gautier (1919-1940) was a navy lieutenant on a torpedo boat and was killed at age 21 by "friendly fire" on February 22, 1940 His boat had been erroneously fired on by German aircraft artillery and subsequently sank. He died a hero's death, giving up his life jacket to save a wounded sailor. I look at the photographs of this beautiful young man, and I think: What a terrible waste.

My uncle Franz Gautier (1923-1945) as a young man during the Second World War. He served as an air strategist and was killed at age 22 in Italy a few weeks before the war ended, another deplorable waste.

My uncle Georg Gautier (1921-2006), probably in the 1950s or '60s. Of my father's three brothers, he alone survived the Second World War.

My father, Werner Etienne Theophil Philip Gautier, in Frankfurt in 1948, the year of my birth.

My father, Werner Etienne Theophil Philip Gautier, as I remember him.

IX

Werner Gautier

The difficulties and struggles of today are but the price we must pay for the accomplishments and victories of tomorrow.

Wm. J.H. Boetcker

Elsbeth Lieder did not pass the Lieder name on to her sons, but she did bequeath the Lieder blood and heritage to them. Although he carried his father's family name, my father, Werner Gautier—Elsbeth's eldest son and Philipp Lieder's first grandchild—would grow up in Kitzeberg surrounded by Lieders. His father, having been orphaned at a young age, had few family relations to influence the Gautier progeny. But perhaps no coincidence of blood or circumstance could have affected his life as completely as the historical time and place into which he was born—two weeks before the outbreak of the First World War.

When the bloodbath of that First World War finally ended, my father was five years old. When it ceased he was old enough to witness the scenes of horrific suffering irrevocably etched into his memory, remaining forever formative and instructive to him. He recounted how the starving populace pushed wheelbarrows of cash to market in hopes of converting this now utterly worthless monetary resource into a meagre ration of potatoes or bread. Although privileged in every regard, his family too was not entirely spared. The investments which his grandfather Philipp had entrusted to Lloyds in England were summarily frozen and then confiscated. To the victors, indeed, go the spoils.

Towards the end of the First World War, the year 1918 saw the collapse of Germany and with it came the disarmament of the Imperial Navy. Consequently, his father Theophil was forced into retirement, his career as a naval officer effectively truncated, at least temporarily.

It is sad and ironic that Werner—the first in several generations to have his mother survive but his father absent in war, whereas so many of his forbears had the presence of a distant father as poor compensation for the loss of a loving mother—reported that Elsbeth was a cold woman knowing nothing of compassion, warmth, or parenting. On occasion—and to point out as most parents do, how lucky my brother and I were—my father would remark on the unhappiness of his earliest years. It is unsettling to see that the chain of dismal childhoods would continue so far along the family tree, repeating itself time and time again. Only for my generation would that pattern cease.

Now a young boy, Werner hardly knew the father who reappeared, a military officer who had seldom been able to come home since the birth of his first son. With the addition of three brothers in rapid succession, the family cobbled itself back together and life regained a comfortable rhythm. My mother told me that my father, being the eldest by far, was tasked repeatedly with the responsibility for his siblings. This, I am certain, could not have been an easy task and was, according to my mother, one which he often resented. He was but a young boy himself, and as I know from my own experience three boys can quickly get into an enormous amount of mischief and mayhem. For a while the family of four robust and rowdy boys resided in Kitzeberg near their grandfather's home where several generations of the family also lived.

According to the memoirs of my father's cousin, Marianne Loeper, the "Gautier boys", as they were known, cut quite a swathe in the small community. Whether or not this was for good behaviour or mischief she does not say—but one can imagine.

In keeping with my father's reticence about all things familial and past, I know virtually nothing about his education, which would have occurred in the all-too-brief period between the two world wars. I doubt that he was sent to boarding school at a young age, as his mother had been, but I imagine he would have attended several different schools, given that his parents moved from Kiel to Dresden

and then to Vienna. He did mention in passing that he had been schooled for a period in England, but when or why this occurred I cannot say. My cousins believe that he attended Cambridge, which may or may not be true. I do know that he believed that political events in Germany had robbed him of the opportunity for further education, a premise which I assume to mean that he felt himself obliged to enter officer training.

By 1931 the navy was being quietly rebuilt, at first in secret and later officially. Soon enough, as the drumbeat of militarization grew increasingly louder, political events again over swept the family and the country. By 1933 my father had entered the navy. I doubt that he was conscripted; more likely he was following the example of his father, a naval officer. I have a marvellous album of photos taken by my father as a naval cadet traveling around Africa, India, and the Orient on a German naval training ship. Many of these photos show him smiling or laughing, surrounded by large groups of strapping young men, all seemingly carefree and happy as they explore the world. These must have been heady days, full of excitement and hopefulness.

But, of course, peacetime did not last for long, and by the time that the Second World War had broken out Werner had—against his will—been conscripted from the navy into the Luftwaffe, where in due course he became a pilot and a Major, flying the German Messerschmidt planes. Ironically, his great stroke of good fortune was to be shot down off the Isle of Wight within the first six months of that war. Unable initially to extricate himself from the parachute harness in the frigid waters, he nearly died before being rescued by a British freighter. Many decades later my father would reach out to that captain, writing to thank him for his efforts in pulling him and his co-pilot out. I believe that they maintained a tenuous contact from that point on.

The British, struggling to feed their own populace, quickly sent prisoners of war to be interned in camps in Canada. My father was first kept in Farnham, just south of Montreal, then moved to Bow-

manville before being sent to a POW camp on the outskirts of Calgary in the Kananaskis. For the duration of the war he would be held as a prisoner in Canada. Adequately housed and fed, without the life-threatening fear of bombings or starvation, his experience of the war— in comparison to his family in Germany—had been relatively benign. The bulk of his incarceration was spent at a camp in the Kananaskis in the environs of Calgary. Given the virtual impossibility of escaping back to Germany, prisoners here were granted unusual leniency. My father and his compatriots were either sent to work assisting neighbouring farmers, or as was the case for my father, to creating a network of trails which would later form the basis of a cross country ski centre.[24] It would be another year after the war ended before he returned to a homeland that had been obliterated and which he no longer recognized.

However, whilst the country he had known had become unrecognizable, Werner was able to find familiar and friendly faces at home. My father's family and my mother's were well known to each other; I think it fair to say that they were close. Both families were intimately connected to the German Imperial Navy (my mother's grandfather was Gustav Bachmann, Admiral of the Imperial German Navy and Chief of Staff to Admiral Tirpitz) and subsequently to the German Navy as it reformed in the lead up to the Second World War. During the time that the Gautier family resided in Vienna my mother was sent to live with them in order to pursue her studies—clear testament to the ties that bound them. Nine years her senior, I imagine that my father would not have been residing in the parental home during this period and is unlikely to have had much interest in this young teenage girl. A titillating family lore however suggests that a romantic interest did exist between my mother and Kurt-Theo, my father's younger brother. A handsome young man, Kurt-Theo had, it seems, inherited the charm and gregarious personality of his father.

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[24] Many decades later this network of trails would come to be used in the Calgary Olympics.

His older brother Georg wistfully remembers Kurt-Theo as the "star" of the family.

In a country that was utterly and completely broken down, with virtually no remaining avenues of communication, no viable roads or means of transportation, how my father managed to connect with my mother so quickly after his return will forever remain a mystery. However they managed to reconnect, it certainly didn't take long before they committed, marrying in July 1947; within less a year, I appeared on the scene. I am astonished by how quickly and firmly these two young people grasped onto a new future. Yet their troubles were far from over. I was but a baby, no more than six months old, when my father was diagnosed with what was deemed to be inoperable terminal cancer of the lymph nodes. He was, as the doctors declared to my mother "ein Todeskandidat" (which literally translates as a "candidate for death"). In a final, radical effort to save him, he was subjected to massive doses of radiation and as is quite evident, he survived.

It is this painful episode which forever soured my mother's relationship to Elsbeth and Theophil. During the time of my father's life-threatening illness, Elsbeth, Theophil, and my parents (and I) all resided in Frankfurt. Yet, according to my mother, neither Elsbeth nor Theophil lifted a finger to help her during what must have been a period of extreme anguish for her. To my mother this was utterly incomprehensible and completely unforgivable, a view which I, although knowing only that which my mother recounted, cannot help but endorse. With two sons lost, it is inconceivable to me that Elsbeth and Theophil would not have rallied around their surviving son. Would they not have been desperate to help? In stark contrast to Elsbeth and Theophil's incomprehensible behaviour, it was my mother's mother, my beloved "Oma", who travelled overnight on what remained of the German rail system to collect and care for me, leaving my mother to tend to an ostensibly dying husband.

Just as Philipp Lieder had held up his father as an example of how not to behave, my mother forever held up my grandmother "Mo" (as

she was known throughout the family) as the definitive negative example. In my bewildered and self-obsessed teenage years, I once made a provocative statement to my mother. Furious, she rebuked me "that is just like Mo!". I was stunned and horrified. In our family, there could be no stronger indictment, no greater shame than being compared to Mo.

In hindsight, it is certain that my relationship to my grandmother might have been less fraught, less tarnished had I not been privy to such a negative assessment of her. But it did not come solely from my mother, for my father too had little affection for her. It is only now, as I learned more about her life, that I have come to see her with more compassion and some modicum of understanding.

It was for the history of the Huguenots that my father had an intense passion, but none (at least that was ever apparent to me) for the living persons within his family. It was the Huguenots of whom he often spoke to us, and after I had myself moved away from home he would from time to time send me historical tracts and entire books pertaining to this history. I am ashamed to admit that I never read a single one of them, and yet they still remain on my book shelves as a silent reproach and a visible reminder of my father. His attitude remains a mystery to me which all of my research into the family story cannot explain. Of his grandfather, Philipp Lieder, I knew virtually nothing; of his own father I cannot recall him having anything whatsoever to say, and of the extended family that I have only now discovered not a hint was ever provided to me. I am left to conclude that he firmly closed the door to his past and never looked back, choosing instead to fix his eyes firmly on the future.

In September 1949 he left for Canada as a member of an economic delegation wherein he served initially as liaison officer and was later employed in the Consulate General for the Federal Republic of Germany in Montreal. In all respects this would prove to be a finite departure from his home, his heritage, and his family which seemed at no time that I was ever aware to evoke in him any sense of loss. Like his Lieder ancestors—his loutish great-grandfather Georg and his

grandparents Philipp and Marie—my father's name could now be added to the list of brave and adventurous people who preceded him, adding yet another new continent to the list already explored by the Lieder men. Perhaps their stories resonated as an example to him, or perhaps as his father, Theophil, had hoped, some of Philipp's "diablerie" flowed in his veins. From the examples of those before him, he might have concluded that success is the child of audacity, or as it has been said that fortune favours the brave.

Undeniably, some measure of anxiety contributed to Werner's decision. Just as Kurt and Emma Lieder, his uncle and aunt, had fled from the Russians, so too did my father. Immediately after the cessation of the war, and for some time afterwards, the fear of a Russian advance was prevalent; stories of their brutality were widely circulated. As he recounted to me in later years this fear had factored heavily into his decision to leave the country of his birth. Nothing, it seemed obvious to him, remained of the home or the life or the country he had known; all had been destroyed. Caught between the straitjacket of the past and the open horizon of a new future, he chose, resolutely and boldly, to move forward. I like to think that Philipp Lieder would have been proud of his eldest grandchild, who also leapt into the unknown with courage and audacity.

With my father's departure, my now pregnant mother and I were left behind with my maternal grandparents in Aurich, Ostfriesland, in northern Germany. On November 17, 1949 my brother, Ulrich Theophil Etienne Gautier, was born. In 1951 my mother, my infant brother, and I would follow in my father's wake.

Thus, Elsbeth and Theo had effectively lost not just another son, but their grandchildren as well. Only their other surviving son, Georg, remained in Germany. But he too would go on to lead a nomadic life. As an engineer he spent many years building bridges and damns in far off countries such as the Sudan. Of his three children the two eldest were born in Tehran, the youngest in the Sudan. Much later, after his retirement and his return to Germany (the family maintained a home in Starnberg, near Munich), Georg again de-

parted, leaving his family behind and choosing to settle on a "finca" in Portugal. Here he remained without wife or children for some 20 years or more, employing his engineering skills to bring electricity and water to the property, building a house and ponds, planting orchards.

For my mother, my brother, and me, the trip to Canada was not without its complications. Not only was travel difficult in those days, it was worse for Germans, who were now universally loathed. For three days my mother sat in Amsterdam airport with us, awaiting seats on the plane. Each time upon boarding she would be bumped off as priority was given to American passengers. The flight itself, when finally begun, took close to 24 hours, puddle hopping as it did in those days to Shannon, to Gander, to New York, and possibly to other places in between—a journey that, in later years when traveling with my own rambunctious sons, I would think about and remind myself how very much easier it was for me.

As my father reunited with his wife and daughter, he was also now able to see his son for the first time. Eventually we settled in Dorval on the outskirts of Montreal. I am not certain, but it is my belief, that my mother did not consider this to be a permanent transition, but rather a temporary diplomatic posting. Ripped asunder from her family, which she so deeply cherished, homesick in an alien, somewhat hostile world, she probably consoled herself with the thought that in due course she would return home. But this was not to be. In 1952 my father abandoned the civil service, which had brought him to Canada, and plunged into the insurance business as a self-employed broker.

The early years of the 1950s, which I remember vaguely, were bleak. With no family, no connections, no safety net whatsoever, building an insurance practice from nothing meant that initially resources for the family were meager at best. Most purchases being unaffordable, I remember my mother sitting up at night sewing clothes for my brother and me, and although I was not aware of it at the time she later told me that there were days when she was not

sure how she was going to feed us. We settled into a tiny two-bedroom bungalow with one bathroom in a suburban neighbourhood, the primary advantage of which was the abundance of children pouring out of every house.

Theirs is, in many respects, the typical immigrant's story—through selfless, dogged hard work and frugality, eventually the business took root and thrived, and the tiny house was transformed into a three-bedroom with two baths and a basement office for my father. Although nothing could change the fact that it was tiny and cramped, my brother and I were oblivious to these things, and we spent our days outdoors building tree forts, hot rods, rafts, collecting pollywogs in the creek, and otherwise engaged in robust, unsupervised play (as was the norm in those days).

Due to the unachievable cost, trips back to Germany were not possible in those early days. Putting aside the expense, transatlantic flights were not as common nor as accessible as they are now. For my grandchildren who cannot imagine a world without cell phones and internet, without Face Time, Skype, or Face Book, it will also be difficult to comprehend the limits of communication in that era. International phone calls were booked weeks in advance and prohibitively expensive—whatever communication was possible over those scratchy connections was rigorously restricted to a few minutes of shouting questions between the parties, answers to which were hardly expansive. My father in effect had chosen to remove himself and his family into a far distant, virtually inaccessible orbit.

I do not recall if my grandmother Mo came to see us more than once—possibly she came twice. What I do remember, vividly, is the palpable tension which permeated our household both preceding and during her visits. Although a young child at the time, it was quite clear to me that this was not the joyful anticipation of reuniting with a loved one, but stress and worry about how to handle the visit. One instance remains clear in my memory—there stands Mo dressed in a man's sleeveless undershirt, without a bra, wearing an old skirt, sporting patched socks and dilapidated sandals whilst

painting the fence beside the house. Looking back on this situation now, decades later, it seems evident that the extreme forced frugality of the war years had been an indelible influence on her. But to my mother, who took such enormous pains always to be well dressed and to maintain standards of decorum in spite of our financial constraints, Mo's appearance was painfully embarrassing. I also recall, albeit vaguely, that conversations over the dinner table were difficult and strained, and that when Mo finally left, both of my parents breathed a visible sigh of relief.

In retrospect, I can now appreciate that Mo placed little value on appearances and less on the opinions of others, an attitude which is not entirely without merit. If nothing else, the esteemed social standing of her youth had bequeathed a deep assurance in her, such that, as far as I was ever aware, she placed little if any value on the opinions of others. If practicality dictated such attire, then that was how she would appear. In hindsight I see in this behaviour a glimpse of the self-assured young woman whom Theopil describes calmly sailing out over rough seas.

My mother used to tell me that in Vienna, whenever she and Theophil entertained for dinner, Mo would at a certain point simply rise from the table and inform the guests that their cars had been brought to the front door—a blunt, but socially inept, statement that it was time for them to leave. In my mother's opinion, she was irredeemably self centered, but from my current vantage point I have come to wonder if that is entirely true. That she steadfastly marched to her "own beat", with little reference to the people around her, is clear, but I think she is due some credit for being so resolutely true to herself. There was never any pretense about her. In this she is her father's daughter after all.

When, in later years, we returned for visits to Germany, visits to Mo were kept brief, if they happened at all. I do not recall ever enjoying my time spent with her. This was not entirely a result of having a negative picture of her painted for me, but also because she simply didn't know quite what to do with me. Invariably and inevitably she

would take me to the golf course, where I would be consigned to pulling her golf bag along on the trolley, trudging along behind her. Knowing nothing whatsoever about the game at that time, this was hardly a pleasant occupation. On the contrary, it seemed to me to be a most boring pastime which took far too long. There were two other destinations which awaited me on these visits—the zoo and the palm gardens—neither of which held any more interest for me than the golf course.

My cousins, who by virtue of proximity saw more of her than I did, recount the same tale; they too visited these destinations at each and every visit. None of us liked being with her. Within the family she was considered difficult and selfish; I wish it had been otherwise for I see now that there were lessons to be learned from her. In her own way, I have come to believe that she did try to be a good grandmother to me. I am ashamed to admit that not only did I not give her credit for this, but I willfully undermined her effort. She had invited me to join her on a trip to Montreux, Switzerland, a trip which undoubtedly was entirely for my benefit. Before departure, my parents had conferred with me, and an agreement made that when they called, I would in response to their loaded questions surreptitiously let them know whether or not I wanted to remain with Mo. I see now that I was so unfailingly predisposed by them not to want to be with Mo that, given the opportunity, I concurred. My mother's brother, Jorn, immediately called to tell Mo that I had to return to my maternal family on the basis of some completely fabricated emergency. I am utterly ashamed of this episode. Whether or not she guessed my part in the subterfuge I cannot know, but it matters not to me. I deeply regret letting her down and not seizing the opportunity to know her better. How stupid I was in my teenage years!

Exactly what my parents reasoning was for remaining in Canada, I will never know. For my father I doubt there were ever any misgivings, but my mother forever yearned to return to Germany and desperately missed her close and loving family. Both my father and my

mother were utterly selfless and unquestionably did the best they possibly could for us, such that at no time did I, nor my brother, ever feel deprived in any way.

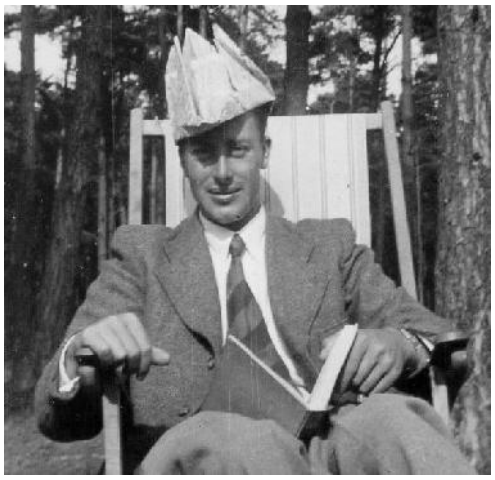
My father worked hard and diligently at selling insurance. A reserved man, salesmanship did not come easily to him, but regardless he persevered and eventually became very successful at it. For the rest of their years my parents lived frugally and carefully, preferring to dedicate whatever means at their disposal to my brother and myself. We were to have a better life, and this they gave us with unstinting love and devotion. It was from my mother that my father had learned this lesson which was in such stark contrast to his own childhood experiences. Finally, the dismal childhoods of the Lieder family line had come to an end.

Educated as we were in Canada, my brother's roots and mine took firm hold there even as our affection for our maternal family in Germany never wavered. In later years I was sent to school in Switzerland and then to Paris. My brother and I thrived, we grew ever-deeper roots in Canada, and my parents eventually prospered. In time my parents moved to a larger home, and then a larger one again, and at the time of my mother's demise they had amassed a considerable estate.

My father did not abandon all that he had learned as a child. The love of nature and the outdoors which he had first acquired in Kitzeberg remained with him for all of his days. He could talk effusively about any number of flora and fauna, he recognized the calls of several birds, spoke frequently about the constellations and weather patterns. Increasingly as he grew older and the demands of his profession became less onerous, he spent hours of every day outdoors, either walking in forested trails, or biking, or cross-country skiing.

My happiest memories of times spent with my father are invariably situated in the outdoors. Our best conversations would come about as we walked together, sometimes for hours, preferably through wooded trails—times which I realize now must have evoked to him his childhood in Kitzeberg. And with his grandchildren I can

still picture him at the beach in Kennebunk, (where they frequently rented a summer home), creating grandiose sand castles whilst simultaneously explaining to them the nature of the tides or other laws of nature. Should any one of them be induced to walking the beach with him, they would profit from his boundless knowledge of shells, birds, or fauna.



My father at home in Montreal, wearing his idea of casual attire and one of the paper hats he loved to make for us children.

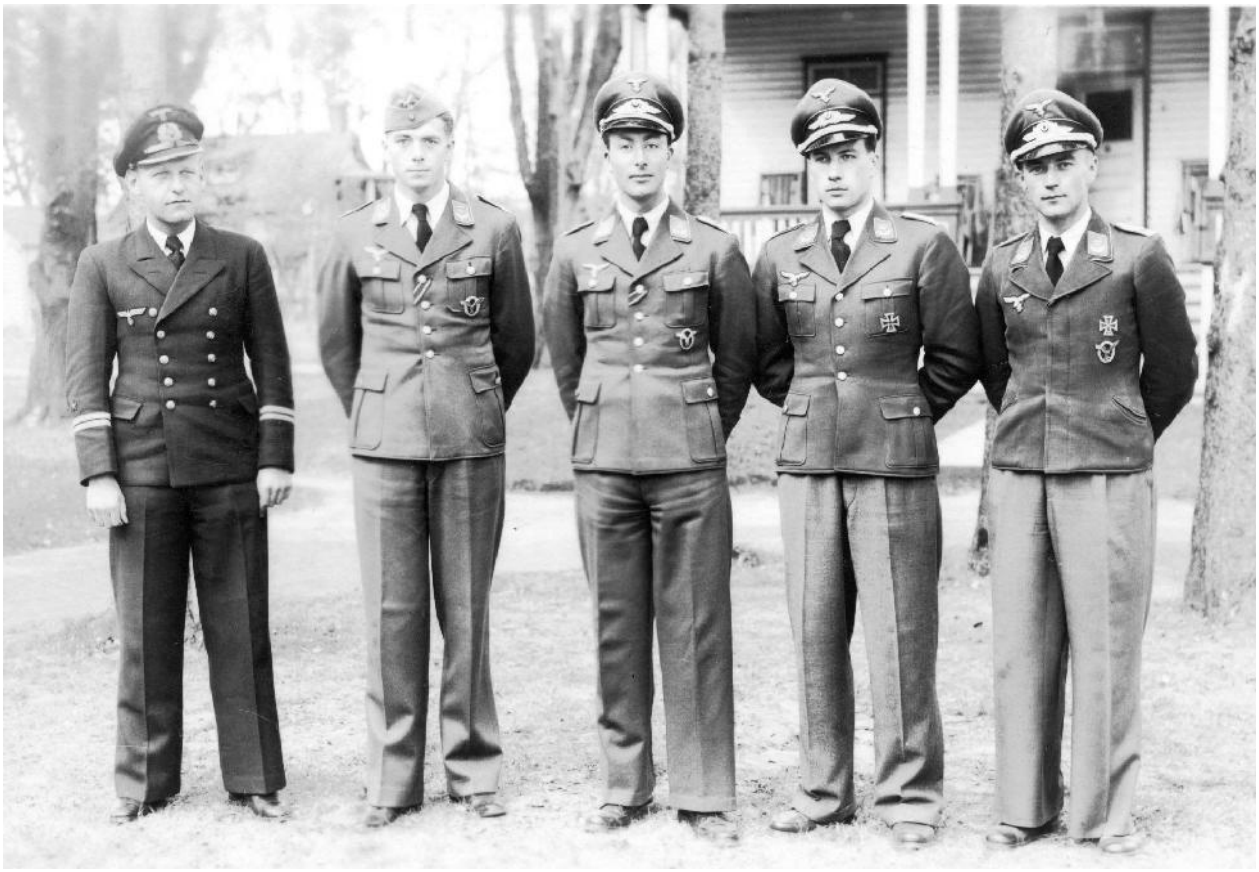
Ironically, his love of nature was also evident in a peculiar penchant for chopping down trees, albeit in fairness only those that were unhealthy. He first revealed this particular quirk of character while I was living in Calgary. There we had an enormously overgrown hedge of Chinese elm trees which eclipsed the roof of our house—a straggly and most unsightly mess. Returning home at the end of one day we discovered not just a hedge radically clipped down, but also a massive roof-high pile of truncated boughs dominating the yard. Not surprisingly my father was enormously proud of his Herculean efforts to be of assistance to us. Certainly we never divulged to him that following his departure we had no other recourse but to hire a trucking company to remove the debris from the property. Many years later, having moved to Toronto, my husband and I purchased a country property outside the city. There my father would gather up his grandson Whitney, the two of them heading out into the bush with my father gripping an axe in his hand. Not long after their disappearance from sight we would inevitably witness a large, but unhealthy, tree come crashing down.

Throughout his life there was little he relished more than reading books, a passion which he loved to share with his grandchildren. When his eldest grandson was about three years old, my father would offer to read to him after lunch. Inevitably we would soon find my father snoring loudly on the couch, his grandson nestled by his side quietly perusing the pictures in the book.

His grandfather Philipp Lieder's admonishment to his children to keep their emotions in check resonated in his grandson. My father retained a life-long tendency to lock away his emotions, especially the painful ones. He never talked about anything close to his heart. I wondered from time to time whether solitude might not be his true bent, for he seemed at all times to be utterly self-contained. There was never the slightest doubt that my father loved his children passionately—a love which was amply returned to him—but true to his Lieder family upbringing he was incapable of overt expressions of affection. Never did I receive a hug or an embrace from him, but knowing him as I did, it mattered not.

Unlike his mother, he never played golf again. In the early days in Canada joining a golf course would have been cost and time prohibitive. During the summer of 1989 at our country home outside of Toronto my father watched delightedly as my older son, Whitney, was practising his golf swing. Whit had just taken up the game, and my father happily spent time coaching him. He was eager, he declared, to purchase new golf clubs so that he might play the game with his grandson. It was a prospect which excited him immensely but would never come to pass.

A few months later, on September 30, 1989—a glorious fall day with blue skies and the trees a kaleidoscope of autumn colours—my father died whilst biking on Boucherville Island in the environs of Montreal. A vibrant, healthy man, he had been stung by a wasp, dying instantly of anaphylactic shock. The shock to my mother, my brother, and me was overwhelming; indeed, I doubt that my mother ever recovered from the loss.



My father, Werner Gautier, standing in the middle as a prisoner of war in Canada. I have always wondered—but will never know—how he and the other men managed to retain intact their military uniforms and be allowed to wear them for this photograph. Given that he was shot down from an airplane and plunged into the Atlantic ocean, how did he keep his hat with him?

My mother, Rosmarie Bachmann, prior to her marriage my father, Werner Gautier

My father, Werner Etienne Gautier, as a prisoner of war in Canada in the 1940s.

Christa Yvonne Madeleine Gautier Dunn, the author of this book, wearing Marie Rosenbaum Lieder's silver brooch, August 2019. Until I look in the mirror, I still think of myself and feel like a much younger person. Although I have so often been told that I resemble my mother, I can see my Lieder lineage here.

X

In the end

Life must be lived forwards, but can only be understood backwards.

Soren Kierkegaard

The greatest surprise of my adult life is that I am becoming old. I had not anticipated this, assuming it happened to others but not to myself. With time finite I must end this tale as other projects, much weightier and difficult, still await me.

Admittedly, several gaps and loose ends remain in the tale of the Lieder family. I have not managed to unearth any facts about the descendants of Kurt Lieder, nor have I detailed the lives of either Charlotte ("Lottie") or Emma Lieder, nor any of their offspring. I have focused exclusively on the single root of the family from which my father and I, and the generations which follow me, have descended.

At the end of Kurt Lieder's account of the family history he rather forlornly expresses the wish that some future descendant might continue his work. Most assuredly he would never have expected that it could take this long for that to occur. I am honoured to take up the task which he had so labouriously and lovingly begun—with, I might add, astonishing success—for without his efforts this book would not have been possible. It is interesting to note that Alex Chavot, whom I have only recently discovered through my own research and who is even more distantly related to Philipp Lieder than I am, has also embarked on a project researching her branch of the Lieder family.[25]

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[25] As mentioned previously, Alex is the granddaughter of Marianne Loeper, who was herself the granddaughter of Philipp Lieder.

Each of us holds different puzzle pieces of the family narrative, the entirety of which is too complex to include in this entirely personal story of the family.

With the exception of my father's cousin Elke Wulkow-Schulz and my Gautier cousins—Franz, Susanne and Sabine (the children of my uncle Georg)—I have never met any other of the extended Lieder family. Although extraordinarily helpful to me, Alex Chavot remains, regrettably, little more than a name to me. I hope that it is not yet too late to remedy this.

Although undeniable, it is impossible for me to believe that one day I too shall be an ancestor.

When we hear about our ancestors it is usually accompanied by a feeling of distance and separation. It is not that we don't want to associate with those who have come before us. Rather the distance in time and familiarity creates a space in between ourselves and those who came before us. As I have now discovered, it can be a useful experience to explore our ancestry to discover the people who came before us. In the process we won't only learn valuable insights about our ancestors, but also a great deal about ourselves. The reality is, our ancestors most likely had a greater impact on us than we realize.

Without a doubt my Lieder family ancestors have left me, and by extension my descendants, with an exceptionally rich legacy. Our family tree is filled with remarkable persons, some admirable and some definitively not admirable. Both the genes and the personalities they have passed on to us are an influence which continues to reverberate through the family lines. We inherit not just eye colour and height from our ancestors, but also personality and mental abilities—the way we think, feel, and react in certain situations.

Someone once said that the proper time to influence a child is about a hundred years before he is born. For any child, a caring adult constitutes the centerpiece of his or her development; having caring adults can truly transform a child's life. Conversely, just as a plant without water cannot thrive, a child deprived of a supportive adult network is also likely to be emotionally stunted in some manner. It is

my belief that my grandmother Elsbeth's prickly personality is an example of the negative effects resulting from the loss a caring mother. I would guess, but do not know, that Kurt probably fared better, having been nurtured by his mother until the age of seven; presumably he was blessed with a more solid grounding. Such experiences as my father, his mother, and his grandfather had experienced have even more impact when we see it happen again and again to children throughout the generations. Situations such as these have an impact, slithering down the branches of the family tree.

Although it had continued far along the family tree, the chain of dismal childhood finally came to an end for my brother and me. For this I give full credit and my profound gratitude to my mother, for unlike my father she had been reared in an unusually close and loving family. The only negative that I can recall was a pervasive sense of isolation, for my parents kept pretty much to themselves.

Although my father had effectively uprooted us—his children and his wife—tearing us asunder from our German heritage, we managed to thrive in our new environment. In the earliest years our financial constraints were onerous, but nonetheless neither my brother nor I ever felt in any way deprived. We, unlike my father, grew up within the loving embrace of two parents, much in the same way as our mother. Admittedly, in some measure the environment within which we now found ourselves was somewhat hostile in those early years. The wounds of the Second World War had not yet healed; on the contrary they were still raw and oozing.

Sadly, I remember being taunted as Nazi, indeed having stones thrown at my brother, but we were too young to understand the implications, and with the insouciance of little children we played happily with other, less poisoned, neighbours.

Within the walls of our home we lived entirely according German traditions. Christmas was celebrated on Christmas eve with a goose and red cabbage; indeed, every meal that my mother prepared was German as was the language spoken between us. Even the books which my father read to us as children were in our mother tongue

and of German origin. We knew nothing of Mother Goose or Winnie the Pooh; ours were the tales of the brothers Grimm (appropriately named, I might add) or Wilhelm Busch. To this day I am proud that I still speak and read the language of my forefathers fluently. But nothing was more influential than the powerful circle of love within which my brother and I grew up. I retain an image of my mother reaching across the dinner table to seek my father's hand. They had been arguing about something inconsequential, but holding fast to each other she remarked "we have only ourselves to rely upon here. There is no one else".

Indeed, if there was one negative, other than the early struggles for financial security, it would be the sense of isolation which was pervasive and palpable in our home at all times. Although our attachment to our German family, to our heritage, and to our roots never wavered, in those days the physical distances between Canada and Germany were far more insurmountable than today. Neither phone calls nor plane travel was easy to achieve, not least because of the great expense.

Nonetheless, my childhood was indisputably a happy one. Under the influence—I have no doubt—of my mother, my father was not only present as much as was possible for him, but he did his utmost to be a robust factor in our lives. I can still vividly call to mind the playhouse which he built for me and which became the scene of many happy tea parties with my dolls and friends. (But which I had to defend vigourously from my brother who preferred to use it as fort from which to fire arrows, or as he once managed to do, build a campfire inside.)

My father was always adept at building or crafting things, a skill which may have harked back to his own youth, building housing for his pigeons. In this he was like his mother Mo, both of them loved to craft things with their hands.

My father also had a strangely perverse sense of humour and loved to tease us. I recall being sent down to the basement in order to retrieve something for him. As soon as I got downstairs he would

turn off the lights, plunging me into darkness. As I yelped in terror and came barreling up the stairs, nearly pushing him aside in my rush to escape the "boogeyman", he would chortle with delight. Need I mention that my mother reprimanded him soundly?

As one of the top pupils in seventh grade, I was tasked with giving a speech to an assembly of parents, children, and teacher. My father spent countless hours listening to this speech and tirelessly coaching me. As I stood on the stage my eyes were firmly fixed on my father in the back row as he gestured with his hands to speak more slowly or whatever. Unlike his own youthful experiences, I knew that I could count on my father.

Mine was a quintessential happy childhood. I grew up in an era when children were given freedoms to explore which are regrettably unknown to my grandchildren. For much of the day we children played outside, roaming about the neighbourhood entirely unsupervised by adults. Tree houses and forts were constructed, hot rods were cobbled together and raced in make shift competitions, rafts were devised upon which we poled our way along the adjacent creek. As night fell we would try to ignore our parents' ever more insistent calls to come in, busy as we were playing elaborate games of kick the can or hide and seek. Daily I would walk long distances to school in the mornings and return for lunch—never with a parent to oversee us.[26] During winter months we built snow forts, tobogganed down hills, skated on the community rink until so frozen we could barely walk home again.

It goes without saying that my brother and I were blessed to live in a country where wars—with the exception of the small blip of the war of 1812—had never occurred on home soil and where peace and tranquility were taken for granted. The decades in which we grew up were times of unblemished hope and seemingly unfettered economic growth. Our new country was one in which no homes or

[26] Early on in primary school my brother was sent to a private school downtown, to which my mother would drive him daily and pick him up. His experiences would not mimic my own.

properties had ever been destroyed, nor were they likely to be. There would be no malevolent political events that might threaten our lives nor our livelihoods. Canada would prove to be a haven of goodwill, of vast and seemingly unlimited but tranquil horizons. It was in this environment that my parents worked diligently and stoically, doing everything within their power to provide my brother and me with the best quality of life that they could, and by extension to assure a better future for us. By virtue of their unselfish efforts our family prospered, and not just financially.

Ultimately both my brother and I thrived, and for this I will be eternally grateful to my parents. Their sacrifice, from my vantage point at least, was indisputably not in vain.

My brother had attended private school whilst I remained in the public system. In the interests of fairness, upon completion of high school I was sent to school in Switzerland for a year, a period in which I spent every holiday with my family, traversing Germany by train to visit my grandparents in the north or skiing with distant cousins in Davos or St. Moritz, visiting my uncle in Denmark and friends in Stockholm. Subsequently, I attended McGill University, where a year later—this would be the first time since early childhood—we would be in the same educational environment.

My brother eventually obtained a law degree, and sometime later he married a French Canadian woman, Paule Roberge, who was also a lawyer and member of a well-known family of notaries. Although they are now divorced, both continue to live in Montreal. They have five children—Philippe, Mathieu, Monica, Dominique, and Brigitte.

In 1972 I married Stuart Gwyllym Dunn. On his father's side he is the son of a prominent Quebec City family and on his mother's side a descendant of Sir Herbert Holt, once the most successful and wealthiest of Canadian business men. Stuart also followed a career in wealth management, as a result of which our family moved from Montreal to Calgary, thence to Toronto, and finally returned to Montreal shortly after the death of my father in 1989.

Stuart and I have two sons; of these, our eldest, Whitney Stuart Dunn, was born in 1976. He obtained a law degree from UBC and subsequently a Masters' degree in human rights law. At time of writing, Whitney is a successful tax lawyer with the federal Department of Justice in Vancouver. He is married to Bryn Hyndman, a family physician. Whitney and Bryn are the parents of twin boys, Damian Peter and Theo Gwyllym Dunn, born October 16, 2012.

Brendan Holt Dunn is CEO of the multi-generational Holdun Family Office, a wealth management company too complex for me to describe. He resides primarily in Lyford Cay, Bahamas, close to the home in which my husband, Stuart, and I also spend a considerable portion of the year. In 2013 Brendan married Catherine Blakely, and at time of writing they have two children—Emery Blakely Dunn, born January 28, 2014, and William Holt Dunn (known as "Holtie"), born October 16, 2015.

Need I state the obvious? Our sons, their wives, and our grandchildren are the greatest source of pride and joy in Stuart and my life.

Reticence was a Lieder family trait. In his memoir Kurt recounts how tremendously difficult it was to get details from his father about his life. The same held true for my father, who revealed so very little about his past. It is only through my current efforts to research the family line and our heritage that I have managed to unearth details of the lives our Lieder ancestors and of my own father's circumstance growing up in the shadow of the Lieder family. It remains an unsolvable mystery to me that a man so fascinated with history in the abstract could so effectively obscure his own family heritage.

Sadly, it is only now that I have learned to appreciate the transformative power of knowing one's family history. For knowing leads to understanding and from there probably to forgiveness—but without doubt, knowing definitely leads to empathy. For in knowing our family history we come to know not only ourselves, but others, as well as the past in which they lived.

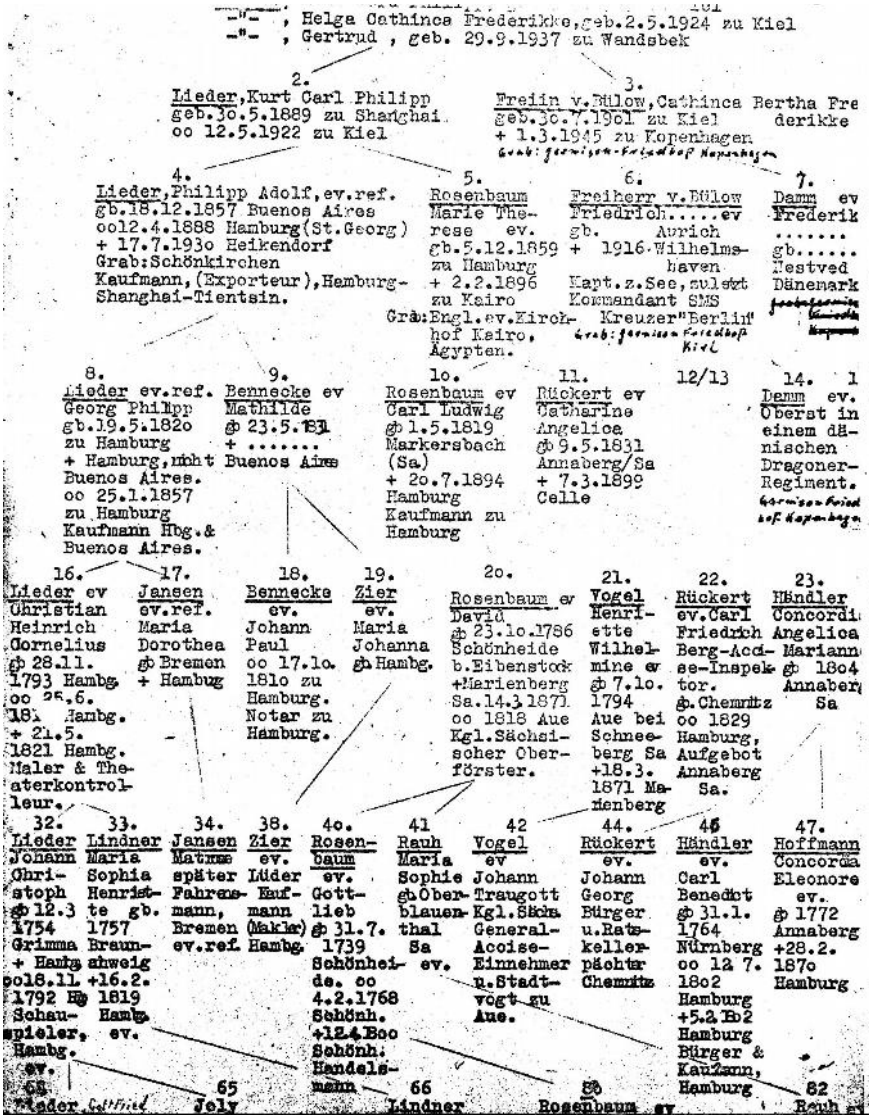
I never spoke to my father about any of the history of the Lieder family while he was still alive. To those of my descendants who read this tale I would implore them to make an effort to elicit their own family stories from their relatives while this is still possible, not only for the sake of family history but because history itself is nothing if not a patchwork of everybody's shared experiences, and every person in history was someone's family member who experienced this story first hand. Only by understanding the past can we absorb its lessons and its meaning, so the more material we have to read the more nuanced the lesson can be. Every family's story is important, and not only to the family involved.

In my view this one is particularly remarkable:

To forget one's ancestors is to be a brook without a source, a tree without a root.

Chinese proverb

Appendixes


-"-, Helga Cathinca Frederikke, geb. 2.5.1924 zu Kiel
-"-, Gertrud, geb. 29.9.1937 zu Wandsbek
2. Lieder, Kurt Carl Philipp geb. 3o.5.1889 zu Shanghai oo 12.5.1922 zu Kiel
3. Freiin v. Bülow, Cathinca Bertha Frederikke geb. 3o.7.1901 zu Kiel + 1.3.1945 zu Kopenhagen
4. Lieder, Philipp Adolf, ev.ref. gb. 18.12.1857 Buenos Aires oo 12.4.1888 Hamburg (St.Georg) + 17.7.193o Heikendorf Grab: Schönkirchen Kaufmann, (Exporteur), Hamburg-Shanghai-Tientsin.
5. Rosenbaum Marie Therese ev. gb. 5.12.1859 zu Hamburg + 2.2.1896 zu Kairo Grab: Engl. ev. Kirchhof Kairo, Ägypten.
6. Freiherr v. Bülow Friedrich..... ev gb. Aurich + 1916 Wilhelmshaven Kapt. z. See, zuletzt Kommandant SMS Kreuzer "Berlin"
7. Damm ev Frederik ..... gb..... Nestved Dänemark
8. Lieder ev.ref. Georg Philipp gb. 19.5.182o zu Hamburg + Hamburg, nicht Buenos Aires. oo 25.1.1857 zu Hamburg Kaufmann Hbg. & Buenos Aires.
9. Bennecke ev Mathilde gb 23.5.181 + ... Buenos Aires
1o. Rosenbaum ev Carl Ludwig gb 1.5.1819 Markersbach (Sa) + 2o.7.1894 Hamburg Kaufmann zu Hamburg
11. Rückert ev Catharine Angelica gb 9.5.1831 Annaberg/Sa + 7.3.1899 Celle
12/13
14. Damm ev. Oberst in einem dänischen Dragoner-Regiment.
16. Lieder ev Christian Heinrich Cornelius gb 28.11. 1793 Hambg. oo 25.6. 18.. Hambg. + 21.5. 1821 Hambg. Maler & Theaterkontrolleur.
17. Jansen ev.ref. Maria Dorothea gb Bremen + Hamburg
18. Bennecke ev. Johann Paul oo 17.1o. 181o zu Hamburg. Notar zu Hamburg.
19. Zier ev. Maria Johanna gb Hambg.
2o. Rosenbaum ev David gb 23.1o.1786 Schönheide b. Eibenstock + Marienberg Sa. 14.3.1871 oo 1818 Aue Kgl. Sächsischer Oberförster.
21. Vogel Henriette Wilhelmine ev gb 7.1o. 1794 Aue bei Schneeberg Sa + 18.3. 1871 Marienberg
22. Rückert ev. Carl Friedrich Berg-Accise-Inspektor. gb. Chemnitz oo 1829 Hamburg, Aufgebot Annaberg Sa.
23. Händler Concordia Angelica Mariann gb 18o4 Annaberg Sa
32. Lieder Johann Christoph gb 12.3 1754 Grimma + Hamb. oo 18.11 1792 Hb Schauspieler, Hamb. ev. 33
33. Lindner Maria Sophia Henriette gb. 1757 Braunschweig + 16.2. 1819 Hamb. ev.
34. Jansen Matthias später Fahrensmann, Bremen ev.ref.
38. Zier ev. Lüder Kaufmann (Makler) Hamb.
4o. Rosenbaum ev. Gottlieb gb 31.7. 1739 Schönheide. oo 4.2.1768 Schönh. + 12.4.8oo Schönh. Handelsmann
41 Rauh Maria Sophie gb Oberblauenthal Sa ev.
42 Vogel ev Johann Traugott Kgl. Sächs. General-Accise-Einnehmer u. Stadtvogt zu Aue.
44. Rückert ev. Johann Georg Bürger u. Ratskellerpächter Chemnitz
45 Händler ev. Carl Benedict gb 31.1. 1764 Nürnberg oo 12 7. 18o2 Hamburg + 5.2. 182 Hamburg Bürger & Kaufmann, Hamburg
47. Hoffmann Concordia Eleonore ev. gb 1772 Annaberg +28.2. 187o Hamburg
65 Jely
66 Lindner
Rosenbaum ev
Rauh ev

Portion of family tree compiled by Kurt Lieder.

Family tree

1 Christian Heinrich Cornelius LIEDER b: 1793, d: 1821
married Maria Dorothea JANSEN

2 Georg Philipp LIEDER b: 05 May 1820, d: 25 Jan 1875,
married Mathilde BENNECKE

3 Philipp Adolf LIEDER b: 18 Dec 1857, d: 17 Jun 1930
first married Marie Therese ("Mimi") ROSENBAUM b: 05 Dec 1859, d: 02 Feb 1896

4 Kurt Karl Philipp LIEDER b: 30 May 1889, d: 13 Apr 1970
married Cathinka Freiin VON BÜLOW
5 Hans-Gerd LIEDER b: 05 Mar 1923, d: 26 Mar 1983
5 Helga Catinca LIEDER b: 02 May 1924
5 Gertrud LIEDER b: 29 May 1937

4 Elsbeth Etha Helene ("Mo") LIEDER b: 14 Mar 1894, d: 29 Jul 1978
married Louis Etienne Theophil GAUTIER b: 16 Feb 1881, d: 08 Sep 1953

5 Kurt-Theophil GAUTIER b: 26 Mar 1919, d: 22 Feb 1940
5 Franz GAUTIER b: 28 Jul 1923, d: 20 Apr 1945

5 Werner Etienne Philipp GAUTIER b: 15 Jul 1914, d: 30 Sep 1989
married Rosmarie Barbara Emma Elizabeth BACHMANN b: 29 Jan 1923, d: 23 Feb 2005

6 Christa Yvonne Madeleine GAUTIER b: 12 Apr 1948
married Stuart Gwyllym DUNN

7 Whitney Stuart DUNN b: 23 Sep 1976
married Bryn HYNDMAN
8 Damian Peter DUNN b: 16 Oct 2012

8 Theo Gwyllym DUNN b: 16 Oct 2012

7 Brendan Holt DUNN b: 23 Jul 1979
married Catherine BLAKELY
8 Emery Blakely DUNN b: 28 Jan 2014
8 William Holt DUNN b: 16 Oct 2015

6 Ulrich Theophil Etienne GAUTIER b: 17 Nov 1949
married Paule ROBERGE
7 Philippe Etienne GAUTIER b: 27 Nov 1980
7 Mathieu Ulrich GAUTIER b: 20 Nov 1982
7 Monica Michelle Christa GAUTIER b: 28 Aug 1984
7 Dominique Helene Rosmarie GAUTIER b: 09 Feb 1988
7 Brigitte GAUTIER b: 17 Feb 1990

5 Georg Ludwig GAUTIER b: 01 Jun 1921, d: 15 Apr 2006
married Rosemarie KAHNY

6 Franz Theophil Rene GAUTIER b: 14 May 1956
married Gabriele Maria WEINBERGER

7 Benjamin Tobias Fedua GAUTIER b: 19 Jun 1982
married Delia FRANZMAN
8 Maximilian Atrio GAUTIER

7 Sebastian Kurt Georg GAUTIER b: 18 Apr 1984
married Dorothee NIABOATENG
8 Aliyah Julie GAUTIER

6 Susanne Friederike Saida GAUTIER b: 10 Aug 1958
married Dirk VIEHMANN
7 Alina VIEHMANN b: 15 Feb 1989
7 Jana Maria GAUTIER b: 18 May 1998

6 Lucie Sabine GAUTIER b: 02 Mar 1960
married Joachim Josef CASPARI b: 18 About 1955
7 Oliver Dominik CASPARI b: 18 Jan 1990
7 Patrick Lars CASPARI b: 16 Jan 1993

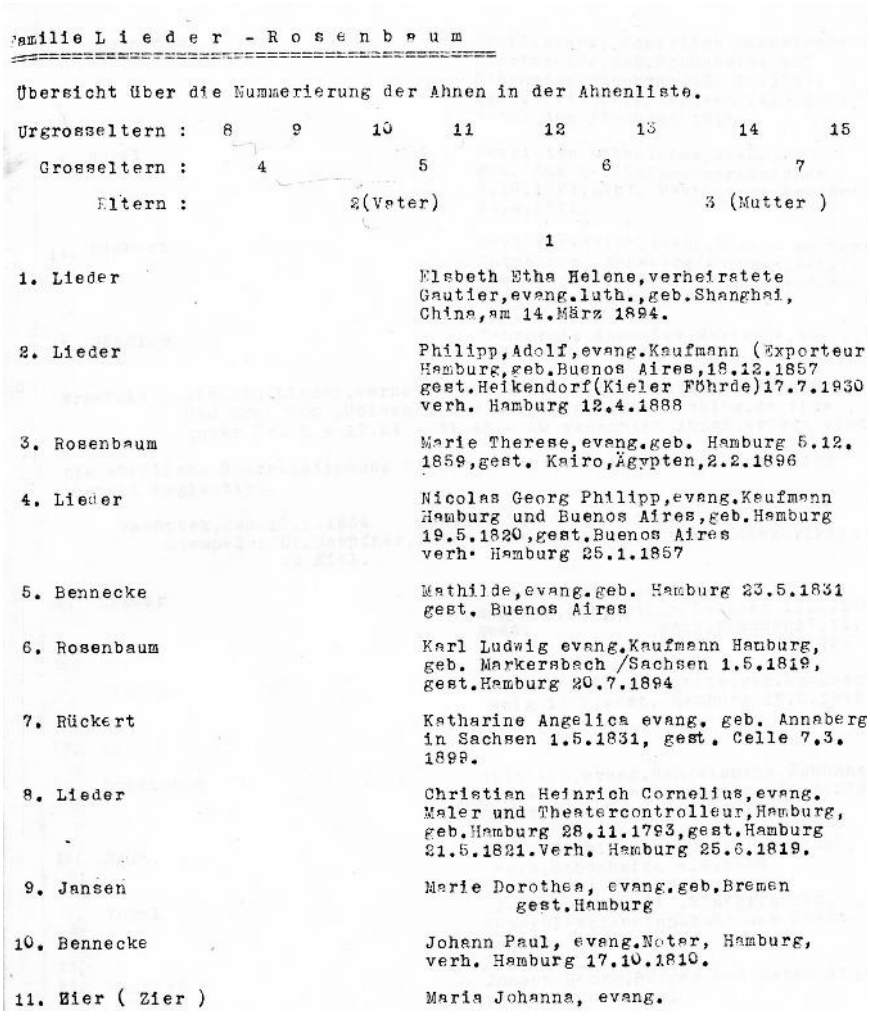
3 Philipp Adolf LIEDER (see above)
second married Johanna MUND b: 29 Jan 1875, d: 09 Aug 1971

4 Charlotte ("Lottie") LIEDER b: 15 Sep 1898, d: 8 Jun 1984
married Charles GORRISSEN
5 Marianne GORRISSEN b: 20 Mar 1923
5 Edith GORRISSEN b: 05 Dec 1924, d: 2011
5 Claus GORRISSEN b: 15 Feb 1927, d: 08 Nov 1984

4 Johanna LIEDER b: 16 Feb 1900, d: 14 Nov 1909

4 Emma LIEDER b: 21 Dec 1901, d: 15 Nov 1993
married Walter KRASTEL
5 Harald KRASTEL b: 10 Dec 1926, d: 23 Feb 1945
5 Wolfgang KRASTEL b: 16 Dec 1927
5 Johanna KRASTEL b: 20 Feb 1935
5 Dieter KRASTEL b: 30 Sep 1936
5 Jurgen KRASTEL b: 30 Sep 1936
5 Rainer KRASTEL b: 02 Feb 1939
5 Elke KRASTEL b: 21 May 1940

Documents



Familie L i e d e r - R o s e n b a u m

Übersicht über die Nummerierung der Ahnen in der Ahnenliste.

Urgrosseltern : 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

Grosseltern : 4 5 6 7

Eltern : 2(Vater) 3 (Mutter)

1

1. Lieder	Elsbeth Etha Helene,verheiratete Gautier,evang.luth.,geb.Shanghai, China,am 14.März 1894.
2. Lieder	Philipp,Adolf,evang.Kaufmann (Exporteur Hamburg,geb.Buenos Aires,18.12.1857 gest.Heikendorf(Kieler Föhrde)17.7.1930 verh. Hamburg 12.4.1888
3. Rosenbaum	Marie Therese,evang.geb. Hamburg 5.12. 1859,gest. Kairo,Ägypten,2.2.1896
4. Lieder	Nicolas Georg Philipp,evang.Kaufmann Hamburg und Buenos Aires,geb.Hamburg 19.5.1820,gest.Buenos Aires verh. Hamburg 25.1.1857
5. Bennecke	Mathilde,evang.geb. Hamburg 23.5.1831 gest. Buenos Aires
6. Rosenbaum	Karl Ludwig evang.Kaufmann Hamburg, geb. Markersbach /Sachsen 1.5.1819, gest.Hamburg 20.7.1894
7. Rückert	Katharine Angelica evang. geb. Annaberg in Sachsen 1.5.1831, gest. Celle 7.3. 1899.
8. Lieder	Christian Heinrich Cornelius,evang. Maler und Theatercontrolleur,Hamburg, geb.Hamburg 28.11.1793,gest.Hamburg 21.5.1821.Verh. Hamburg 25.6.1819.
9. Jansen	Marie Dorothea, evang.geb.Bremen gest.Hamburg
10. Bennecke	Johann Paul, evang.Notar, Hamburg, verh. Hamburg 17.10.1810.
11. Eier (Zier)	Maria Johanna, evang.

Above and opposite: My grandmother Elsbeth Lieder Gautier's Aryan certification, attesting that she has Aryan blood going back seven generations. This odious certification was required by the Nazi regime during the period of Adolf Hitler's dictatorship over Germany, 1933-45.

12. Rosenbaum — David,evang.,Königlich Sächsischer Oberförster,geb.Schönheide bei Eibenstock/Sachsen,23. 10.1786, gest.Marienberg/Sachsen 14.3.1871 verh. Aue /Sachsen 1818.

13. Vogel — Henriette Wilhelmine,evang. geb. Aue bei Schneeberg/Sachsen 7.10.1794,gest. Marienberg/Sachsen 16.3.1871.

14. Rückert — Carl Friedrich,evang.Berg - Accire - Inspekter, Annaberg/Sachsen,gst.in Chemnitz,verh.Hamburg 1825,aufgeboten in Annaberg/Sachsen.

15. Händler — Concordia Angelica Marianne,evang. geb. Annaberg 1804

Ergebnis : Elsbeth Lieder,verheiratete Gautier,ist deutscher Herkuhft und frei von jüdischem und farbigen Bluteinschlag,da ihre unter Nr. 2 - 17,24 - 31,48 - 50 genannten Ahnen arisch sind.

Die wörtliche Übereinstimmung dieser Abschrift mit dem Original wird hiermit beglaubigt.

Wandsbek,den 18.1.1934 gez.Dr. Hoepfner,Notar.
Stempel : Dr.Hoepfner,Notar i.Bez.d.Preuss.Oberlandesgerichts zu Kiel.

16. Lieder — Johann Christoph,Schauspieler, Hamburg,geb.Grimma/Sachsen 12.3.1754 gest. verh.Hamburg18.11. 1792.

17. Lindner — Marie Sophie Henriette,geb.Braunschweig 1757,gest. Hamburg 16.2.1819

18.- 23

24. Rosenbaum — Gottlieb,evang.Handelsmann,Schönheide inSachsen.geb.Schönheide 31.7.1739 gest.Schönheide 12.4.1800.

25. Rauh — Marie Sophie,geb. Oberblauenthal, verh.Schönheide 4.2.1788

26. Vogel — Johann Traugott ,königl.sächs. Generalacciseeinnehmer und Stadtvogt zu Aue.

27.

28. Rückert — Johann Georg,Bürger und Ratskellerpächter,Chemnitz.

29.

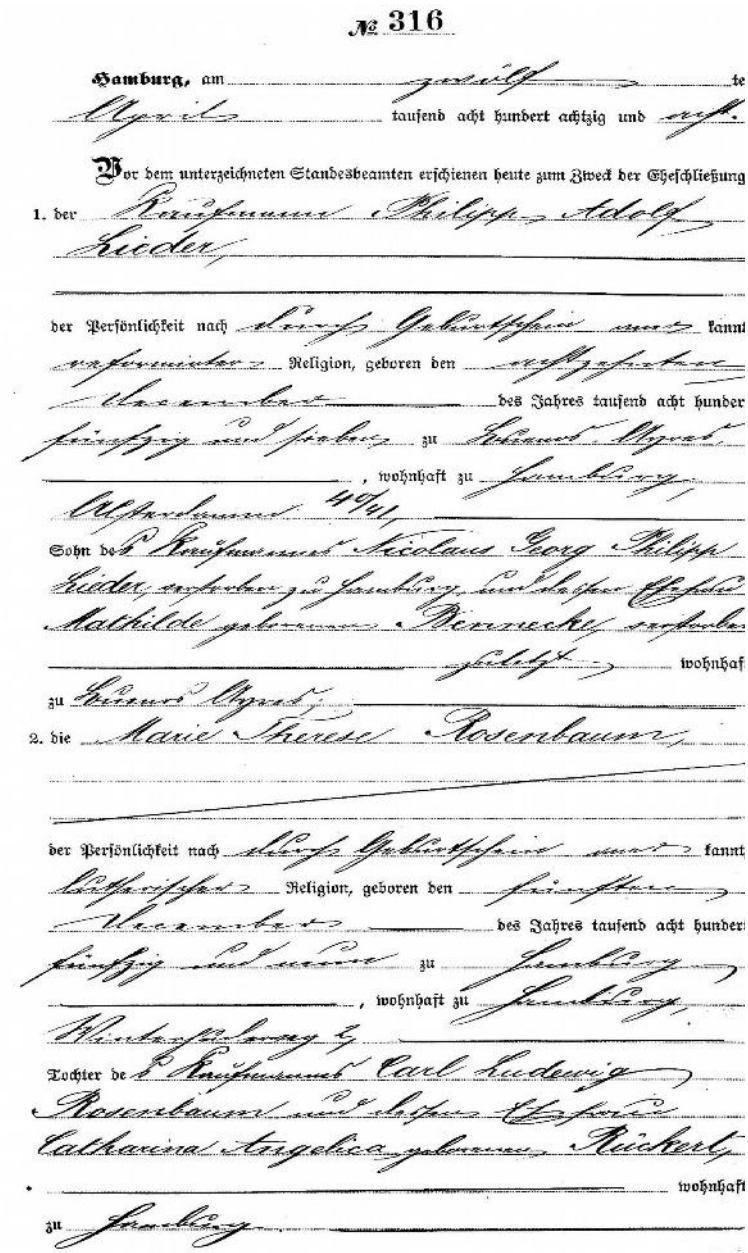
30. Händler — Carl Benedikt,evang.Bürger u.Kaufmann,Hamburg,geb.Nürnberg 31.1.1764, gest.Hamburg 5.2.1838,verh.Hamburg 12.7.1802

31. Hoffmann — Concordia Eleonore,evang.Geb.Annaberg 1772,gest. Hamburg 28.2.1870

48. Rosenbaum — Andreas,evang.Handelsmann,Schönheide

49. Leistner — Marie Catharine,evang.

50. Rauh — David,evang.Erb-Lehn- u.Gerichtsherr der Hammerwerke u.Besitz.d.Uthmannschen Vorwerke in Schön-



№ 316

Hamburg, am [illegible] te

April tausend acht hundert achtzig und [illegible].

Vor dem unterzeichneten Standesbeamten erschienen heute zum Zweck der Eheschließung

1. der Kaufmann Philipp Adolf Lieder,

der Persönlichkeit nach durch Geburtsschein und [illegible] kannt

[illegible] Religion, geboren den [illegible]

December des Jahres tausend acht hunder

fünfzig und sieben zu Lübeck Ufgat,

, wohnhaft zu Hamburg,

Alsterdamm 49/41,

Sohn de Kaufmann Nicolaus Georg Philipp

Lieder, wohnhaft zu Hamburg, und [illegible]

Mathilde geborene Bonnecke, verstorbe

[illegible] wohnhaf

zu Lübeck Ufgat,

2. die Marie Therese Rosenbaum,

der Persönlichkeit nach durch Geburtsschein und [illegible] kannt

katholischer Religion, geboren den [illegible]

December des Jahres tausend acht hunder

fünfzig und [illegible] zu Hamburg,

, wohnhaft zu Hamburg,

Wandrahmsdamm 7,

Tochter de Kaufmann Carl Ludewig

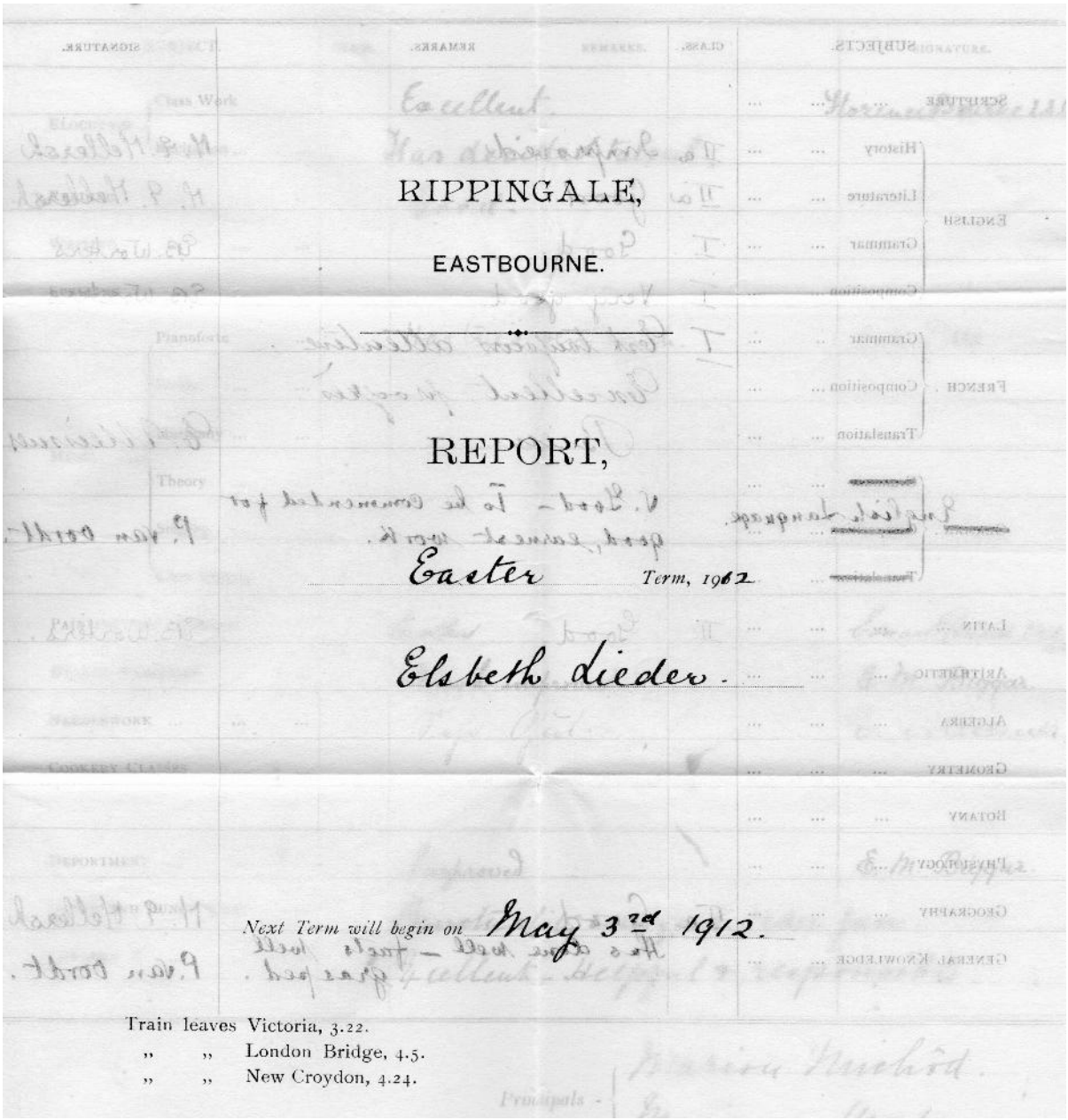
Rosenbaum und [illegible]

Catharina Angelica geborene Rückert,

wohnhaf

zu Hamburg.

Official marriage certificate of my grandparents, Philipp Lieder and Marie Rosenbaum, 1888, source: Hamburg State Archives.



RIPPINGALE,

EASTBOURNE.

REPORT,

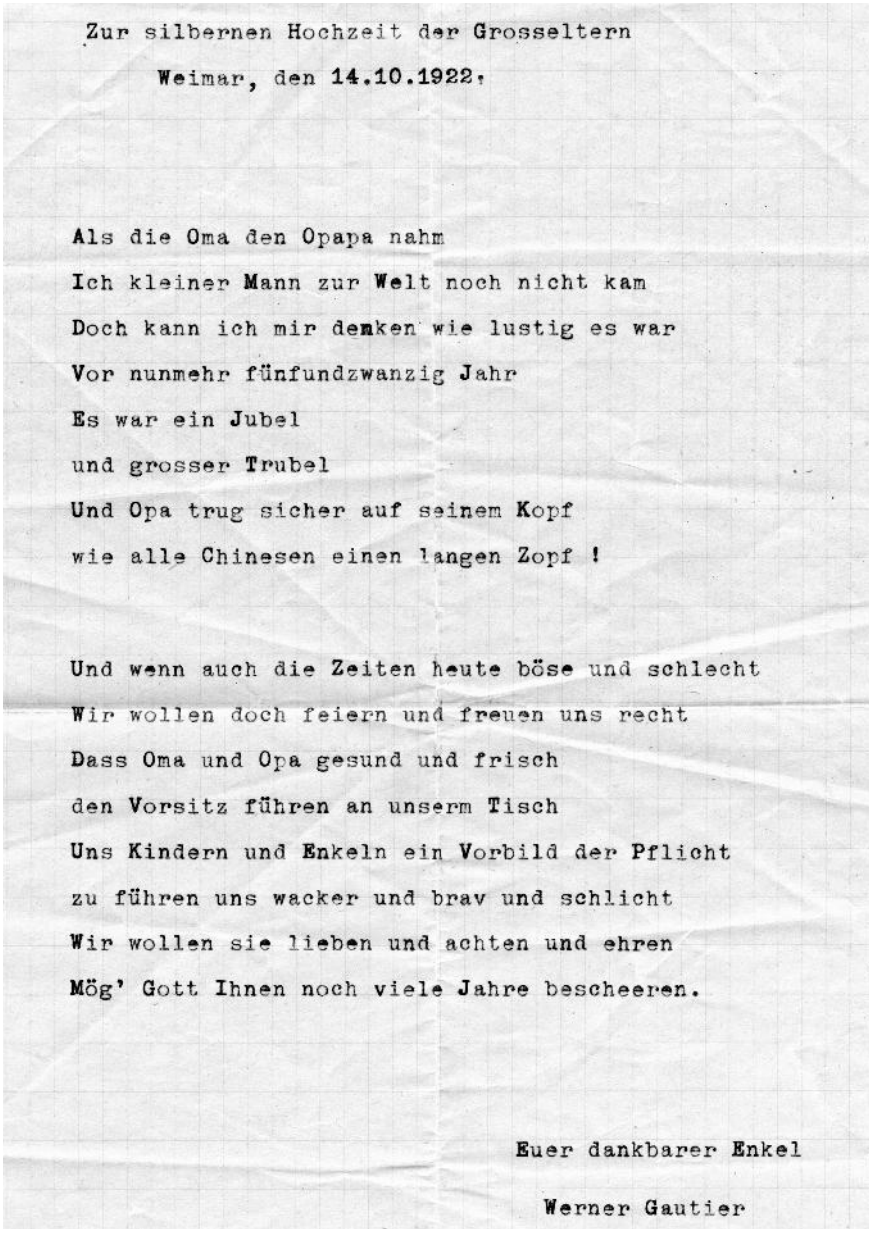
Easter Term, 1912

Elsbeth Lieder.

Next Term will begin on May 3rd 1912.

Train leaves Victoria, 3.22.
" " London Bridge, 4.5.
" " New Croydon, 4.24.

Frontispiece of my grandmother Elsbeth Lieder's report card from the time she was in Rippingdale boarding school in England, 1912.



Zur silbernen Hochzeit der Grosseltern

Weimar, den 14.10.1922.

Als die Oma den Opapa nahm
Ich kleiner Mann zur Welt noch nicht kam
Doch kann ich mir denken wie lustig es war
Vor nunmehr fünfundzwanzig Jahr
Es war ein Jubel
und grosser Trubel
Und Opa trug sicher auf seinem Kopf
wie alle Chinesen einen langen Zopf !

Und wenn auch die Zeiten heute böse und schlecht
Wir wollen doch feiern und freuen uns recht
Dass Oma und Opa gesund und frisch
den Vorsitz führen an unserm Tisch
Uns Kindern und Enkeln ein Vorbild der Pflicht
zu führen uns wacker und brav und schlicht
Wir wollen sie lieben und achten und ehren
Mög' Gott Ihnen noch viele Jahre bescheeren.

Euer dankbarer Enkel

Werner Gautier

Original of my father Werner Gautier's poem that he wrote on the occasion of his grandfather Philipp Lieder's silver anniversary, 1922, see page 20 for translation into English.

Golf in Flottbek.

Um den Preis der Jugendlichen.
Von links: Frl. Riedemann, Gautier (Sieger), G. Meyer, C. Meyer.

phot. Meyfarth

My father, Werner Gautier, second from the left, winning a golf prize in July 1929. This photo was part of a newspaper article that I found amongst my grandmother's memorabilia.

Franz (16) asks 'Why worry?'

CAMARADERIE among competitors in the Boys' Championship at Carnoustie was shown yesterday when the German boy champion, Franz Gautier, who was beaten on Tuesday, turned out to act as caddie for J. K. Findlater, of Thornhill, whom he met in the boarding house where he is staying.

Looking very smart in a blue blazer, black shorts, and white tennis socks and shoes, Franz said he was not at all alarmed at the international situation.

"A German girl visited me this afternoon and expressed the feeling she should pack and go home," he told a reporter. "I told her to enjoy her holiday, as I am doing.

"I came over here on Friday and have made many friends. Every one has been most kind to me.

"Mr Young, of Dumfries Academy, who defeated me, has invited me to spend a holiday with his parents, and I go there next week for a few days.

"I hope to go on to France for four weeks. I feel within myself there is nothing to worry over."

Franz, who is 16, is a pupil at the Oberschule fur Jungen in Vienna, and plays from five strokes in his club there. He has won the German boys' championship for the past two years.

This article and the one on the opposite page describe the golfing exploits of Franz Gautier, my father's brother, who was a German junior golf champion and international competitor.in the late 1930s. They were tucked away in my grandmother's trove of memorabilia. The underlined passages would have been done by her, a proud mother.

Overseas Players Fail in Boys' Golf Title Quest

From F. J. C. PIGNON

CARNOUSTIE, Tuesday.

FRANZ GAUTIER, the German boy champion, and Baron de Gelsey Gutmann, of Hungary, were both beaten in their first matches in the boys' golf championship here on the championship links to-day, but not before they had figured in two of the most exciting matches of an extremely interesting day's play.

Gautier, a sturdy, fair-haired youth, who hits the ball a tremendous distance with a rather flat swing and who chews toffee assiduously all the way, made an impressive début in British golf before being beaten by A. M. Young, a Scottish youth smaller than himself.

Gautier is a fighter if ever there was one. He was down most of the way, and did not get the lead until at the 16th, a hole of 235 yards, he hit a grand tee shot to the middle of the green and won it in three.

Young's response was equally dramatic. At the 17th he laid an approach shot at the hole side to win it in a birdie four to square.

The 18th hole, where the Barry burn winds its way across the fairway, has ruined many Open championship chances, but the German youth disregarded the hazard and hit two tremendous wooden shots over all the hazards, and was a little unfortunate to finish over the green, a feat that is rarely accomplished by professionals when playing from the back tees, which were not in use to-day.

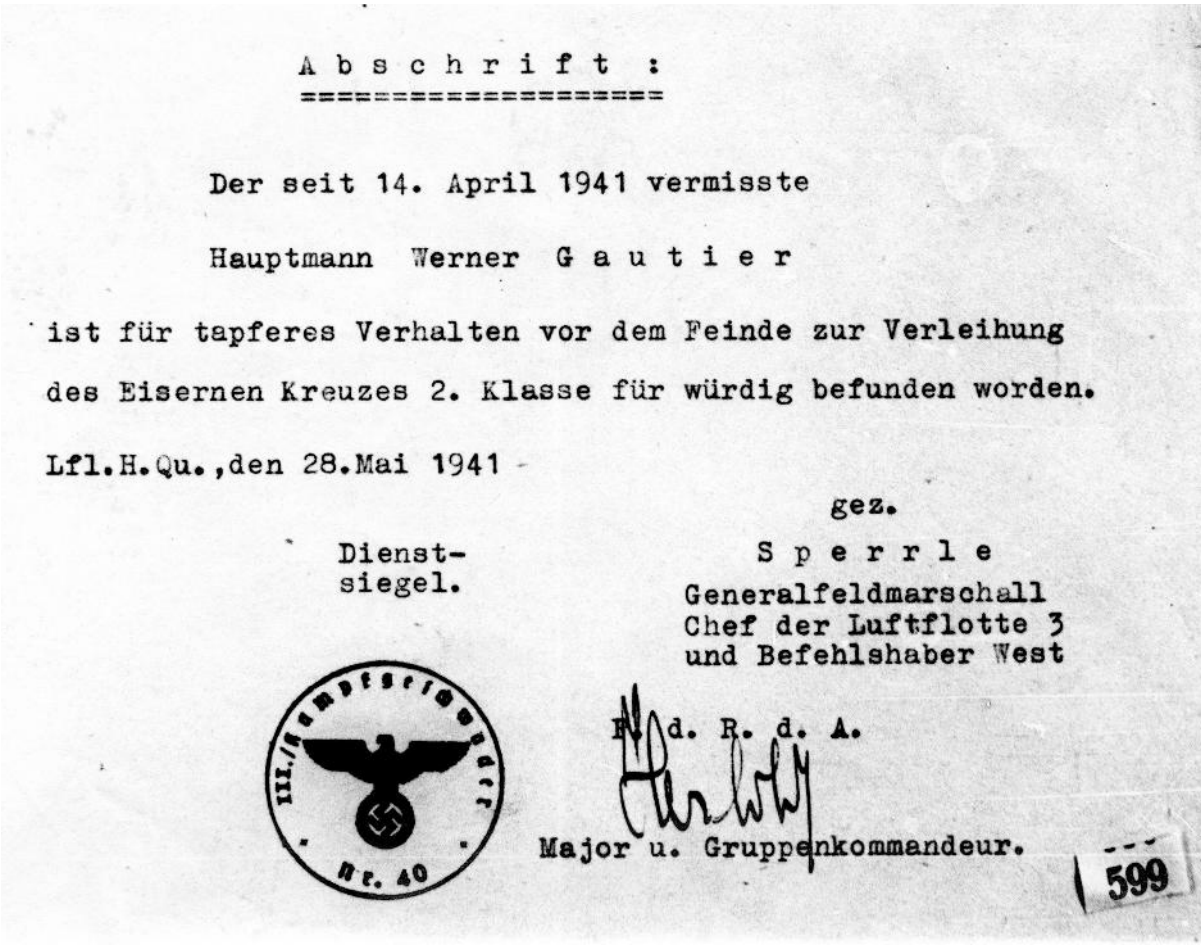
His opponent tempered his enthusiasm with discretion, played his second shot short of the burn, ran his approach up dead, and won the hole in a birdie four for the match.

Generalleutnant Theophil Gautier
Born: 16 Feb 1881 in Oels, in Silesia (Schlesien)
Died: 08 Sep 1953 in Frankfurt, Main
Promotions:
Fähnrich zur See (10 Apr 1900); Leutnant zur See (27 Sep 1902); Oberleutnant zur See (11 Jun 1904); Kapitänleutnant (27 Mar 1909); Korvettenkapitän (13 Jan 1917); Oberstleutnant (01 Nov 1934); Oberst (01 Apr 1937); Generalmajor (01 Jun 1938); Generalleutnant (01 Apr 1941)

Career:
Entered the Navy and Attended Training at the Naval-School (10 Apr 1899-18 May 1899)
Seekadett on Board the School-Ship *Stosch* (19 May 1899-03 Apr 1900)
Officer-Training at the Naval-School (04 Apr 1900-08 Apr 1901)
Torpedo-Course on the Torpedo-School-Ship *Blücher* (14 Apr 1901-05 Jun 1901)
Infantry-Training with the I. Sea-Battalion (06 Jun 1901-06 Jul 1901)
Platoon-Leader-Course on Board the School-Ship *Mars* (07 Jul 1901-30 Sep 1901)
Granted Leave (01 Oct 1901-28 Oct 1901)
Departed to East Asia (29 Oct 1901-16 Dec 1901)
Officer-Candidate on Board the Heavy Cruiser *Hansa* (17 Dec 1901-27 Sep 1902)
Court and Watch Officer and Adjutant on the Heavy Cruiser *Hansa* (28 Sep 1902-30 Sep 1903)
Returned Home from East Asia (01 Oct 1903-27 Oct 1903)
Adjutant on the Torpedo-School-Ship *Blücher* (28 Oct 1903-04 Apr 1904)
Training on Board the Torpedo-Boat *S 86* (05 Apr 1904-15 May 1904)
Watch-Officer on the Torpedo-School-Ship *Blücher* (15 May 1904-30 Sep 1904)
Adjutant on the Torpedo-School-Ship *Blücher* (01 Oct 1904-02 Jan 1905)
Course with the II. Torpedo-Officer-Course (03 Jan 1905-31 Mar 1905)
Officer-Candidate-Instructor on Board the Torpedo-School-Ship *Blücher* (01 Apr 1905-30 Sep 1905)
Torpedo-Officer on the Liner *Kaiser Friedrich III* (01 Oct 1905-30 Sep 1907)
Inspections-Officer and Instructor at the Naval-School (01 Oct 1907-31 Mar 1908)
Sea-Cadet-Officer on the School-Ship *Charlotte* (01 Apr 1908-31 Mar 1909)
Sea-Cadet-Officer on the School-Ship *Hansa* (01 Apr 1909-21 May 1910)
Placed to the Disposal of the Naval-School (22 May 1910-22 Aug 1910)
Leader of the 2nd Company of the I. Sailor-Division (23/08/1910-18/09/1910)
Company-Officer with the I. Torpedo-Division (19 Sep 1910-16 Oct 1910)
Torpedo-Officer-Course (17 Oct 1910-29 Oct 1910)
Company-Officer with the I. Torpedo-Division (30 Oct 1910-30 Sep 1913)
At the same time, also Commandant of the Torpedo-Boats *G 134*, *G 137* and *G 154* with the V. Torpedo-Boats-Half-Flotilla (04 Jan 1911-13 Sep 1913)
Leader of the 5th Company of the I. Torpedo-Division (01 Oct 1913-14 Mar 1914)
At the same time, Commandant in the V. Reserve-Torpedo-Boat-Half-Flotilla (01 Oct 1913-31 Oct 1913)

At the same time, Chief of the V. Torpedo-Boat-Half-Flotilla (01 Nov 1913-23 Dec 1913)
At the same time, Course for Half-Flotilla-Chiefs (17 Feb 1914-20 Feb 1914)
Chief of the V. Torpedo-Boat-Half-Flotilla (15 Mar 1914-29 Jan 1918)
Chief of the III. Torpedo-Boat-Flotilla (30 Jan 1918-22 Apr 1918)Commandant of the Torpedo-Boat *V 116* (23 Apr 1918-30 Nov 1918)
Representative of the Commander of the Naval-Forces of the North-Seas, Kiel (01 Dec 1918-15 Feb 1919)
Chief of the II. East-Sea-Minesweeper-Flotilla (16 Feb 1919-22 Nov 1919)
Retired (22 Nov 1919)
Entered the Luftwaffe as a Supplemental-Officer (fully activated on 01 Oct 1937)
Adjutant with Air-District-Command VI (Sea), Kiel (02 Jul 1934-24 Feb 1936)
Detached to the RLM, LC III (25 Feb 1936-31 Mar 1936)
Department-Leader with the Armaments-Inspection Dresden (01 Apr 1936-31 Mar 1938)
Armaments-Inspector XVII, Vienna (01 Apr 1938-30 Apr 1944)
Retired (30 Apr 1944)

This resume describes the military career—which spanned both the First and Second World Wars—of my grandfather, Theophil Gautier



Abschrift :

Der seit 14. April 1941 vermisste

Hauptmann Werner Gautier

ist für tapferes Verhalten vor dem Feinde zur Verleihung des Eisernen Kreuzes 2. Klasse für würdig befunden worden.

Lfl.H.Qu.,den 28.Mai 1941

gez.

Dienst-siegel.

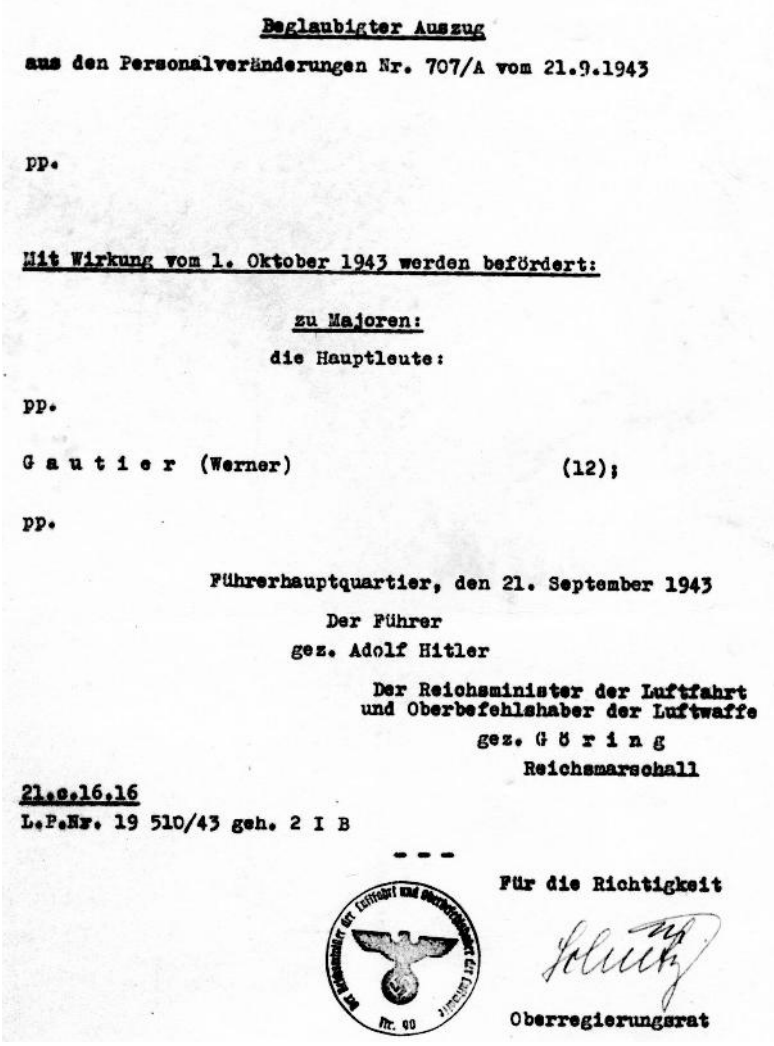
Sperrle
Generalfeldmarschall
Chef der Luftflotte 3
und Befehlshaber West

Z.d.R.d.A.

Major u. Gruppenkommandeur.

599

The certificate attesting to the awarding of the Iron Cross to my father, Werner Gautier, by the German air force for bravery during battle in 1941.



Beglaubigter Auszug

aus den Personalveränderungen Nr. 707/A vom 21.9.1943

pp.

Mit Wirkung vom 1. Oktober 1943 werden befördert:

zu Majoren:

die Hauptleute:

pp.

G a u t i e r (Werner) (12);

pp.

Führerhauptquartier, den 21. September 1943

Der Führer
gez. Adolf Hitler

Der Reichsminister der Luftfahrt
und Oberbefehlshaber der Luftwaffe
gez. G ö r i n g
Reichsmarschall

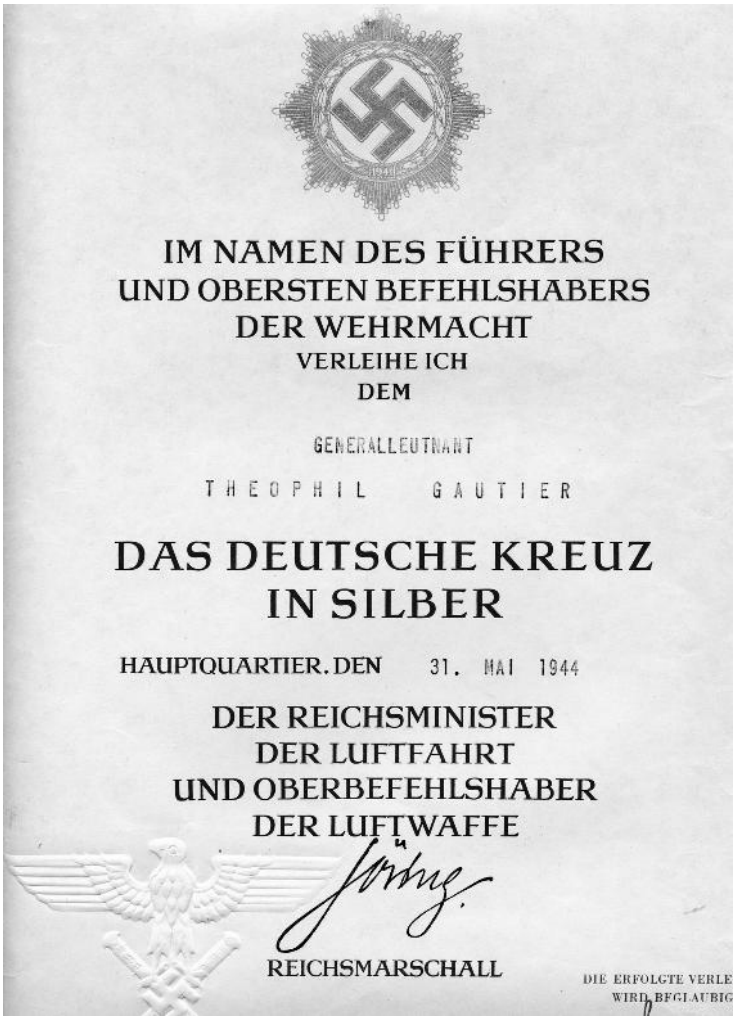
21.9.16.16
L.P.Nr. 19 510/43 geh. 2 I B

- - -

Für die Richtigkeit

Oberregierungsrat

My father's certificate of promotion to the rank of Major in the German Luftwaffe (air force), issued at the headquarters of the Führer, Adolf Hitler, by the head of the air force, Reichsmarschall Hermann Göring, in 1943 while my father was a prisoner of war in Canada. At the end of the war in 1945 Hitler committed suicide in Berlin, and the next year Göring was hanged at Nuremberg as a war criminal by the victorious Allies.



IM NAMEN DES FÜHRERS
UND OBERSTEN BEFEHLSHABERS
DER WEHRMACHT
VERLEIHE ICH
DEM

GENERALLEUTNANT

THEOPHIL GAUTIER

DAS DEUTSCHE KREUZ
IN SILBER

HAUPTQUARTIER. DEN 31. MAI 1944

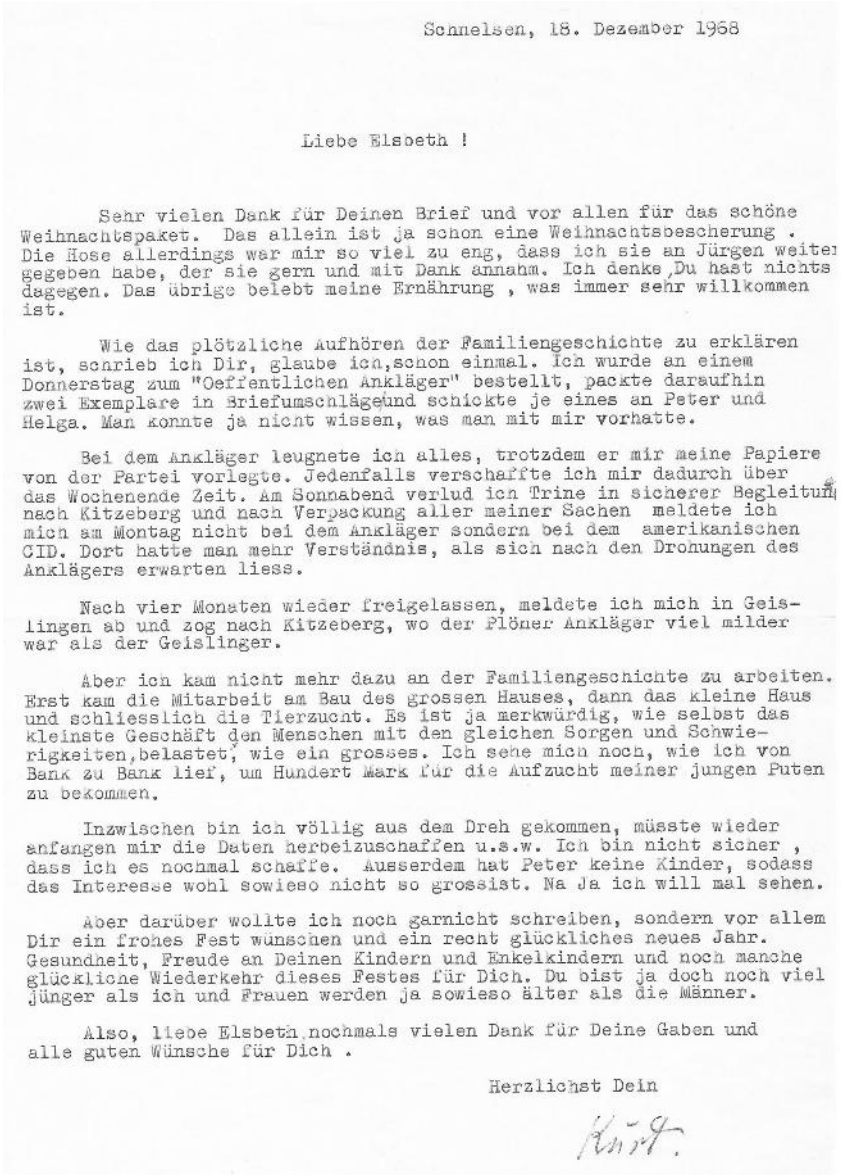
DER REICHSMINISTER
DER LUFTFAHRT
UND OBERBEFEHLSHABER
DER LUFTWAFFE

Göring

REICHSMARSCHALL

DIE ERFOLGTE VERLE
WIRD BEGLAUBIG

Certificate of award in 1944 of German Cross in Silver to my grandfather, Lieutenant General Theophil Gautier of the German Air Force, "Im Namen des Führers", which translates to "In the Name of the Führer", that being the evil Adolf Hitler. This certificate is signed by the equally evil Reichsmarschall Hermann Göring. The German Cross was instituted by Hitler in 1941 in silver for distinguished non-combat war service.The fact that my grandfather, father, and uncles served in the German military under the Hitler regime in no way diminishes their dedication and valour as law-abiding citizens and soldiers answering the call of duty in wartime.



Schnelsen, 18. Dezember 1968

Liebe Elsbeth !

Sehr vielen Dank für Deinen Brief und vor allen für das schöne Weihnachtspaket. Das allein ist ja schon eine Weihnachtsbescherung . Die Hose allerdings war mir so viel zu eng, dass ich sie an Jürgen weiter gegeben habe, der sie gern und mit Dank annahm. Ich denke, Du hast nichts dagegen. Das übrige belebt meine Ernährung , was immer sehr willkommen ist.

Wie das plötzliche Aufhören der Familiengeschichte zu erklären ist, schrieb ich Dir, glaube ich, schon einmal. Ich wurde an einem Donnerstag zum "Oeffentlichen Ankläger" bestellt, packte daraufhin zwei Exemplare in Briefumschläge und schickte je eines an Peter und Helga. Man konnte ja nicht wissen, was man mit mir vorhatte.

Bei dem Ankläger leugnete ich alles, trotzdem er mir meine Papiere von der Partei vorlegte. Jedenfalls verschaffte ich mir dadurch über das Wochenende Zeit. Am Sonnabend verlud ich Trine in sicherer Begleitung nach Kitzeberg und nach Verpackung aller meiner Sachen meldete ich mich am Montag nicht bei dem Ankläger sondern bei dem amerikanischen CID. Dort hatte man mehr Verständnis, als sich nach den Drohungen des Anklägers erwarten liess.

Nach vier Monaten wieder freigelassen, meldete ich mich in Geislingen ab und zog nach Kitzeberg, wo der Plöner Ankläger viel milder war als der Geislinger.

Aber ich kam nicht mehr dazu an der Familiengeschichte zu arbeiten. Erst kam die Mitarbeit am Bau des grossen Hauses, dann das kleine Haus und schliesslich die Tierzucht. Es ist ja merkwürdig, wie selbst das kleinste Geschäft den Menschen mit den gleichen Sorgen und Schwierigkeiten, belastet, wie ein grosses. Ich sehe mich noch, wie ich von Bank zu Bank lief, um Hundert Mark für die Aufzucht meiner jungen Puten zu bekommen.

Inzwischen bin ich völlig aus dem Dreh gekommen, müsste wieder anfangen mir die Daten herbeizuschaffen u.s.w. Ich bin nicht sicher , dass ich es nochmal schaffe. Ausserdem hat Peter keine Kinder, sodass das Interesse wohl sowieso nicht so gross ist. Na Ja ich will mal sehen.

Aber darüber wollte ich noch garnicht schreiben, sondern vor allem Dir ein frohes Fest wünschen und ein recht glückliches neues Jahr. Gesundheit, Freude an Deinen Kindern und Enkelkindern und noch manche glückliche Wiederkehr dieses Festes für Dich. Du bist ja doch noch viel jünger als ich und Frauen werden ja sowieso älter als die Männer.

Also, liebe Elsbeth, nochmals vielen Dank für Deine Gaben und alle guten Wünsche für Dich .

Herzlichst Dein

Kurt

Original letter in German from my great uncle, Kurt Lieder, to his sister and my grandmother, Elsbeth Lieder Gautier in 1968. It is a very poignant letter, adding another layer of detail to the travails he faced following the end of the Second World War.

Schnelsen, December 18, 1968

Dear Elsbeth

Many thanks for your letter and especially for the nice Christmas package. That in itself is quite a Christmas gift. Unfortunately the pants were far too tight, so I gave them to Jurgen, who was very pleased to have them. I believe you won't mind. As for the rest, it helps to feed me, which is always very welcome.

I believe I have already written to you explaining the sudden stop in my efforts to record the family history. On Thursday I was ordered to see the public prosecutor, so I grabbed two copies of my papers, placed them in envelopes and mailed one each to Peter and Helga. I had no way of knowing what he was going to do with me.

I denied everything to the prosecutor, even though he presented me with my papers from the Party. *On Saturday I accompanied Trine safely to Kitzeberg, and after packing all of my things, I reported on Monday not to the prosecutor but to the American CID. Here they had more understanding that I could expect, based on the prosecutor's threats.

After four months I was released, reported to Gieslingen and from there moved to Kitzeberg, where the Ploner prosecutor was much more lenient than the one in Gieslingen. But I could not manage to work on the family history. First came the cooperative efforts in the reconstruction of the big house, then the little house and finally the animal shelters.** It is curious how even the smallest business can burden people with the same worries and difficulties as a major one. I still see myself running from bank to bank to get a hundred marks for the rearing of my hens.

Meanwhile I have fallen completely off of the rails and have had to begin all over again to locate dates, and so on. I am not convinced that I accomplish it all over again. In addition, Peter has no children, so his interest is probably not so big. Well, we will see.

But this is not what I wanted to write about, but above all, to wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year. Health, joy in your children and grandchildren and many happy returns of the season to you. You are much younger than me and women tend to get older then men anyway.

So, dear Elsbeth, thank you again for your gifts and best wishes to you.

With warm wishes
Kurt

*presumably the Nazi Party
** I have translated this literally. It could refer to a barn, shed or simply an enclosure

Translation into English of the letter in German on the previous page from my great uncle, Kurt Lieder, to his sister and my grandmother, Elsbeth Lieder Gautier in 1968. I continue to regard his efforts as simply heroic. He possessed the same tenacity which he extolled in his father, Philipp Lieder.

Bibliography

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Gautier, Louis Etienne Theophil (1881- 1953), a 250-page unpublished memoir of his life and times, written following the cessation of the Second World War, typed in a small font, single spaced on manila paper, bound with string inside a hard cover, in the possession of Christa Gautier Dunn.

Lieder, Kurt (1889-1970), unpublished manuscript, loosely clipped together, typed on manila paper, in the possession of Christa Gautier Dunn.

Unidentified friend of Marie Rosenbaum Lieder (1859-1896), booklet bound with thread, about 1880, measuring 8x6 inches, containing nine pages of tightly spaced handwriting in black ink in old German Gothic script., bound in heavy paper covered by silk fabric with a purple posy design, in the possession of Christa Gautier Dunn.

Colophon

Coastal Villages Press is dedicated to helping to preserve the timeless values of traditional places—building houses, families, and friendships to endure through the centuries; living in harmony with the natural environment; honoring history, culture, family, and friends—and helping to make these values relevant today.

This book was completed on September 3, 2019, at Stonington, Maine It was designed and set by George Graham Trask in Constantia, a transitional serif design influenced by Eric Gill's Perpetua. This first edition has been casebound in forty copies for the author and five copies for the publisher.